


SIM GREENE



AND

TOM THE TINKER'S MEN



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From an old painting.

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SIM GREENE

AND

TOM THE TINKER'S MEN

A Narrative of the Whisky Insurrection

Being a Setting Forth of the Memoirs
Of the Late
David Froman, Esquire

BY

RICHARD T. WILEY, Litt, D.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The part played by the Whisky Insurrection in south-western Pennsylvania, in the last decade of the Eighteenth Century, is hardly estimated by the average American at its true importance. The general histories dismiss it with a few brief paragraphs. The government of the people and by the people was young, and men's relation to it was not so generally nor so well understood then as it is now. The world had been electrified by the French Revolution, and the influence of the ideas dominant in it was most sensibly felt in America at that time. This insurrection of the people of the then far west was a real menace to the integrity of the young republic, and even threatened its very existence, with all of human weal wrapped up with it.

We usually think of the boycott as being a modern device, or at least foreign to our shores until recent years. But we have only to turn back to the period under consideration, many years before the word had been coined, to find a most conspicuous and remarkable example of its baleful spirit. It is true that the excise law in its operation affected the people of the western country with peculiar hardship. But they were in the main an intelligent people, intensely religious, and well instructed in matters of right and duty. Labored efforts have been made to excuse their actions. The histories of the Insurrection written soon after its close, by persons who were more or less involved in it, partook

Introductory Note.

largely of the nature of explanations of and apologies for their conduct in connection therewith. Nearly everything written since on the same subject has been colored more or less by the narratives of those early writers, two of whom published their books within two years after the events treated. Even that volume of the Pennsylvania Archives which treats of the Whisky Insurrection is distinctly apologetic in its tone.

In these days, when there is manifested a spirit of arrogance on the part of strongly intrenched corporate might, on the one hand, which would ride over the rights of the masses; and that equally reprehensible intolerance on the part of organized labor, on the other hand, which frequently becomes active in the persecution of those who choose not to align themselves with it nor obey its behests, it is particularly important that nothing be taught which seems to palliate disregard for or defiance of law. The writer of the following pages has felt his responsibility in that particular. But the effort has been made to give, without bias, a connected account of the principal events of the Insurrection, along with what befell some whose lives it touched. The frontier life pictured is true to the time and place—the people, their vocations, their home life, their worship and their recreations.

I am not unmindful of the dictum of modern critics that the mission of the story is to entertain and not to instruct. Nor have I lost sight of that other fact which stands out in the fiction of the day, so that he who runs may read, that it is not essential for the historical novel to adhere very closely to the facts of history. But I have deemed it, on the whole, best not to attempt any alteration of Mr. David Froman's narrative, beyond

Introductory Note.

the insertion of a few sentences, here and there, to make some statements of his a little clearer to the reader of to-day, or to note some marked change since the time of his writing. These additions of mine are in brief footnotes in connection with the text and in the chapter at the end of the volume.

R. T. W.

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SIM GREENE

CHAPTER I.

A PILGRIMAGE.

A LONG cavalcade was winding its way slowly up the narrow mountain road. It was an oddly mounted and queerly caparisoned company, and yet the sight was a common one at that time. After all these years the scene comes vividly before me, and my old hand forgets its task of writing, while I lie back with eyes closed, my feet in the glow of the cheerful coal fire, and see it once again as I saw it that day, late in the summer of the long ago.

For it was in the year 1788, and since then a time nearly the allotted term of man's earthly life has elapsed. I am daily thanking the kind Providence Who for His own wise purposes is prolonging my poor life so much beyond that limit, and I am wondering why He does so. Perhaps it is that I, who have outlived nearly all of my own generation, am spared to leave this record of the exciting times and the stirring scenes through which many of my friends and acquaintances passed.

And, although it is many years since these things were enacted, it will yet be long before this record of them shall be seen on the printed page; for the instruc-

tions I shall leave provide that these memoirs shall not be published until my old bones shall have mouldered in the earth for fifty years, and the proved love of those with whom they shall be left is the sufficient guarantee that my desire shall be carried out. I deem this due to the generations immediately following my own. Many of whom I shall write were bound to me by the ties of friendship, and I truly believe that some, in the course they pursued, were influenced by their family traditions, the circumstances of their environment and even their own conceptions of right, in the doing of those things which I could only regard as wrong.

But here I am, wandering away in my ruminations of the long ago, while the reader is impatient to know of the things this chapter started to tell. That is the way with the old. Early impressions are the most deeply engraven, and one memory of the long vanished youth calls up others to come trooping in review, each claiming its share of attention. I pray your gentle pardon, my dear friend, whom these old eyes shall never see in this world, for this and the like digressions that may be met again in these pages, and beg that an old man may be allowed to tell his story in his own manner.

The way was the historic old Pennsylvania Road over the mountains, in the southern tier of counties. First it was an Indian trail—a mere path through the otherwise trackless forest, which had existed and been traversed through uncounted generations by the copper-hued denizens of the wooded hills and valleys in their migrations east and west. In that early stage it maintained the surprising directness and availabil-

ity which all the beaten paths of the red men show, laid out, as they were, without compass or chain. Colonel Burd and his hardy pioneers made it a wagon road as far as Raystown (now Bedford) in 1755. It was designed to afford communication with the force under the command of the ill-fated Braddock, but the disaster to him and his army brought the enterprise to an end for that time. Three years later a force under General John Forbes, with Colonel Henry Bouquet in immediate charge, completed it to Fort Duquesne. The French forces at the head of the Ohio melted away like the light frost under the rays of the morning sun before their triumphant approach. Still five years later Bouquet again traversed it with a military force, at the time of Pontiac's Conspiracy, going to the aid of the imperilled fort at the junction of the rivers, and winning at Bushy Run the brilliant victory which did so much to wipe out the humiliation of Braddock's disaster.

Three years before our pilgrims were found upon it the young commonwealth began the work of rebuilding the road, and this work was not then wholly completed. From that time it was known as the "New Road," its course being changed in some particulars and better grades established. But it was still far from the condition of our average highways of to-day, especially the parts of it among the mountains. To travel the length of the state over such a road, with the conveyances then at command, was an undertaking from which most of the grandsons of those hardy pioneers would shrink.

There were places among the mountains where wagon traffic was well nigh impracticable, so everything that was at all adaptable to portage on the backs of horses

was carried that way, even to the children of the households. In this cavalcade a sure-footed horse had for part of its burden a little boy and girl from two of the families represented in the party. Each occupied the central space amid beds, bedding and apparel, packed in a large creel made of hickory withes, in the fashion of a crate, one slung over each side. The tops were well secured by lacing to keep the children in, and only their heads appeared. Thus ensconced, they gazed in wide-eyed wonder at the passing scenes, and made much diversion for themselves and the remainder of the party. Other animals carried various articles of household use, or the cherished relics of the older civilization which the emigrants could not bear to part with when they started for their new homes in the far western wilderness.

The women of the party had their quarters in the few wagons belonging to the expedition, or perched upon the backs of pack-horses. The men and larger boys walked for the most part, and often the women and girls joined them for a time, to get a change from the tedium of their confined quarters. One such group was now striding along a little in advance of the main party — a man, a boy and a girl — and the man was entertaining the other two with his quaint remarks on the objects presented to view as they passed along. His speech at once betrayed his New England birth.

“Wall, hyar we air,” he remarked, as they reached the top of an eminence commanding an extended view, “right up on the tip-top. I read in a book onct that a feller writ abaout the maountain ridges bein’ throwed up when this old world was a-coolin’ off, an’ makin’ the back-bones uv the continents. Guess this is one uv

the places where old Mother Yairth got 'er back up."

"Naow, I call that scrumptious," he continued, pointing off to the westward, where a broad valley stretched away, with another mountain ridge bordering it on the farther side. "Seems like as if some feller had kinder smoothed that range uv hills off with his hands, don't it?"

His young companions assented.

"Waal, I guess when we get tew it we'll find it abaout as oneven as this range is. Purty rough sled-din' over all these maountains," he said with a chuckle which was characteristic of him.

The view was indeed an enchanting one. Far away across the broad valley one unbroken forest covered the undulating surface of the ground as grass covers a meadow. For the most part it was a deep green, but here and there a dash of crimson was afforded by a gum tree or a vine which blushed its acknowledgment of the first whisperings of Autumn, coming with his denuding touch. Yonder and again some giant of the forest lifted his head above his fellows and proudly tossed his locks in the free air. The distant mountain ridge was aptly described by the speaker I have quoted, as it appeared from this point of vantage. These parallel ridges of the Alleghanies, viewed from a distance, have always impressed me with the thought of their having been thrown up, like the breastworks of an army of Titans, and smoothed off in their plastic state with a gigantic trowel. But a closer view always shows that the distance has in a large measure destroyed the effect of perspective, filling the nearer hollows with the more distant hills, and giving the appearance

of a smoothness of outline where in reality there is much brokenness of contour.

As the little group is seated on a great rock by the wayside and the others of the company, with the slow-moving animals, are coming up the side of the mountain, we will take an accounting of them.

They were going to make their home in the valley of the Monongahela, then but a few years open to settlement, and not yet free from the peril of hostile savages. Most of them were bound for the new town laid out by Colonel Stephen Bayard the year before, on the right bank of that stream, about twenty miles from its mouth, and named for his pretty young wife, Elizabeth. Of the Bayards I shall have more to say as this narrative proceeds, and also of the village. Already this had become an important point of departure by boat of families of emigrants thus early pushing down the valley of the Ohio, to find homes in the wilderness of which it was the center. The village at once became a point for the building of the flat-boats, and keel-boats employed in that early navigation. Colonel Bayard had induced a number of boat builders to leave the East and take up their abode in his new settlement, with a promise of abundant work at good wages. A few had gone in the early spring and others were of this party.

John Harden had been a ship carpenter in his native England. After his marriage, some sixteen years before, he and his bride had crossed the Atlantic, in the hope of finding better opportunities in the new world than the old afforded. They were accompanied by his sister. Harden was an inoffensive man when sober, but had formed the unfortunate habit of drink-

ing to excess. When under the influence of drink he was intolerable. Ever since coming to America, when in condition to work, he had been employed at his trade, first at Boston and then at Philadelphia, but now he was going to the West. He was undoubtedly a good workman, but I am inclined to the belief that Colonel Bayard's agent did not know of his habits when he engaged him.

The boy we have seen in the group on the rock was his son, Harold. He was a shy boy of fourteen, and rendered more so, I am sure, through shame for his father's habits. His was one of those sensitive natures that is easily wounded and retires within itself rather than respond to any advances of sympathy. But I did not know him long before I was convinced that he was a high-minded lad and had in him qualities for making a noble man, if he would cultivate a little more self-assertion. He had lost his mother in his babyhood, but his aunt, the father's sister, had done her best to take his mother's place.

Honest soul, that she did not fill up the measure was not the fault of her affectionate heart. The boy loved her devotedly, but it was ever one of his hidden griefs that he did not have a mother to whom he could open the most secret things of his heart. His aunt was kind to him and honestly sought to promote his happiness and comfort, but she was a practical woman and was incapable of deep spiritual insight and that soul-communion for which something in him seemed to hunger. As a child in his play he was wont to imagine the presence of his mother, and he often had long imaginary conversations with her. As he grew older, instead of passing away, this seemed to grow

with his growth, and the mother whom he could not remember in the flesh became a very real presence to him. He would whisper his troubles to her, and then would conceive himself to feel a sense of soothing from her presence and sympathy. He even had a conception of her appearance, and this became very vivid to him — a face benign and gentle, which he could call up with his eyes closed.

But, comforting though this was, it only made more poignant his grief that he could never have her real bodily presence with him. His father never would talk to him of his mother, the mention of her rendering him morose if sober, and ugly if under the influence of drink. His aunt put him off when he questioned her, with the promise that she would tell him of his mother when he became older. So she continued to fill her place in the quiet boy's thoughts, the fancied presence being a mixed pain and delight.

The aunt was christened Hannah Rebecca, but this had, in its general use, been shortened to Hannerybeck — accent strong on the last syllable. Thus she was known to everybody except her nephew, who called her Aunt Hannah, or more often simply Auntie. She was the only person of whom her brother stood in fear, and although her strong-minded personality and the vigor with which she asserted herself were not sufficient to keep him from his periodical sprees, they did make him fertile in expedients for conciliating her when he had thus offended. She had frequently stood between Harold and abuse at the hands of his father when he was drinking, and had sought to rear the lad with high ideals of right and duty.

The other boat builders of the party were Duncan

Berringer and John Scott, the latter a draftsman of considerable ability. Both were young men, accompanied by their wives, and the two children before mentioned as riding in the hickory creels were members of their respective families. Each family also had a babe about a year old.

Daniel Colling was a widower with two daughters. He was going out to take up land for farming. He came from the New Jersey coast, having been encouraged by reports from some friends who had already penetrated the wilderness, to make this toilsome journey with his daughters. Wonderful stories were told of the fruitfulness of the soil in the country adjacent to the Monongahela.

Mabel, the younger of his girls, was the one of whom note has already been made. She was a saucy little sprite, with eyes like the blue of her native Atlantic and hair which seemed to have caught and held the gleam of sunlight that its waters reflected.

Her sister, a girl of twenty at this time, was eight years her senior. I think the world would not consider her beautiful, but her earnest and honest brown eyes, her wavy brown hair, with just a glint of subdued gold where it caught the light, the firm mouth, the even and well moulded features, made a most pleasant picture. She was erect of carriage and had a womanly grace which doubtless came to her the earlier because she was called so young to the responsibilities and care of the home and of the younger sister. I thought when I first looked into Mary Colling's face, that it was the sweetest one I had ever beheld — and I still think so.

The man on the rock with the two young people was

Simeon Greene, or Sim, as he was generally known. He had been one of Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys, and beginning with the brilliant exploit at Ticonderoga, had fought all through the Revolution in the patriot army. Since then he had been a hunter, trapper and wood-chopper in various sections. He had been making his quarters for a year or two in the part of the Monongahela valley to which our party was headed, and was on his way back there after a trip to Virginia, joining this company at Carlisle. As he knew the way well and was a thorough woodsman, he was a valuable acquisition and was warmly welcomed. He was soon a favorite with all, and had established specially cordial relations with the boy and girl in whose company we found him. His genial ways, his songs, stories and whimsical sayings made him particularly companionable. He had a vocabulary containing many words that I never heard before, and I doubt if anybody else ever did.

Sim soon drew Harold partially out of the reserve and backwardness which were natural with him. With the contempt of a boy of his age for girls younger than himself, he did not at first like the equality on which Sim seemed to place them in his attentions. Having an ardent love for the woods and already a longing to participate in the excitement of the chase, he preferred to monopolize the company of the hunter. But the winsomeness of the little maid, when he came to know her well, made him ashamed of that feeling. After Sim joined the party these three somehow were drawn together in a little group of their own.

The remaining member of the party was he who has set himself to the loving task of chronicling these

events and those which followed, David Froman, aged three and twenty, who was going out to be the school-master in the little town.

The others of the party were all strangers to me until we entered upon this journey, but acquaintance ripens rapidly under such circumstances, and already they were all like old friends.

CHAPTER II.

A TERROR BY NIGHT.

OUR party had left Philadelphia two weeks before, and the progress was slow all the time, the heavily laden wagons and horses making this a matter of necessity. We were also delayed by the slowness of our cattle which were, from the consideration of subsistence, a very important part of our outfit. Reasonably good progress was made in the level and old settled parts east of the Susquehanna, which broad stream was crossed at Chambers's ferry, three miles below the present city of Harrisburg. Now that we were among the mountains, but slight advance could be made, only a few miles being covered in a day. The road up the two ridges already passed was very steep and stony, but on this, the Tuscarora mountain, it greatly exceeded in this particular.

So, as both man and beast were wearied with the day's exertions, and the afternoon was well advanced, a stop for the night encampment was made, soon after passing the summit, by the side of a stream of limpid water. Quickly the camp preparations were made and fires were burning brightly and roaring. The women busied themselves with preparations for the evening meal, which on this occasion, as was usual, included game and fish taken by the prowess and skill of the men of the party during the day. To appetites whetted by the exertions of the preceding hours in the brac-

ing air of the mountains, the smell of the cooking was tantalizing. But we were not kept long in waiting. The meal was as good as its prophecy.

Supper over, the party gathered in groups around the fires, for in this altitude the evenings were already sufficiently cool to make the heat welcome. And there is always something cheery about a crackling fire in the woods at night. We discussed the events of the day, our plans for the future in the new homes to which we were going, and the various other themes which would come up in a company thus situated. These evening gatherings afforded a better opportunity for those of us who had not known one another before entering upon this expedition to become acquainted than we had when on the move.

Harold, as usual, was an attentive listener to what Sim was saying, and Sim never ran out of something to say. Unlike many people thus gifted, what he said was worth the hearing, for it was often instructive, always entertaining and never uncharitable to others. He was possessed of a large fund of information, acquired through his faculty of close observation, and his career had brought him through many interesting and exciting experiences. In his homely phrase he could well describe what he had seen, and as I have already intimated, often employed most unusual words in doing so.

Harold had become intensely interested in woodcraft, and to him Sim was an oracle on this subject. Already, under the hunter's instruction, the boy could tell at a glance the names of many of the forest trees which before to him had been but trees only. The gray and closely checkered bark and rounded extremi-

ties of leaves told him what was white oak, in distinction to the differing bark and sharp pointed leaves of the black oak and red oak, these again being readily distinguished respectively by the polish or lack of it on the face of the leaf. The tall, straight bole and large, handsome leaf of the tulip-tree (poplar), the deeply indented leaf of the sassafras and the varied characteristic marks of the different species of maples and walnuts, ash, chestnut, beech and other trees common to these mountains and their intervening valleys were already familiar to him. Wild plums and cherries, the succulent fox grapes and the smaller but tasty common wild grapes had already been secured, and added their relish to the fare of the travelers. The boy could tell at a glance any of the trees or vines yielding these fruits, and his acquaintance with the furry and feathered denizens of the forest was widening rapidly.

This evening, from topics connected with the day's events, Sim's conversation led gradually to his war experiences, and was stimulated thereto by the inquiries of the younger members of the party, for whom this theme always had a peculiar charm. Gradually the other groups had broken up and their members had gathered around the hunter, who was in the midst of a description of the taking of Fort Ticonderoga.

"We wuz at Bennington in the spring uv 1775, an' Colonel Allen had gethered somethin' over two hundred uv us together. Ther' wuzn't a man in the gang but what thought the old man wuz abaout the top notch when it kem to doin' things, an' we'd 'a' follered him anywheres. He tuk the notion that we could make purty good use uv old Ticonderoga. Colonel Benedict

Arnold had taken the same notion an' arrived there jest afore we started, intendin' tew organize an expedition fur the same purpose. But when he faound that the projeck had been started by Allen an' the comp'ny wuz ready tew start, he gave up his notion an' j'ined it. Ther's no denyin' that Arnold wuz a good solger an' a brave man. It's tew bad haow he went wrong later.

"Waal, the old man wuzn't long in gettin' ready tew strike, an' when he struck it wuz a sockdollager uv a lick that made them Britishers see stars. The old man divided his little force, takin' a hundred an' forty uv us to Shoreham, on the lake, opposite the fort, an' directin' that the remainder approach frum the land side by makin' a detour. Only the officers an' eighty-three men had got acrost the lake when the day began tew dawn, an' the land force could not hev kem up yet. Daylight would hev sp'iled the plan, so Allen resolved tew go ahead with the force he had.

"We kem right up on the sentinel at the entrance uv the fort before he diskivered that anything wuz wrong. He snapped his gun at the Colonel, who wuz in the lead, but fortunately it didn't go off, an' then the man retreated, runnin' intew the fort. We fol-lered, glad tew hev sech a guide, an' wuz brought right in on the parade. The sentinel on the inside made a thrust at Easton, the second in command, but Allen brought him a snollygoster alongside uv the head with the flat uv his sword, an' that settled his hash fur a while.

"The solgers there wuz quickly made pris'ners, an' the old man gave orders which tuk him on a trot tew the apartment uv the commandant uv the fort. His

guide didn't care tew linger on the way, with the p'int uv a sword ticklin' his back all the way. Allen beat on the door with the hilt uv his sword, an' thundered aout fur Cap'n Delaplace tew appear immejately, or he'd sacrifice the hull garrison. The Cap'n soon opened the door, lookin' purty foolish. He'd jest jumped aout uv bed an' pulled his britches on. Sez he, 'By whose authority is sech a command given?' 'In the name uv the Great Jehovah an' the Continental Congress!' thundered back the old man.

"Waal, Delaplace wuz completely flumbergusted, but ther' wuz nothin' else to dew but tew give in. I've always been glad I wuz there, fur it wuz the first important success uv the struggle."

The story of the fall of Ticonderoga had not been written in the histories then, so as to make it so generally familiar as it is with us, and this homely recital of the stirring scenes attendant on it, from the lips of one of the actors in those scenes, was intensely interesting to our little company, gathered there, that night, on the lonely mountain side. We were still discussing this and the other events of the war suggested by it, when Sim held up his hand as a signal for silence, and at once all became quiet. For a time nothing was heard save the gentle rustle made by the breeze in the treetops. Then came a faint, plaintive, wailing cry from some point in the depth of the forest. We all heard it, and one of the women exclaimed:

"Oh, it is a little child lost in the woods! Let us find it."

She had put my thought into words, for that exactly described the cry as it fell on my ears. Some started up to go at once, but were stopped by Sim who

said he would "look after the youngon'." He exchanged a few words in a low tone with Berringer who, next to him, was the most experienced man of the party in woodcraft, and they at once began looking to the priming of their guns and strapping on their powder horns and bullet pouches. By Sim's direction more wood was now piled on the fires, which by this time had burned low, and they were soon blazing up brightly. In times calling for the exercise of the peculiar kind of knowledge he possessed, the direction of affairs was, by common consent, vested in the old soldier and hunter, and nobody thought of questioning his authority. By this time we were all convinced that there was some lurking peril in the dark woods, but Sim's manner did not invite questioning, and we went about doing the things he suggested.

"You, Davy [to me], will keep the fires goin'. Colling an' Scott an' Harden 'd better look after the hosses and caows, an' they may hev their han's full. All keep in camp, close tew the fires, an' I reckon we'll soon be back."

He and Berringer then quietly slipped away, going in a direction opposite to that from which the sounds seemed to come. We had heard the cry once or twice again, and it seemed to be becoming more distinct. It was a time of intense yet subdued excitement in the camp. The horses were plainly uneasy, trembling and from time to time emitting low whinnies. The three men saw to their double fastening, and then sought to soothe them with low words and gentle handling. They did not dare to leave them. The cattle also were in a state bordering on panic, but they had been securely tethered, and could not get away. Pre-

vious to this time they had been lying, contentedly chewing their cuds, but now they were moving about uneasily, and every minute winding themselves closer to the saplings to which they had been tied.

I soon had the fires in shape that they could be left for a while, and then joined the group of women and children, who were huddled together, the most of them plainly in terror, and discussing in whispers the probable cause of the strange interruption and its possible consequences. Mrs. Scott, who had first spoken, adhered to the idea that there was a child in distress, and as the sound continued to be heard occasionally, it did seem that such must be the case. Some thought at once of Indians, then the great terror of the western border, but I told them that had Sim thought it that, he would have ordered the fires to be put out rather than to be built up. I also told them that for some time the red men had not been known to venture into this section. Mrs. Berringer, who had been in one of the wagons, putting her baby to sleep, had not heard the first alarm. She only had a word from her husband as he passed her in leaving, to the effect that he was going a little distance and would soon be back. She was now sobbing convulsively, not knowing into what peril he had gone. The small children, affected by the pervading terror without attempting to learn what it portended, began to cry, and their mothers sought to soothe them, though plainly betraying their own fear.

I was struck with the coolness of Harold at this time. The shrinking, backward boy was now fully self-possessed. He helped me with the fires, and then tried to reassure the girls and women. He did not

express an opinion as to what it all might mean, but was confident in the assertion of his belief that Sim knew what he was about and all would come out well. Mary Colling was paler than usual, but was calm, and sought to comfort her sister, who cowered, trembling, in her arms.

There is something peculiarly unnerving and productive of terror in a peril by night, in the depths of the forest, with its exact nature unknown. I confess that while I was putting on the bravest front possible, before the women and children, I was filled with an indefinable dread. I do not think I am a coward, but I like to know what is the nature of danger impending, and from what source to expect it. It could not have been very many minutes that we remained there thus, but it appeared to be a long while. Everything seemed to become vocal with the pervading terror. It was whispered in the low sighing of the breeze in the treetops, and proclaimed in solemn tones by the hooting of a distant owl. Anon would come the plaintive wail that first attracted attention, and from time to time from the cattle would be emitted that strange hollow sound called from animals of the bovine kind only by the smell of blood or the proximity of something which their instinct tells them has a menace of danger.

My training had not been in the woods, but I had an impression that there must be some living creature lurking in the darkness about us, which threatened danger. How long I could have kept up my brave front I do not know, but suddenly relief came in the sharp crack of a rifle at a short distance from us, but in a direction opposite to that taken by Sim and Ber-

ringer when they left the camp. To me almost anything would have been a relief just then. The sound was quickly followed by a blood-curdling cry, a heavy fall and thrashing about in the underbrush, and then another shot. Comparative silence followed this, and then a reassuring shout from Sim. He and Ber-ringer were soon in camp again.

"It's abaout the biggest painter I've seed in three year," said Sim; "a reg'lar golbuster!"

CHAPTER III.

SOME NEW FRIENDS MADE.

SIM'S trained ears had told him that the sounds we had heard were made by a panther kitten, and he surmised, rightly as it proved, that the mother was lurking about in the vicinity. So, as they recounted to us, he and Berringer left the camp to go apparently in a direction away from that indicated by the sounds, but made a detour, and with the utmost quietness slipped around so as to bring them in a line between the camp and where they supposed the kitten to be. They remained quiet for a time, with eyes and ears strained, and finally heard the cry again, followed quickly by a low, snarling growl, which evidently was intended as an admonition to the young creature to be quiet, but was very guardedly made, so as not to be heard by the denizens of the camp. Watching closely for a time in the trees whence this sound seemed to come, they soon perceived a huge, dark shape crouching on the limbs, and with the utmost caution making its way towards the camp. With like caution the men on the ground followed it, seemingly unobserved by it.

Finally, as the camp was approached nearer, the firelight shining among the trees enabled them to make out the shape more distinctly, and they made preparations for the attack on the great creature. Berringer was to shoot first. He was just getting in position

to do this to the best advantage when a twig broke under his foot with a sharp, crackling noise, and in an instant the panther whirled itself about. It evidently saw the men under the trees and scarcely a rod in the rear, and without a moment's hesitation, gathered itself for a spring upon them. This really was fortunate, for it brought the creature in better position for an effective shot. The body of the great cat was now clearly outlined, and Berringer's shot rang out just as the tense muscles were relaxing in the spring. The effect of it was to make the leap fall short of the spot intended by the creature, which was badly hurt, but still capable of doing much damage. Sim got a shot in a vital part, and the big beast was soon dead.

The men skinned it that night before we slept. By direction of Sim, a close watch was kept for its mate, which might be prowling about in the vicinity, and we took turns in guarding the camp all through the night to prevent a surprise, but the mate did not appear. Some of the men wanted to go in search of the young panther that night, but Sim said it would be next to impossible to find it among the underbrush in the darkness, and it would almost certainly remain in the vicinity, looking for its dam. Nothing more was heard of it that night, the sounds having apparently scared it into silence. The next morning it was found lurking in the bushes near where the body of the greater beast lay, and was dispatched with a shot, its pelt being added to that of its dam.

The big panther was of unusual size. Of the party, only Sim had seen one which he thought was larger.

In answer to queries about this, he intimated that it involved a story, and he promised to tell this later.

I can see him yet, after all these years, as he looked that day, and as he always looked, except on a few state occasions afterwards when I saw him rigged out in a long blue coat, a buff waistcoat and blue trousers, with a high collar and stock that I know were torture to him. But now he wore the common dress of the woodsman of the border at that period.

His feet were encased in moccasins of dressed deer-skin, the Indians having furnished the pattern. Each was of a single piece, with a gathering seam along the top of the foot and a seam, without gather, from the bottom of the heel up the back to the height of the ankles. Flaps were left on each side to reach some distance up the legs, and deerskin thongs, or "whangs," as they were called, laced these about over the leggings and for gathering strings along the top of the foot. The leggings were also of deerskin. The breeches, shirt and jacket were of the common fashion which men have continued to wear.

But the dominating feature of the dress was the hunting shirt, a garment almost universally worn by the men of the border at that time. It was a kind of loose frock, reaching half way down the thighs, with large sleeves. It was open at the front, and made so wide as to lap over a foot or more when belted. The bosom was thus baggy, and served as a wallet in which various things were carried, such as tow for wiping the rifle, and often bread, parched corn and dried meat, when the wearer was on a hunt or other long journey. The belt was tied behind, and besides holding the garment in at the waist, served as a support

for holding the tomahawk, knife and bullet bag. The hunting shirt had a large cape which hung down over the shoulders and was fringed by slitting the material if it was of buckskin, as was Sim's, or by ravelling it out if of woven texture.

The cap of 'coonskin completed his attire. This was made of the hide of a raccoon, tanned with the fur on, and the ringed tail was still attached to it at the top, falling to one side or tossing about as he walked. The whole, making up an attire then the most common in the region to which we were going, was to my mind more picturesque than any style of dress since adopted by men, and more serviceable and rational than many things they now wear.

Sim Greene could not at that time have been very far advanced in the forties, but the exposure and strain of a life such as he had lived since boyhood had tanned and seamed his face until it looked older. His hair was worn long and was inclined to curl, and like the straggling beard which covered his cheeks, chin and lip, was brown, slightly mixed with gray. His eyes were gray and habitually had in them the twinkle which betokened his good nature. He was tall, raw-boned and erect.

We made better progress that day than the one before, our course for the most of it being down the mountain side and across the next valley. We had before met parties of horsemen journeying to the east of the mountains for supplies that could not then be obtained in the western country, and that day we met two such parties. In one of them Sim recognized men who came from the country adjacent to the Monongahela, in the section to which we were journeying, and as it

was near the middle of the day, we were glad to halt with them and have our meal together. There were more than a dozen men in the party, all mounted and most of them leading pack-horses. They told us they always arranged beforehand and traveled in companies for mutual protection, as well as for the pleasures of companionship. Two of the principal commodities they always carried back were salt and iron, for the new country was yet wholly devoid of these necessary things.* They also had to buy in the East any kind of woven cloth they might desire, aside from the linsey which was the product of the hand loom — a part of the furnishing of nearly every western home in those days; and usually they brought a few ribbons and other gewgaws for the women and girls.

They employed pack-horses rather than wagons, for the reason that the journey could be made much more expeditiously with these. I noticed that nearly all of these men were taking spirits with them. Indeed whisky was the principal thing carried by the pack-horses, along with some peltry and ginseng. I had heard of the excellence of the whisky made in the western country, for the fame of the Monongahela product, even at that early time, had spread over all the older settlements. But I learned now that their whisky was almost the sole medium of exchange among the people by whom it was made. Their rich soil produced much more grain than was needed for the sustenance of man and beast, and they were so far from other markets, and the means of transportation were so limited, that the cereals could not be sold at a

* Think of carrying iron to Pittsburgh and the Monongahela valley!

profit, either in the form of grain or meal. Hence they distilled them into whisky, and in that portable form could get their product to market and realize a good profit.

This company and others we passed had their whisky in kegs and jugs, and these were slung across the backs of the animals, either in sacks or supported on the pack-saddles by thongs. We were given opportunity to test its quality, for with those whole-souled people it was not to be thought of that there could be an exchange of hospitality without passing the bottle. Drinking of ardent spirits was then well nigh universal, and the host would be thought seriously derelict in hospitality who failed to set out the bottle and glass when any of his neighbors came into his house for any purpose. As my good pastor, the Reverend Joseph Smith, says in his interesting book on early Presbyterianism in western Pennsylvania, which has come from the press just when I am writing these memoirs, "A man could not be born, married or buried without the presence and free use of whisky." The long-necked bottle was set out even when the minister called, and no social function or frolic could have been held without its presence, unless to the scandalizing of the one who would have dared to make such an innovation. That was before the Washingtonian movement, or the Sons of Temperance, or other organizations of like aim. It was the prevailing belief that the climate of our country made it necessary to drink ardent spirits for the preservation of the health. Frequent exposure in the violence of the elements, and the widespread notion that distilled liquors had medicinal virtue of a high order, strengthened that belief. Whatever we may

think of it in these days, we all drank in those, and the traffic in intoxicants was deemed as respectable as any other line of trade.

The men we met and dined with that day impressed me as being open-hearted, whole-souled people. We had many questions to ask concerning things in the new country, and they answered to the best of their ability. Daniel Colling was specially interested in some who came from west of the Monongahela, for it was there he expected to make his home. All of the party had emigrated from east of the mountains in the few years preceding. Some of them were of Quaker stock, but for the most part they were Scotch-Irish.

During the course of the conversation which ensued the subject of the excise on whisky came up, and the men without exception expressed strong opposition to it, speaking of it as an unjust burden to impose on them, and declaring their firm purpose to resist every effort for its collection. They had a good deal of fun over their reminiscences of one Graham, an official who had attempted to enforce this state law in the country west of the mountains a few years before. They told, with hearty laughs, of his wig having been singed, coals put in his boots and other indignities heaped upon him, until finally a crowd caught him, shaved his head and then chased him out of the country, with a warning never to come back. I learned then that the law imposing a tax on spirits had never been successfully enforced in the country west of the mountains, and a number of these men declared it never would be. I had been reared with a reverence for all law, and it was a shock to me to hear men, who seemed of such excellent parts otherwise, talking in this defiant spirit

concerning an enactment of the state. I was to learn later that this question trenched on prejudices inbred for centuries in many of them and on matters of their highest self-interest.

We passed a pleasant hour with these men. They inquired concerning our plans, and to a man they promised to turn out and bring their neighbors to aid in the work of establishing homes for those for whom these had not been prepared. We then parted, they pursuing their way to the eastward and we pushing on towards the new homes beyond the mountains, well pleased that our lot was to be cast among such pleasant people as these seemed to be. Because they could travel with more speed than could we, they expected to make their journey and be back home about the time we arrived at our destination, and thus could fulfill their promise of help.

The afternoon journey was made without special incident. I never tired of the noble forest which covered the whole country, save where some hardy settler had laid a section of it low, that he might coax a living from this mountain region, or those other places where a particularly destructive forest fire had raged and deadened the trees. But the clearings were not many, for most of those who had pushed westward from the older settlements east of the mountains had passed entirely over the barrier, lured by the promise of much richer land beyond, and these breaks in the forest were not great as compared with its whole extent. At some places the spaces between the trees were open and park-like, but for the most part the ground was rocky and covered with a dense growth of laurel and other underbrush.

Once a young bear suddenly fell from a tree by the roadside, and hastily scrambling to its feet, trotted away among the bushes. Nobody with a gun happened to be at that part of the line at the time, so, having secured a good start, it was allowed to go its way. Again the forward horses stopped suddenly on the sharp warning given by a rattlesnake, as they will always do under like circumstances, and the serpent, a mottled monster with eight rattles and a button, was dispatched by some of the men. But these were not out of the ordinary in the things that went to make up the record of a day's journey. I mention them to show how the events of those early days were impressed on my memory and have remained with me. Events of much greater moment which occurred later have so passed from my memory that only shadowy outlines of them now exist there. How indelibly remain the impressions made in happy youth! Yea, it seems that as our feet begin to slip and the ties on earth to loosen, ere we go on the long journey just before, these things take on even more distinctness as they hang like pictures on memory's walls.

There were many squirrels seen on the way, and they were working on the nuts and acorns. Our men every day, without the necessity of going far from the road, could bring down enough to keep our table supplied, and I was making considerable progress towards proficiency in marksmanship, so that my rifle did some execution in that line. Thus we had that evening, when the halt was called for the night's camp, as we usually had, a plentiful supply for the supper and the next morning meal. The camp was pitched beside a stream, for on that journey a constant watch had to be main-

tained for a water supply. The season was, and had been for many weeks, a notably dry one, and the mountain streams were neither so copious nor so numerous as usual, many of them having dried up completely. The friends from whom we parted that day told us the drought was even worse in the country on the western slope of the main ridge.

After supper, when we had gathered around the camp-fire, Sim was reminded of his promised story, and gave it to us. I wish I could bring to the reader all the charm that was in his telling of it, but that I cannot do. However, I will give it as nearly as I can in his language.

CHAPTER IV.

SIM'S "PAINTER" STORY.

“**I** T WUZ abaout three years ago, when I wuz in Virginia, that I met up with the big painter I’m goin’ tew tell you abaout. We tramped purty well over that kentry in the war, for afore the end I saw consid’able service in the south, an’ wuz at York-taown when Cornwallis handed over his rib-sticker to Gener’l Washington. Don’t know as I done much tew carry on the war, but guess I purty nigh see the beginnin’ an’ the endin’ on’t.

“When I got my discharge I made up my mind tew go daown intew the Valley uv Virginia again, for it struck me it wuz abaout as likely a kentry fur my line—which was huntin’ an’ trappin’, when I wuz not choppin’ timber—as any place I had struck, an’ I hadn’t kith or kin tew take me anywheres in pa’ticular. Then it’s a most remarkable section uv kentry daown thar. Ever been in them parts, any uv you?”

None could be found in the party who had ever been there.

“Waal, ther’s big, bold maountain peaks, an’ water-falls, an’ caves that hev the most wonderful kerdoodlements a-hangin’ in them that ever you see. Jest like big icicles, only they’re made uv rock. Some’s as white as snow; some’s a purty yellor, like gold; some’s got red an’ braown streaks on ’em, an’ they’re ringed an’ furrowed iest like real icicles. Then ther’s other con-

traptions like them a-stickin' up frum the floor, an' some places they reach frum the floor clean to the ceilin'. Then I saw them for all the world lookin' like big curtains that you would think a puff uv wind would make to flap abaout.

"I wuz in Rockbridge caounty, an' that 'minds me uv another mighty cur'us thing thar that gives the caounty its name. That's the Natchurl Bridge. The water has cut a hole through the solid limestone rock, an' has deepened an' deepened it till naow where the little stream flows through, if the biggest tree you can see in these woods wuz a-growin' thar, its top 'd not nigh touch the rock at the arch, an' the ends uv its widest branches 'd not more than brush the sides. Ther' wuz a lot uv names cut on the face uv the rock when I wuz thar, an' they told a yarn abaout Gener'l Washington havin' elim' up an' cut hisn' above the rest, when he wuz a boy, but I c'd never find it.

"Daown thar the Blue Ridge continues jest abaout as it is hyar, an' likewise the Alleghany Ridge, but these ridges in between seem tew 'ave got kinder flum-mixed up, an' instead uv continuous maountain chains, it is jest a broken up hill kentry in that part uv what they call the Valley uv Virginia.

"Waal, tew come tew my story, I had been choppin' timber on them hills, along with a gang uv abaout a dozen men. We got more piled up than they could get away, an' we had to knock off fur a few days. I wuz wantin' some supplies, an' I told my pardner, Jim Burns, that I wuz a-goin' over tew Lexington tew get 'em, an' he needn't expeck me back fur a few days, as I wanted tew examine some uv the hill kentry I had not yet visited, for trappin' prospects.

"I shouldered my rifle an' started off. It wuz abaout this time uv the year, an' the day wuz as purty a one as you ever see. I took my course over the wildest part uv the hills, an' it wuz not long afore I begun tew see signs uv game. I picked aout sever'l places that I thought 'd be good fur traps, an' faound one that wuz pa'ticularly promisin' fur otter. This wuz beside a tol'able sized crick, an' as it wuz nigh the middle uv the day, I concluded to set daown thar an' hev my snack uv jerk an' pone. It wuz a purty spot, with big trees a-growin' all araound, an' but little underbrush. Jest at my back wuz a paowerful big sugar tree, an' its knarly roots wuz a-kinkin' up above the graound on all sides uv it.

"I had noticed that the sky wuz gettin' overcast afore that, but naow become aware fur the first time that ther' wuz goin' tew be a shaower very soon. I got up an' begun tew gather my things together, tew get on my way, but wuz hardly more than on my feet until a slight rustle among the leaves in a tree behind me caused me tew wheel araound, an' thar wuz the biggest painter I ever see jest a-gatherin' itself fur a spring on me. I brought my gun up an' fired jest as it wuz leavin' the baough.

"At the same time it seemed tew me that all the fire uv hell flamed up araound me, an' ther' wuz a shock like as if everything had gone tew everlastin' smither-eens. Then I didn't know anything more.

"I don't know haow long I wuz a-lyin' thar onconscious, an' I didn't come tew all tew onct. I kinder dreamed, an' thought I'd been shot up in the air abaout fourteen mile, an' wuz naow slowly settlin' daown again. I c'd see that big painter a-sailin' through the

air, tew, an' it wuz gettin' nigher an' nigher tew me. Finally I seemed tew reach the yairth, an' settled daown on it jest as light an'-easy as a feather would. But the big catamount wuz a-comin' at a tremenjous rate, an' I didn't seem tew hev any we'pons. Thinks I, I better get up an' dust aout uv this, but when I tried tew dew it, I faound something had hold uv my laig, an', tug as I would, I couldn't budge it. I think the fright uv that diskivery brought me fully to my senses, or mebbe it wuz the rain that the next minute I faound patterin' daown in my face.

"Waal, I faound a very interestin' state uv affairs when I looked araound. I wuz on the broad of my back, an', sure enough, my laig wuz held tight enough. The painter wuz there, tew, but I soon see I had no cause fur oneasiness concernin' him. It seems that jest at the instant I shot, the storm broke an' a bolt uv lightnin' struck the big tree under which I wuz standin'. It wuz split intew half a dozen sections, an' each uv these fell tew its own side, so ther' wuz splintered wood over abaout half an acre uv graound. One big branch had caught the painter in mid-air an' carried it aout uv its course somewhat, then brought it daown kerplunk on its belly, with the weight uv it across the critter's back. The painter wuz plum dead when I first see it, an' it wuz flattened aout till it 'minded me uv a pelt stretched aout tew dry, only the eyes wuz there yet — but they looked abaout ready to pop aout. I tell *you* it wuz spread aout as flat as a pancake.

"I wuz only a little better off, as I soon begun tew believe. I s'pose I'd been stunned by the lightnin'. In my fall, my left laig, jest above the ankle, had dropped intew one uv the little hollows in the kinky

roots uv the tree, an' the butt end uv the same baough that wuz on the painter had fallen over it. No pris'ner in the stocks wuz ever held tighter than wuz Simeon Greene on that mem'able occasion. My foot an' laig felt cramped an' sore, an' at first I thought the bones must be crushed an' broken, but I soon faound I c'd work my toes an' ankle j'int, an', with a little effort, c'd turn the laig araound intew a little more easy position, so that the blood c'd circ'late in the foot again. But as fur gettin' it aout, that wuz a dead unpossibility.

"Tug an' pull as I would, nothin' would give a mite, an' ten men couldn't 'ave lifted the big piece uv timber off, an' the root wuz fixed thar, abaout as firm as the everlastin' hills. I then thought tew try tew chop the branch or the root away, but remembered at onct that I had been blazin' a mark fur directin' me tew the place I had in mind fur the otter trap, an' I had left the hatchet thar, a rod away frum whar I naow wuz. Then I reached fur my knife, as the next best thing, an', by the long tow rope, it wuz gone! It had slipped frum the sheath when I fell. I thought it must be on the graound beside me or under me, but it wuz not. Then I thought it must be stickin' abaout my clothes somewhar, but the most careful search failed to diskiver it. I was jest on the edge uv the little stream, an' after lookin' everywhar else, cast my eye on that, an', sure enough, thar it wuz, plain to be seen, lyin' on the bottom uv the crick, in the clear water. It had slid daown the bank an' aout along the slippery rock that formed the bottom uv the stream, an' it wuz clean aout uv my reach.

"Waal, hyar wuz a haow-de-do. If I c'd get that

knife, I c'd hack myself free in time. Then I thought uv my ramrod, an' wuz delighted tew find that I c'd reach it with that by stretchin' my utmost. But it wuz ticklish, fur the current wuz swift thar, an' I c'd not bring much pressure tew bear on the knife with the limber ramrod, the very end uv which I had tew hold between my fingers and thumb, while the other end jest reached the knife. I wuz jest abaout to give up with the ramrod an' try with the gun, which wuz longer, when a motion uv my stick caused the knife tew turn up on its back, an' then, the current catchin' it more, it went slidin' daown over a little slant intew a pool, clean beyon' my reach with anything I c'd get.

"That purty nigh obfuscated me. I jest laid daown on my back an' thought fur a while, but I couldn't see any way aout uv the diffikilty. It wa'n't much use tew holler, fur it wuz miles from any haouse or road, but I concluded tew try it anyhaow, an' I yelled till I wuz hoarse; but nobody come. For the same reason it wa'n't much use tew fire off my gun, an', added tew that, my ammunition wuz gettin' scarce. That wuz one uv the things I wuz goin' tew Lexington fur. I didn't know haow soon some critter might come that way an' take a notion tew have some Greenes fur his supper. More'n likely the painter's mate 'd be raound, lookin' fur it afore the night wuz over, so I needed tew save my paowder.

"Waal, it wuz a purty serious state uv affairs fur me as evenin' drew on. I didn't hev more'n enough grub fur an or'nary lunch, so resolved to eke it aout as long as possible, an' I et but a few bites uv it fur supper. Fort'nately the crick wuz in reach, an' I c'd scoop up all the water in my cap that I wanted fur

drinkin'. If that hadn't been so, I'd 'ave suffered a heap more'n I did in the hours that followed, an' mebbe wouldn't 'ave been hyar tew tell abaout it.

"While I wuz turnin' the matter over in my mind, it occurred tew me that mebbe I c'd burn the piece uv timber in two, an' be able tew handle it that way. It 'd be a good thing tew hev a fire at night anyways, tew scare the varmints away. I wuz nigh the butt end uv the stick an' it wuz abaout a foot thick thar. Ther' wuz consid'able uv the shattered wood in reach, an' an open space under the stick jest tew the one side uv me. I had my flint an' steel an' some tinder in the buzzum uv my shirt, an' I soon had a blaze goin'. I didn't sleep any that night, but kep' the fire goin' under the log. It didn't make much impression on the green wood, but had et intew it several inches by mornin'. When it 'd begin tew burn along the log or the root towards my laig, I'd throw water on that part an' check it.

"I got through the night withaout anything serious happenin'. A number uv times critters come sneakin' and snuffin' abaout, but I scared 'em away with fire-brands. I had never seen wolves in them parts, or would 'ave been more oneasy, for they'll skulk araound fur days if there's any chance uv gettin' a feller at a disadvantage. An' I didn't see any other painter.

"By mornin' the fire had got the stick purty well dried aout, an' it burned faster, but naow the wood to keep the fire goin' was gettin' scarce, an' I had to be careful in the burnin' uv it. I et up the last uv my grub that mornin', an' still wuz as hungry as a bear in spring. I saw a number uv squirrels on trees raound abaout, an' could 'ave shot some uv 'em, but as they

wouldn't fall in reach uv me, it 'd be no use. I did take a shot at two or three uv 'em, in hopes they might flop araound where I c'd get 'em, but they all stayed aout uv my reach. Then I thought I might chance tew take a bird on the wing right over me, an' laid daown on my back fur the purpose.

"While I wuz a-layin' thar I see a speck 'way up in the sky, an' it wuz slowly sailin' raound in a circle. While I watched it, it begun tew get bigger, an' then I see another, an' soon another, an' another. I knowed they wuz buzzards. It's s'prisin' the way them birds can find carrion. I don't purtend tew know whether they smell it or see it, but they can diskiver it miles away. It wuz not long afore they wuz circlin' abaout the tree tops, but they seemed shy abaout comin' so clost tew me as they'd hev tew if they'd get a feast on that dead painter. It wuz him they wuz after then, but I begun tew think it 'd be my turn tew feed 'em next, an' probably they thought so tew. Before dark ther' wuz dozens uv them thar.

"Towards night a wind sprung up an' it soon fetched daown a limb uv the broken tree that had been hangin' on another tree ever since the lightnin' struck it. That purty nigh wuz the end uv me, fur it hit right beside me. But it give me some more fuel fur my fire, an' with hard tuggin' I got it pulled raound so as tew get the butt uv it under the stick where the fire wuz, an' kep' pushin' it in all night as it burned. By mornin' the stick wuz more'n half burnt through.

"That wuz a long an' awful night tew me. I wuz afeard tew go tew sleep, but wuz dreadful sleepy. I guess, though, the hungry pain in my stummick would 'ave kep' me awake even if I'd dared tew try. While

I laid thar I done some prayin', tew, an' made some promises tew the Good Man that mebbe I hev'n't always kep' jest as I oughter, if He'd get me aout uv that trap. I remembered all the mean things I'd ever done, an' I couldn't get it aout uv my head abaout the many animals I'd trapped. It seemed tew me whenever any critters kem snoopin' abaout that night, an' I'd see their eyes a-shinin' in the dark, that they wuz grinnin' at me 'cause I wuz in the same fix I wuz always gettin' their relations in. I've never caught an animal in a trap since then, an' had it look at me the way they dew when you come on 'em, that I hev'n't thought uv that time, an' kinder felt sneakin' abaout it.

"Waal, the mornin' finally kem, an' then the buzzards begun tew vencher towards the painter. Guess they wouldn't 'ave had any trouble in smellin' it a mile by this time. Ther' must 'ave been dozens uv 'em thar. I laid low in hopes they'd come up tew the dead beast, fur I'd naow reached the desp'rate p'int that I'd even tackle a buzzard fur my breakfast, an' I hoped tew get hold uv one uv them. Purty soon they begun to edge up towards the carcass. It wuz a matter uv ten or twelve feet from me, an' it wa'n't long afore they had kem right up an' begun on it. The first plunk wuz made by an old cock at one uv the eyes, an' it wuz stickin' aout so that he picked it off like a cherry frum a tree. Purty soon they wuz hoppin' abaout, an' squawkin' an' scramblin', an' tearin' the flesh uv the beast in a way that wuz s'prisin'.

"I wuz layin' low and watchin' them when, all at once, a little critter jumped on the log right over me, comin' from the other side. I don't know which uv us wuz the most s'prised, but I guess I recovered first, for

I hit it a bat with my gun, an' it fell right daown on me. It wuz so clost that I couldn't draw a bead tew shoot it. The lick didn't kill it, but I grabbed it, an' — whew! I forgot all abaout the smell uv the carrion then. In fact, I didn't smell much uv anything else fur a month or two except skunk!"

Sim ceased here, as if this were the end of his narrative, and seemed to be lost in deep meditation. Nobody spoke for a time, but finally Harold asked:

"And what next? What about the skunk?"

"I et it," answered Sim, solemnly. Then the twinkle came to his eyes, and, with one of his quiet chuckles, he continued:

"It wa'n't so bad as you might think. I thought at the time it wuz abaout the daintiest bite uv meat I ever tasted. I bled it an' skinned it with a sliver uv wood. Hungry as I wuz, I couldn't quite go it raw, but the fire had burned daown tew a bed uv redhot ashes, an' I soon had it done tew a turn in them."

"But, didn't it taste — strong?" I inquired.

"No, I didn't notice it. Fact wuz the smell raound thar wuz so vig'rous that you c'd taste it in the atmus-ver, an' if the meat had any uv the flavor, I didn't notice it. It wuz a change from the odor uv the dead painter, anyhow, an' that wuz some relief. But I didn't hanker after buzzard any more.

"Waal, I begun tew settle daown tew the belief that I would hev tew pass another night thar. I had burned up all my wood, an' the stick wuz only burned a little more than half through. While I wuz layin' there, mediatin', I thought I heard someone holler away off. I pricked up my ears to listen, but the buzzards begun a-janglin' jest then, an' I c'd hear nothin'

but them. So I fired off my gun. Soon I heard a shot at some distance, as if in reply, an' then I yelled like an Injun. Purty soon I heard someone comin', an' then Jim Burns's v'ice callin': 'Is that you, Sim?' I yelled back that it wuz, an' then jest broke daown an' blubbered.

"Waal, ther' ain't much more tew tell. Jim wuz consid'able gumfoozled when he faound what a fix I wuz in. He held his nose while I told him abaout it in a few words. He then got my hatchet an' begun on the stick whar it wuz partly burnt through. While he chopped he told me that he took a notion the mornin' after I left that he'd go tew Lexington tew. He wuz s'prised when he got there tew find that I'd not been seen in the place, an' when he stayed over night an' I still did not appear, he concluded tew start aout on the hunt uv me. He struck fur the hills whar I had told him I wuz goin' tew look abaout, an' I hev told you haow he faound me. He soon got the stick chopped through, an' then got a big sliver uv the wood, near by, an' made a lever uv that, with which he lifted the butt end up so I c'd slip my foot aout. My ankle wuz somewhat sore an' stiff, but I wuz able to foot it with him tew the taown.

"An' naow it's time fur everybody tew turn in."

CHAPTER V.

A NIGHT AT BONNET'S.

THAT night and the succeeding few days passed without special incident. The trip up the Sideling Hill afforded some exciting experiences, for the road was scarcely more than a mere trail. Sometimes it led along the edge of a precipice where a single misstep would have sent the horse and its burden tumbling hundreds of feet down the mountainside. Then again the track would be so narrow that the covered wagons found difficulty in getting through. At intervals the trail was so worn away that, to prevent the wagons from toppling over, ropes were fastened to the top of the load; then the men, holding the ropes, walked along the hillside above the road. Only one wagon at a time could be taken past such a place, and this made the progress very slow, so that but a few miles were gained in a day.

It was surprising the number of travelers that were seen on this road in that early day. We continued to meet parties with pack-horses, going east to trade, and from time to time were overtaken by some of these, returning to their homes. I particularly noted the movement of emigrants bound on just such expeditions as ours. Sometimes even our slow progress would bring us up to such a party, delayed by a breakdown or other impeding occurrence. Whenever we could do anything to help such, it was always cheerfully done. A spirit

of mutual helpfulness pervaded nearly all who thus traveled, for none knew how soon he would be the one needing help.

We had one most interesting experience on this trip over the mountains which should not be omitted. I have already spoken of the fact that squirrels were frequently seen, but they were just the ordinary inhabitants of the mountain forest. One day we noticed that they were becoming much more numerous, and soon we were in the midst of a multitude of squirrels the like of which I never saw before, nor have seen since. They were chiefly gray and black squirrels, and were hopping over the ground and leaping amid the branches of the trees in perfect swarms. In a few minutes we killed enough to provide us with meat for days. We could have slaughtered them by the hundreds, had we been minded to engage in wanton destruction of life, or had no regard for our ammunition, the scarcity of which on the western border at that time made it important to husband it.

For nearly a whole day we were passing through the zone covered by the squirrels. They were migrating eastward, for, as we afterwards learned, there was that season a great scarcity of nuts and acorns on the western slope of the Alleghany mountains and the ridges and open country westward for many miles. This was due, probably, to the drought which had prevailed in those sections nearly all the summer.

"We'll hev a hard winter," was Sim's comment on the phenomenon. Whether it was merely a coincidence or not I know not, but certain it is that the winter which followed was an unusually severe one. And I learned afterwards that the squirrels that fall swarmed

down on the farming sections in the Cumberland valley and other regions east of the mountains in such numbers that they became a nuisance, and organized efforts had to be made by the inhabitants to reduce their numbers.

We crossed a branch of the Juniata river by fording, for there were few ferries and no bridges on that road in those days, and tarried for a short while at Bedford. It was a mere hamlet then, but ranked as one of the most important settlements between the Susquehanna and the Monongahela. Leaving there, we pushed on and made our stop for the night at Bonnet's, a famous old tavern, four miles west of Bedford. Here the road branched, the Forbes road proceeding by way of Ligonier and Greensburg to Pittsburgh, while the Glade road went to the "Forks of Youghioghenny," as the part of the country was called which lay between the stream named and the Monongahela, into which it flows. That section was our destination, and it was the Glade road that we took the next morning.

Usually we made our night stops at houses, to allow the women the best opportunities for rest. But since we had been among the mountains this plan could not always be followed. The women enjoyed Bonnet's the more because the last three or four nights had been spent in camp. Travelers, bound east and west, were found there in considerable numbers. In the crowded condition of the place, only the women could be given beds indoors. The men took their blankets to the haylofts in the barn, or out under the stars.

We had a jolly time that night. Some of our party found friends of former years, and in such a gathering it is not hard to form new friendships. There was

much to talk about, for we were eager to push our inquiries concerning the land of promise that we were now approaching, while others who had been living in it desired to hear of friends and conditions in the East. Events of the time were discussed and stories were told in the glow of the big wood fire which the cool nights of the season and the altitude made necessary for our comfort.

Somebody found a fiddle and a player for it, and we of the younger set soon had a dance in progress, in which some of the older ones were fain to join before it had continued long. The dance then, in this country, at least, did not partake of that character which has since led it to be denominated by some "hugging set to music." Nearly everybody danced, the sedate elder of the church often leading off at the opening. The favorite, and indeed almost the only form known, was the old-fashioned contra-dance, or "country dance," as they usually called it. It was something like the minuet, though rather more strenuous and not so formal. For many years I have not danced, partly because my church has set the seal of its disapproval on the amusement, and partly because it has always seemed to me peculiarly unbecoming for the old to go capering about thus. But I confess that to this day the sound of lively music sets my old feet to marking the time, and the mere recollection of that night at the old tavern in the mountains brings a quickening of the pulses and a thrill of the feelings which vividly recall the long vanished youth.

The Colling girls joined heartily in the festivities, Mary in her quiet, gracious way and Mabel with all the exuberance of her youthful spirits. The elder girl ac-

cepted my invitation to be my partner for the first dance, and we stood facing one another at one end of the parallel rows. Her little sister stood next, and her partner, by my side, was a lank youth over six feet in height. By the time the music began the two rows were nearly the length of the room. As head of the gentlemen's row, it became my part to open the dance, and I advanced down between the lines to meet a short, fat dumpling of a girl with freckles on her nose, who occupied the foot of the ladies' row. We bowed, retired, advanced again, bowed, joined hands and swung, and then retreated to our places, keeping time in step to the lively music meanwhile.

Then my fair partner advanced down the center to meet the gentleman from the foot of the line for a like performance, and I am sure everybody else, as did I, noted the ease and grace of her movements, as, with erect carriage, she daintily tripped through the pretty figures of the dance. Now we went together down to the foot, between the lines, and her soft little hand, lying lightly in mine, gave me a thrill I can feel yet. There we swung and then started back along the two lines, the gentlemen successively swinging her, while I swung in turn the ladies, right and left hand to them alternately, until we reached our places again. Swinging again, we started once more down the lines, this time under the arched way made by the partners joining hands over our heads. To form their particular arch, Mabel had to stand on her tip-toes, while her partner had to make a bow of his back and stoop his long body. Mary and I took our places at the foot of the lines, and that completed the figure.

Now it was Mabel's partner who came down the

center and was met by Mary. He was very awkward, and it was only her agile movements that saved her toes from being trodden a number of times; but she was her sweet, gracious self to him, as to all others. When Mabel and her partner danced together down between the lines, the real fun began. Here he not only had to bow his back to acquire the requisite degree of shortness, but to assume a half-squatting attitude by bending his knees, and in that constrained position his movements, never graceful, took the semblance of the hopping of a great frog. The mischievous little minx who was dancing with him by her capers made the performance all the more ridiculous, and the other dancers and spectators fairly shouted with laughter. But the young fellow was good-natured, and took it all in good part.

Thus the merry-making went on for a considerable time. As I looked into the face of my partner, her color heightened by the exercise and her eyes having an added brightness, I thought her beautiful, whatever others might think. Mabel was bubbling over with animal spirits which could not be content with standing still while others went through the figures. Every little while she would pirouette along behind the ladies' row, in a little independent movement of her own, or execute a little jig where she stood, and get from her sister a look of mild reproof which she pretended not to see. All this time Harold was standing among the spectators, and rather in the background, watching the dancers. Though urged to take part, the bashful boy could not bring himself to undertake in such company something he had never tried before, for fear of the ridicule that he imagined might follow his failure.

After the dance had continued until the fiddler became tired and quit for a rest, somebody from the western country, who knew Sim, proposed that he should sing, and the motion was seconded from all sides. This was the first intimation we had that he possessed that accomplishment, and we joined heartily in the request. After some urging, he took the violin, and when he had held it to his ear and executed a soft *pizzicato*, while he turned the keys forward or backward to get the strings in proper tune, he struck up "The Darbytown Ram." The song was one which was sung much in camp by the soldiers of the war for independence. There were varying versions of it, taken on as it passed from mouth to mouth, for I doubt if it had ever been written out then. I am told that later versions are not such as polite ears should hear, but Sim sang it as it is given below, and this was probably one of its earliest versions.

It is related of the great Washington that once he so far unbent from his proverbial dignity as to sing this song as his contribution to the festivities of a lively gathering of which he was a member. The tune, with its rather spirited movement and peculiar suggestion of the minor in its closing cadence (the mind involuntarily supplying the harmony) would get hold on one, notwithstanding its monotony, and I found myself humming it for days after hearing Sim sing it. Divested of his Yankee twang and pronunciation, here is the way it went:



1. Oh, I went down to Darbytown, 'Twas on a market day,
2. His horns they grew so very long, And had so many a bend.



And there I saw the queerest ram That ever swallowed hay.
That if I'd sing them clean around This song would never end.

Oh, I went down to Darbytown,
'Twas on a market day,
And there I saw the queerest ram
That ever swallowed hay.

His horns they grew so very long,
And had so many a bend,
That if I'd sing them clean around,
This song would never end.

His tail it grew so very long,
It trailed upon the ground;
I'm sure it weighed a hundred if
It weighed a single pound.

The wool that grew upon his back,
It was so very high,
The eagles built their nests in it,—
I heard their young ones cry.

His baah it was so very loud,
The folks declare and say
The people heard it all around,
Full twenty miles away.

Sim Greene.

One day he took a tantrum and
He charged about the town;
He butted in the meeting-house
And knocked the steeple down.

And when they killed this mighty ram,
His fleece it filled a barn,—
Took all the women in Darbytown
A year to spin the yarn.

His bones they filled an acre lot,
When spread upon the ground,
And Darbytown had mutton-chops
Till months had rolled around.

There was more of it, but this is all I can remember. After he had started on it, the hunter seemed lost to all around him. He hugged the violin up close to him and caressed it with his chin. Occasionally by way of variety, he would throw in an interlude between the stanzas, but it also was a vocal as well as instrumental performance, the words being:

Oh, dinkty, dinkty didydo,
Oh, dinkty, dinkty day,
It surely was the queerest ram
That ever swallowed hay.

The tune of this was the same as above given, and there was no stop from the beginning to the end of the performance. Loud applause followed its conclusion, and he was urged to sing another song, which he did this time without any coaxing. Sim was really a good player on the violin, and he loved the instrument with an ardor amounting to a passion. He had a fair voice, of a timbre something like the middle tones of the vio-

lin, and, aside from its slight nasal twang, not unmusical. His next song was "Yankee Doodle," then immensely popular. I can recall at this moment only the first four lines of it:

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

As it progressed the tempo became faster, and soon the feet of all present were beating time to the lively strain. After finishing the song Sim continued to play the tune, and by a trick of the old fiddlers, he produced the effect of doubling the motion without really increasing the tempo, by rendering it all in sixteenth notes, instead of eighths and quarters, as it would be written, with a rippling little run at the end of each period. The result was infectious, and the patter of feet in marking time was changed to a shuffle.

Suddenly Mabel went whirling away, spinning on her toes in time with the pulsations of the air, her bared arms and hands above her head in graceful motions, her golden hair flying with rippling sheen behind and her lithe young body swaying to and fro like a wand of willow. Anon she would execute a little jig, and then go whirling about the room again. Her sister sought to catch her, but she evaded her grasp repeatedly, and the rest of the company gave way to make room for her evolutions, applauding heartily the while. I caught sight of Harold, gazing in undisguised admiration at the sight. It was all over in a minute or two, and the little mischief threw herself, panting, in the arms of her sister as the music ceased.

"Mabel, Mabel, how *could* you do the like!" exclaimed her sister.

"Now, sister, please don't scold me; there's a dear. I just can't help it. Something in me makes me do it. When the sun shines, and the day is warm, and the sweet smell of flowers is in the air, and the wind is rustling the leaves of the trees, don't you suppose the birds just *have* to sing? When I hear lively music I just *have* to dance, unless it stops pretty soon. I'm sorry to worry you, sweet sister," and by this time there was a tear in each beautiful blue eye.

But the next moment the impulsive young creature had thrown herself from her sister's arms, after giving her a resounding kiss on the cheek, and ran to Sim to thank him for the tune. Soon after that the company broke up for the night. As Mabel passed Harold I heard her say to him:

"I think it was not nice of you to stand back among the old people. You might have come and asked me to dance with you."

"Why — but — you know," stammered the bashful fellow, now embarrassed and flushing to the roots of his hair, "I don't know how to dance, and would have been in your way."

"Oh, of course, I got along all right. I love to dance with a gentleman who is like a beanpole." And with a toss of her golden head, she was off.

I knew by the way Harold rolled about in the hay-loft next to me for a good part of the night that he was not feeling particularly happy.

CHAPTER VI.

A FIERY VISITATION.

THE next morning we were up betimes and off from Bonnet's, parting with regret from many of the friends made the night before. We were soon ascending the main ridge of the Alleghanies, but it did not seem to be as much of a climb as some of the other ridges already passed. This was partly because we were already on high ground before starting up the actual mountain, and partly because the ascent in this case was so gradual, being along the side of a mountain called the Dry Ridge for about twelve miles.

The summit was reached in time for us to make our noon stop there, and the prospect that stretched before us toward the west was magnificent. On the horizon lay Laurel Ridge, having in a marked degree the smooth and even aspect to which I have referred. The intervening strip of country, about eighteen miles wide, was a high and dry section, known as The Glades. It was covered with a thick growth of timber, among which we found the chestnut to predominate. As we passed through it, we saw some trees of enormous size.

But what we noted particularly was the changed aspect of the country, as compared with that through which we had been traveling ever since entering the mountains. We had, indeed, seen evidences of it in the past few hours, while ascending the eastern slope

of the mountain, but now it suddenly burst upon us, and we got a fuller realization of the effects of the drought of which we had been hearing.

The leaves on the trees were dried and shriveled, and many of them had fallen off. The frost, which comes early in this altitude, had added its touch, but it did not paint with such brilliant coloring as it does when it catches the leaves in the full performance of their function. The subdued tints predominated — the browns, the dull reds and yellows — yet here and there was a dash of brighter color, giving animation to the scene. And the shapes of the treetops, as we looked down upon and over them, had the semblance of domes and spires, towers and gables, so that it was easy to imagine a great city spread before us, or the gigantic picture of one, painted by a master hand. And is not such a scene really a picture from the hand of the great Master Painter, and in it does He not speak as truly and as plainly as from the printed page of His inspired word?

The descent of the western slope of the mountain ridge is not abrupt, and we made fair progress through The Glades that afternoon, the chief hindrance being the badly cut up road. Nothing of special importance occurred, and we made our camp for the night by the side of a stream which ordinarily was of considerable volume, but now showed only a succession of pools and a little thread of water trickling over the stones. By Sim's advice we made the night stop there, pitching the camp somewhat earlier than usual. We might have pushed on some miles farther, but he was afraid we should not find water.

"I don't like it overly well hyar," he said. "If

fire sh'd get a start among this brush it 'd go like a herd uv scared deer."

He cautioned everybody to use the utmost care to prevent the spread of fire from our camp. And the need of the caution was apparent. We were in the midst of a district which some years before had been burned over by an unusually destructive forest fire. This had cleared the ground of all underbrush and deadened nearly all the trees. But from the roots had sprung a new growth, and over the whole extent of the district, covering several square miles, were these bushy clumps, densely covered with the now dried leaves, and the ground strewn with those which had been cast. In addition to this there was a rank growth of tall weeds which were particularly dense and high along the brook and for some distance on either side of it. These were now dead and dry, and the whole was like one vast tinder-box.

Under Sim's direction the weeds were cut for some distance around the spot where our camp was pitched, and were thrown back, to avoid the danger from sparks. The fire was made on a bare spot near the roadside, and soon our camp was made ready. The night was a beautiful one, a full moon from a cloudless sky giving almost the light of day. A little rise in the ground at our back protected us from the edge of a cool breeze which blew down from the mountains.

After supper we gathered about the fire for the usual nightly talk, and it soon led around to a good pretext for drawing a story out of Sim — something we were never slow to avail ourselves of. He was in the midst of one of his most interesting war reminiscences, and we were giving rapt attention to it, when suddenly he stopped,

jumped to his feet, looked to the eastward a moment and listened, and then dashed away to the top of the little bluff behind us. As we stood, listening intently, we became aware of a dull roar which seemed to proceed from that direction. Sim soon came back on a run, shouting his instructions as he came. The brush was on fire back towards the foot of the mountain, and the wall of flame was traveling towards us with the speed of a racehorse. There was not a moment to lose, and we all quickly realized it.

By Sim's directions, attention was first given to the horses and cattle. All were securely tied, and the horses were blinded by having grain sacks or garments tied over their eyes. They were placed right on the edge of the stream, and when the best that could be was done for them, they were left to their own devices, while other work of preparation went speedily forward for best securing the safety of the camp and its other occupants in the brief time that would elapse ere the fire would be upon us. Water was carried from the pool scooped out in the little stream where the road forded it, and was thrown over the ground where it had been cleared of weeds, and somewhat beyond that limit. It was also dashed over the canvas tops of the wagons, and the vehicles were drawn down into the stream and the women and children put into them. All were instructed to wet their handkerchiefs and bind them over their mouths and nostrils when the fire should draw near, the men to throw themselves on their faces, near the brook, and remain thus until it should pass.

And now began to arrive the advance guard of the coming terror. The fire had begun some distance back among the mountains, we never knew just how. It

may have been from the carelessness of hunters or travelers in leaving a camp-fire unextinguished, to spread after their departure, or from the dropping of a spark by some man lighting his pipe; from a smouldering gun-wad, or one of half a dozen other causes. Its progress at first had not been so rapid, but animals in its path had been driven down off the mountain. It had widened as it journeyed, and when the burnt clearing in the midst of which we were encamped was reached, it spread over its whole extent. Here the dry weeds greatly accelerated its speed, and the breeze from the mountains, having free play in the clearing, fanned and urged the fire into a speed that was well nigh incredible.

First a few hares and other small animals, scared by the unwonted noises, dashed by us. Then came foxes, raccoons and other denizens of our neighborhood. Soon there came the most remarkable collection of animals I have ever seen outside of a menagerie. And each, intent on its own safety, forgot for a time its common habits of fear, of caution, or of enmity towards other species of living things. A great puma went loping along, almost in company with a herd of deer. A big black bear lumbered by, and at its heels, side by side, were a wildcat and a pretty fawn. Other creatures of the forest were seen briefly, but we scarcely had time to take note of them as they dashed by us. We were busied with preparations for our own safety. Some of the scared animals almost dashed into our camp, but veered to right or left at sight of our fire. And the air was filled with birds, scared from their perches and now flying aimlessly about in the night, uttering strange, wild cries.

As may readily be imagined, it was a time of great excitement with us. Women, white-faced or sobbing hysterically, were looking after their children, who were wailing dismally. The men were engaged, almost frantically, in doing the things of which I have told. It all took but little more than the time that will be consumed in reading about it, when the fire came sweeping down upon us. It came with a roar like thunder, and the crackling of the dry stalks was like the incessant discharge of small arms, or, as Sim afterwards expressed it, "like the snappin' uv ten million whips."

When the wall of flame started down over the little knoll behind us, we men threw ourselves on our faces, as Sim had directed, with the wet handkerchiefs tied so that we could breathe through them, and he then threw several pailfuls of water over our animals and over our clothing as we lay, giving himself a dash last and dropping down beside us. The fire had now reached the camp, and was checked in that part of its advance, but it swept by with a roar on each side of us. There was one intense minute when we were almost stifled with the hot, smoky air we were compelled to breathe, and it seemed as if our flesh were shriveling up. Then, the first fierce rush of the flames having passed, the heated air ascended, and the cooler air rushed in to take its place, having for a little time almost the force of a gale. This was a great relief.

But we found that all danger was not yet past, and there was still much to do. Bushes all around us were burning, and the heat had in great measure dried up the moisture on the weeds about us, so that they were breaking into flames. The cover of one of the wagons

also was smoking ominously. Water was dashed over these things, and the fire that was beginning to spread in the stubble towards the center of our camp was beaten out.

The danger past, we began to take account of our situation, and found that, thanks to the thoroughness and promptness of our preparations, but little damage had been done. The cattle and horses were found to be somewhat singed, but not burned seriously. In the midst of the fire the cows had lowed dolorously and made desperate efforts to free themselves, but the horses, blinded as they were, had only cowered and trembled, emitting terrified snorts at times and plunging when in the midst of the flames. The women and children had been nearly suffocated in the wagons, but sustained no real injury, and everybody else reported no damage. Harold had taken his place among the men on the ground.

After this exciting experience, it was long ere the camp could settle down to repose. All had to tell of their experiences and impressions, and for a time nearly all wanted to talk at once, but finally the encampment was hushed and there was no further disturbance that night. So far as I know, the particular story Sim was telling was never concluded.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE NEW HOME.

I CANNOT record all the sights and incidents of that eventful journey. I fear the patience of my readers will be well nigh exhausted with the discursiveness of my narrative, but since I set myself to tell the story the memories of that time come crowding in upon me and I linger lovingly over them, seeming to be transported back to that joyous period. Ah! the halcyon days of youth, when the heart is light and all the future is one bright dream! And blessed are the ministrations of memory, under whose spell we can live over again those care-free days, long vanished!

We found that the fire had swept over the whole of the clearing and was still burning the next morning in the woods beyond, though it had well nigh spent its force in a rocky region among the foot-hills of the Laurel Ridge, where the timber and underbrush were scarce. Many of the dead trees left from the previous fire were still burning as we passed among them. We saw the blackened and distended bodies of some creatures of the woods, amid the general desolation, but most of them, being fleet of foot, had passed from the clearing in advance of the fire, and had escaped. A slight rainfall that afternoon, which we were assured was the first in that part of the country for many weeks, put an end to the further spread of the fire.

In the days that followed we passed successively the

Laurel and Chestnut ridges, with the strip of heavily timbered country in the valley between them. From the top of the Chestnut Ridge we had our first glimpse of the land of promise towards which we were journeying. The Colling girls, Sim, Harold and I had been walking up the mountain in advance of the rest of the party, and on account of the necessarily slow progress of the animals, we reached the summit some time before they came up. Just where the road reached the very apex of the ridge there was a little natural clearing, affording a fine view of the noble expanse of country spread out before us to the westward. There was a little exclamation of delight from Mabel, but the rest of us viewed it in silence, and then she, for a time, was hushed into quietness while we all gazed on the enchanting scene.

Since entering the mountains this was the first time we had looked off to the westward from a summit without beholding another range on the horizon. Here, as far as the eye could reach, was spread out beneath and beyond us an expanse of rolling country. For the most part it was covered with virgin forest, now glorious in the tints of autumn. Here and there appeared a patch of deadened timber with, mayhap, a thin curl of smoke hanging in the air above it, betokening the home of some hardy pioneer. Away it stretched until in the misty distance it seemed to merge with some clouds lying low along the western horizon. Long we stood on this farthest rampart of the great Appalachian chain, feasting our eyes and feeling the thrilling power of the landscape.

When finally we spoke Sim tried to point out to us the spot which he declared marked the hills bordering

the Monongahela. But it was on the far horizon, and we could only discern the general neighborhood in the misty distance. Just then Harold spied a squirrel on a tree some distance ahead along the road, and he and Sim, taking their guns, started off with a view to bagging it, if possible. Mabel, with an indignant protest against killing "the dear little creature," and the declaration that she was going to "shoo it away" before they could get a sight on it, started after them. Mary and I were left alone together. We seated ourselves on the trunk of a fallen tree by the roadside, and for a time continued to enjoy the scene in silence. Then she spoke:

"We are like Moses on the mount, getting a view of the promised land."

"But, unlike him, we have permission to go in and possess it," I replied. "For no voice has forbidden."

"I have been wondering what the new land contains for us. There will be, of course, new scenes, new faces and new associations. The current of life will run in different channels from what it has followed before. And I could not help thinking, as I have been standing here, that the scene spread before us is like a glimpse of life in the future as we picture it when young." She paused and looked again for a time to the far west, and then continued: "We stand at the entrance upon young manhood and womanhood, and from some eminence of mental exaltation, look out upon life to come. We see brightness and sunshine, trees, flowers, ripe fruits and pleasant paths in the foreground, and the mists and clouds only hanging over the far end of the journey. And even they are glorified by the rays of the descending sun, until they have not only

silver linings, but outer surfaces of gold. In these views we seldom take account of the clouds that hang in the nearer sky overhead and are likely to cast their shadows on our path long before the end of the journey is reached. In our life in the new home I suppose the common lot will be ours. There will surely be sunshine, but we can hardly hope to escape some of the clouds and shadows."

Sweet girl, could she have known then the blackness of the clouds which ere long would loom up over her path, not only casting shadows upon it but sending their thunders to terrorize and their lightnings to blast! What a mercy it is that the future is veiled from us! I, too, could I have looked out upon the coming years, must have shrunk back from what was written for fulfillment to me.

I knew Mary was a thoughtful girl, but her speech revealed to me something in her I had not known before — a depth of feeling, a sympathetic fellowship with all animate and inanimate nature, and an acquaintance with the philosophy of life rare in one of her sex and age. And correspondingly I held her in increased respect and veneration. Our conversation continued for a while longer in the same strain, but was interrupted by the return of the hunters and their young companion.

"They didn't get to kill it, anyhow, and I am glad," exclaimed Mabel, as she ran up and threw herself at her sister's feet. Sim was laughing with his quiet chuckle and Harold was plainly vexed. The cavalcade drew up at this moment, and then all paused to enjoy with us the view presented.

After the fire our night stops were all made at

houses. These were not always taverns, but at no place were our women ever refused a night's shelter. On the contrary, it was always gladly given, and on more than one occasion on that journey the men of the house went out with us to share the comforts of the hay-lofts, that the women and children of the party might have better accommodations within the house. That was the hospitality of the time.

In due time we reached the Youghiogheny river, and crossed it by ferry, the first we had seen since leaving the Susquehanna. The water was clear and swift moving, and impressed me as being possessed of a mischievous spirit.*

The ferryman, Simerall by name, was a loquacious Irishman, who kept a tavern on the west bank of the river, and he pressed us to stay with him over night. He was eloquent in setting forth the advantages of his house, which was uninviting enough to view, and entertained us during the passage across the stream in a flat-boat with an account of the tarrying there, in the early months of that very year, of General Rufus Putnam and his company of New England veterans, with their families and others, for two months, while they built the ark-like craft which they named the *Adventure*. It was a stout, if not a swift, vessel. Its roof was made of heavy plank, to resist the Indian bullets, and in it they took passage and floated down the Youghiogheny, the Monongahela and the Ohio, to the mouth of the Muskingum, where they laid the foundations for the city of Marietta, and where soon was established the first civil government in the great Northwest Territory.

* So it has impressed many others, and this doubtless led a local poet to bestow on it the appellation by which it is now popularly known, "The Dare-devil Yough."

We were interested in the Irishman's recital, but our plans called for a few more miles travel that day, and we pushed on, much to his disgust. At the site of the ferry has since grown up the town of West Newton.

We were now in the Forks of Yough, and our objective point for the day was the Black Horse tavern, kept by Captain Gabriel Peterson, on the crest of the ridge between the rivers, which at this point are but a few miles apart. Captain Peterson was a veteran of the Revolution, and he and Sim were fast friends. His house was a long, rambling structure of logs, and on a post before it was a swinging sign, bearing the painted representation of a black horse. He gave us a hearty welcome when our cavalcade drew up before his door, just before dark. A steaming hot supper was awaiting us.

"Colonel Bayard told me to be on the lookout for ye, and I heard an hour gone that ye were crossing the ferry, so I had the wife and the girls bustle about a bit and get ye a bite ready," he explained.

We were now only about seven miles from our destination. On the morrow some of the company would part. In their new homes they would be separated but a few miles, yet it was felt that there would be a breaking up of the little company which for a month had been closely associated, and it brought a feeling of sadness. Warm friendships had been formed which were cemented the stronger by the sharing of the common experiences of the journey — its hardships and perils, along with its more pleasant features. It is ever so. Soldiers who have toiled and fought and suffered together in a campaign ever afterwards have a feeling of comradeship. I confess that the thought of the mor-

row brought to me a feeling of depression which the reminiscences and humorous sallies of our host and Sim, interesting and entertaining as they were, could not wholly dispel.

We were ready for the final stage of the journey early the following morning. The Collings took their course directly to the Monongahela, which they crossed and passed on a few miles to the site of their new home in the valley of Mingo creek. Adieus were said and promises of seeing one another soon were made, and then they were off, with a waving of hands by both parties until a turn in the road took them from our view. Then the remainder of the company started. We proceeded by the ridge road down through the Forks region, diagonally towards the Monongahela, some miles below. Descending finally a narrow valley, we came suddenly, by a turn in the road, out on the level bottom lands bordering the river, and here the town of our future residence had been started.

It was only a year old then, and consisted of about a score of houses, most of them along the river front, but a few along the streets that had been laid out on the bottom land. All were built of logs, and some of them were not yet completed. By far the most pretentious was the home of Colonel Bayard, on the river front. It was of two full stories and, unlike any of the others, was built of logs which had been hewed. I found, on enjoying its hospitality, as I frequently did afterwards, that it was furnished very comfortably, and even with some elegance.

Just below it was a large shed in which were built keel-boats, flat-boats and the like, the only kinds of craft on the river in those days. Next in importance

architecturally to the Bayard home was the tavern, on the main cross street, presided over by a jolly Irish Boniface named Clark. It was a long structure of a story and a half, and built, like the barn and sheds connected with it, of unhewn logs. The Baptists had a small church near the river bank. The remaining houses of the settlement were the ordinary one-story log cabins of the frontier in that day.

The timber had been cleared from only a part of the bottom tract on which the town plot was laid out, and a portion of it was under cultivation. The hill back of this was covered by a dense forest of noble trees. The high, steep, forest-covered hill on the opposite side of the river was particularly pretty as I first saw it that autumn day in the long ago. It reminded me of some of the rich old rugs I have seen, woven with the marvellous skill of the Far East — of indefinite design, but magnificently colored with the dull reds, bronze greens, browns and yellows, while a fringe of brilliant red was supplied by the growth of sumacs along its base.

The arrival of such parties was a common occurrence in the settlement, though most of them tarried there only until they could make their arrangements to take passage down the river, so our entrée did not occasion any special sensation. We found that under the orders of Colonel Bayard arrangements had been made for our comfort. New houses had been put up for the three families, and they at once proceeded to take possession of them. I was assigned to the tavern, for the present, and was well satisfied to learn that, since the exigencies of the case required that every room should have at least two occupants, I was to be quartered with Sim.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TRIP TO MINGO.

THE evening of our arrival I called to pay my respects to Colonel Bayard. I had never met him, but he had known my father well when he was a resident of Philadelphia, and it was through that acquaintance that my coming here at this time had been brought about. He received me kindly and even cordially, as did his charming young wife. Colonel Bayard at this time was forty-five years of age. He was dark, under the medium height and always clean shaven. He was the neatest man as to person and dress that I have ever known, and was always kind and courteous. He dressed in the approved apparel of gentlemen of the day — knee breeches, silk hose, shoes with silver buckles, and powdered wig. His coat was dark blue and of military cut. His waistcoat of figured satin and his ruffled shirt, high collar and cravat were immaculate.

I cannot tell how his wife was dressed. I never could describe women's apparel, so will not try. But she was a sweet faced little woman, with golden, wavy hair, blue eyes and a most winning smile. At this time, though married for some years, she had not completed her twenty-first year. She and her husband were very kind to me in the years that followed, and are enshrined in my memory among my dearest friends. There was a very pretty little romance connected with

their meeting and marriage, which my readers are entitled to have.

In the year 1767, while Æneas Mackay, a Scotchman, was stationed at Fort Pitt as commissary of the then British military post, there was born to him and his wife a daughter whom they called Elizabeth. Her early playground was the thick forest about the fort, where the city of Pittsburgh now stands. At the outbreak of the Revolution her father, who was the firm friend of Washington, cast his lot with the patriots and tendered his services to the loved commander. He was commissioned colonel of the Eighth Pennsylvania regiment, which was recruited in the western counties of the state. In the first winter of the conflict this command marched the length of the state and crossed over into New Jersey. The colonel left his wife and two children at Fort Pitt. The weather was of unusual severity, and many of the men died on the way or after arriving at their destination, from the hardships of that awful march. Among them were Colonel Mackay and his lieutenant-colonel. This led to the reorganization of the regiment and the appointment of a new list of officers. Stephen Bayard of Philadelphia was made its major, and subsequently was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel. He saw much active service and was wounded at Brandywine.

During the war Colonel Bayard was ordered to Fort Pitt on an important mission, and there made the acquaintance of Mrs. Mackay and her young daughter. During the remainder of the war he was in the field for part of the time and for part of it was stationed at the fort, at all times rendering important service to his country. At the close of the conflict he was in

command at Fort Pitt. A tender attachment had grown between the gallant soldier and the beautiful young girl of the frontier post, and soon after the restoration of peace they were married. Colonel Bayard became largely interested in business ventures and property investments in and about Pittsburgh, and after laying out the new town on the Monongahela, made that place his home. To this day it proudly bears the name of the gentle lady who was his wife. The Colonel was a strict Presbyterian, being one of the founders of the First Church of Pittsburgh, and as my father was a minister of that faith, he took a special interest in me and my welfare.

He talked to me of my parents and of many things at Philadelphia. The arrangements for opening my school would not be completed for some days, and he told me to make such use of my time meanwhile as I wished, and to look in on them from time to time.

On going out the next morning the first thing that interested me was the busy scene at the boat shed. About a score of men were engaged there in the construction of the river craft then employed. Half a dozen of them, including my late fellow travelers, John Harden, Scott and Berringer, were skilled ship carpenters, but the remainder were apprentices and day laborers. The boats were very interesting to me, because they were of entirely different type from those I had been used to seeing on the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers.

That day Daniel Colling rode into the village. He reported the safe arrival of his party in the Mingo creek settlement, and their kind reception by their friends there. Both of the girls, he said, were well.

Preparations were already made for the erection of a house for him, and he came to invite his friends and recent fellow travelers to its raising two days later. Sim, Harold and I accepted, the others being prevented by the busy time at the boat-yards.

Before daybreak on the morning indicated we were off for the scene of the raising. We walked up the river two miles, crossing it at what Sim told us was McFarlane's ferry. The ferryman he introduced to us as John Walker. He was a tall, muscular young man of about my age, with dark eyes and bushy hair. During the trip across the river he plied us with questions about Philadelphia and its region, he having come from Jersey two years before with his father's family.

Leaving the river, we followed the course of a small stream for some miles back among the hills. But while yet on the bank of the river, Sim pointed out to us a two-story building on the hill to our right which he told us had been the court-house and jail for some years during the Revolution, while that part of the country was claimed by and actually was under the jurisdiction of Virginia. It was built of logs, the second story being reached by an outside stairway. Near it were still standing the whipping-post, pillory and stocks, employed in the punishment of offenders against the law.

We were soon in the valley of Peters creek, whose course for some distance almost parallels the Monongahela, but which flows into that river a few miles below. A short distance over the hill from it we came to an affluent of Mingo creek, which discharges its waters some miles farther up the river. We passed

the old Mingo meeting-house, nestled in a glen among the hills, and as it will figure with some prominence in this narrative later, a brief description of it may as well be given now. I have spoken of it as the old Mingo meeting-house, but the designation is only to distinguish it from the brick structure later erected on the same site. The original building was then really a new one, having just been completed. It was one of the outposts of the aggressive Presbyterianism of that early day, whose historic old Redstone Presbytery had then had an existence of seven years.

It was built of logs and was nearly square, about fifty feet each way. But there were extensions on the north and south sides, five feet deep and nine feet in width. The north extension was occupied by the pulpit, and the south one was known as the bachelors' alcove. The seats throughout were rough benches, the women, girls and young children occupying one side of the church and the men and boys the other. The bachelors were supposed to congregate in the seats at the rear end of the room. The pulpit was considerably elevated, and the clerk's desk was on a raised platform below and in front of it. There was a door at each end of the building, and windows around the sides. Near the church, on the hillside, had just been laid out a burying ground. From the hillside near by there gushed, and still does, a spring of remarkably cold and pure water.

Leaving the church, we soon reached Mr. Colling's place. He had bought a claim, taken out a few years before, and part of the farm was cleared and under cultivation. The house on it was of the single-room log cabin type which, with little variation, was almost

universally built by the first settlers. To adapt it to his use, it was proposed to build another one of the same dimensions, in line with it, so that they should stand end to end, a few feet apart. Then one common roof should extend over both and over the intervening open space. This was the first development in type of the pioneer houses from the simple one-room cabin form. Many houses of that class were seen in the western country at the end of the eighteenth century. Some of them took that form as a growth, as in the case of Mr. Colling's, and others were built that way at the first.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RAISING AT COLLING'S.

WHEN we approached the house we found a large company of men assembled and, early as it was, there was a sound of chopping in the woods near by, and teams were engaged in hauling logs to the site of the new building. Before we quite reached the house, Mabel came dashing out to meet us, with merry words of greeting. She gave a nod to Harold and me, but caught Sim's hand in both of hers and danced around him, to his great glee. Mary met us at the door with a smile and words of cordial greeting, inviting us in to rest a while after our walk of seven or eight miles.. We accepted her invitation and followed her into the house.

Already, under the touch of her deft fingers, the cabin had a look of comfort and homelikeness. Stowed away somewhere among their belongings, she had brought a number of pictures and a quantity of inexpensive but pretty figured stuff. The rough walls had been whitewashed, and on them were suspended the pictures, while the bed, windows and mantel shelf were partly concealed by the drapery, and one could not but note the taste displayed in disposing of these simple decorations. The puncheon floor was not wholly carpetless, as was the general rule in houses of this class at the time. A few rugs greatly relieved its appearance.

I ventured to compliment her on the cozy appearance of the room, and to express surprise that she had done so much in so short a time. She blushed slightly and smiled in a way that showed she was not displeased, as she replied:

"Oh, I am not entitled to all the credit, by any means. Father did the whitewashing and Mabel was very helpful to me in the draping and hanging the pictures. And our friends and neighbors here have all been more than kind in doing anything or lending anything they could."

"Yes," spoke up Mabel, "but Mary was the one who planned everything, and the rest of us only did what she told us. I think it is just bee-u-tiful, and so is she!"

The elder girl was now blushing a rosy red, and putting her hand over Mabel's mouth, stopped the further singing of her praises, of which her little sister never tired. I confess that I heartily agreed in the expressed estimate of the work and the worker, but did not venture to add to her evident embarrassment by saying so. We now excused ourselves, to join the party outside and take our part in the work to be done.

The raising was one of the principal things for the gathering of neighbors together in a time when it was a common thing thus to assemble for mutual helpfulness. The neighbors aided one another in gathering their harvests, in log-rolling, in corn-husking and in other activities of the farm, but when a house was to be built it was realized that with the great amount of heavy work to do, which must be done quickly, it was a point of honor for every man who could possibly be present, to turn out. It had to be a very good excuse

that would be accepted for absence on such an occasion. It seemed to me now that about every man living within miles must have come to Colling's raising and no doubt that was the actual case.

Everybody seemed to know Sim, and the cordial greetings he received from all sides showed that he was a general favorite. Soon after our arrival a delegation came in from what was called the Jersey settlement, beyond the Monongahela, in a great bend of the river. We were pleased to recognize among these men most of those whom we had met on the mountains, as they were going with their products to the East. They had just returned, but hurried over to fulfill their promise of helpfulness made to us a few weeks before.

Gatherings like this were nearly always the occasions of contests of various kinds, and we found that one such was already under way. For two days before a party of men of the immediate neighborhood had been felling trees in the woods near by, to provide logs for the new house. These were being hauled in when we came on the ground. Benjamin Parkinson had entered his team of matched blacks against Major James McFarlane's big grays, to determine which could haul the greater amount of the timber. The contest was of Parkinson's seeking. His big, sleek, black horses had never been beaten in such a contest, and he was anxious to maintain that distinction over all comers. Each side had its partisans among those present, and already some small wagers had been laid.

Neighborhood pride entered somewhat into the contest, each man and team representing a section. Parkinson sentiment predominated among the men who lived in the country back from the river, while those

whose homes were near the stream were nearly all adherents of McFarlane. Parkinson's home was nine miles back from the river, on the road extending from the ferry owned and operated by his brother to Washington, while McFarlane had his home with his brother at that other ferry where we had crossed the river in the early morning. Parkinson's team was well known, while the other one was largely an unknown quantity, for McFarlane had bought the horses and brought them from the East shortly before, and there had not yet been a public exhibition of their powers.

About the time I heard of the contest Major McFarlane drove up with a long stick. His was indeed a team of magnificent horses. They were large, muscular and stout legged, well rounded out in flesh, yet not too fat for the best service. They were dappled grays, nicely matched in color, height and weight, and carried their heads proudly on finely arched necks, betokening a high spirit, engendered by a long line of careful breeding.

To my eye their driver was even more worthy of note by reason of some of the same points which made his horses notable. He was thirty-seven years of age, above the medium height, broad-shouldered, muscular and well knit. Kindly eyes looked out from a bronzed face, fringed with hair and beard of brown, slightly inclined to curl. His erect carriage and alert movement evidenced military training. Even in his homespuns, with sleeves rolled high and shirt turned back until throat and breast were bared, he impressed me as being every inch a soldier. He had served his country well in the Pennsylvania Line, under Washington, attaining the rank of lieutenant, and was now a major

in the militia, greatly beloved by the men under him, and officers associated with him.

I soon had opportunity of seeing his competitor in the contest. Benjamin Parkinson was one year older than Major McFarlane. He was a big, burly man with red hair and beard, and had the reputation through the country of being a noted fighter. I do not believe that he was particularly quarrelsome, and I never heard of his taking an unfair advantage. But in the frequent large gatherings of men, when whisky flowed freely, disputes were likely to arise, and Parkinson was known as a man who would "fight at the drop of the hat." His whole soul was now in this contest, and he moved with an alacrity unexpected in a man of his bulk. His horses also were worthy competitors of the grays.

But other matters claimed attention besides the log hauling contest. Men had to be told off for the various activities of the actual raising. John Hollcroft had been designated as carpenter in chief and foreman in the direction of the work. Sim had pointed out to me his place that morning as we came over, about two miles back from the river. He now assumed charge. He was a dignified looking man, spare, clean shaven, sharp of nose and chin, and with piercing black eyes. He was a native of Lancashire, England, and had the broad speech of that section to attest it.

Hollcroft designated David Hamilton, Sim Greene, John Gaston and William Miller to be cornermen, their duties being the notching and placing of the logs as they were delivered to them. Others were assigned to be carriers and lifters, splitters of clapboards and hewers of puncheons. A young man named Barclay had

been appointed to keep the record of the hauling contest, but soon tired of it and wanted to engage in an exercise more strenuous. Learning that I was a school-master and therefore presumably proficient in figures, he asked that I be substituted for him. And it was pointed out that I was all the more eligible because I did not know either of the parties, and therefore would not be supposed to have any prejudices. I found that I was expected to keep an accurate tally of all the logs delivered by each competitor and also a record of their several lengths.

The work now went merrily forward. Gangs of men carried the logs to the several sides, where they were quickly notched by the cornermen with their keen axes, and then lifted successively to their places, first one on each end and then one on each side alternately. The alcove for the chimney gave the structure greater complexity while it lasted, and called for a reinforcement of the axmen. It was at the end farthest from the old building. It was built of logs around an opening left in the wall for some distance up, to be filled later with back and jambs of stone.

As soon as the walls had got well beyond the floor line, the laying of sleepers was begun by other workmen, and when they were all in place the puncheons were laid on them. Other workers were engaged in sawing out openings for the door and windows and securely pinning the planks in these to form the frames. It was surprising to me the progress that was made on the building in a few hours, but a great deal can be accomplished when there are many workers and system is maintained.

From time to time a jug of whisky and a tin cup

were passed around and the men all partook. To me the wonder now is, as I look back upon that time, that all men did not become besotted drunkards, from the very general use of whisky and the ease of securing it. In that region there was an average of one distillery for every four farms.

It became evident that the house was going to be built up to the eaves before the noon hour, and that the hauling contest was likely to end at about the same time. Interest in this ran high, and with the placing of the long eaves-logs which joined the new structure to the old, over the open space between, the men ceased work and gathered to witness the final efforts in the contest. I had been watching the two men and their behavior closely. Parkinson had been taking big draughts from the jug in the last hour, and had been urging his horses to greater efforts than before. His face was now flushed and he was sweating profusely. The day, which had begun with a sharp, frosty air, had now become warm, under the fervid rays of the sun from near the zenith, and this made warm work for both man and beast. McFarlane seemed cool and collected. He drank but sparingly, mixing his whisky with water. He did not show the feverish haste of his competitor, but nevertheless did not lose a moment, though he did stop occasionally and allow his horses to have a brief breathing spell.

The men were allowed, under the rules, to take up logs wherever they could find them, far and near, the results that counted being the number brought in and the amount in lineal feet. It was impracticable to try to compute more than these easily ascertained totals. Partisans were in the woods to point out well

situated logs, to their favorites, so that they need waste no time in selecting a load. The time had now come when only two logs remained to be hauled in. My record showed that each man had brought an equal number of logs, but the totals in feet had not been added up, and now in the excitement nobody could think of taking time for that.

McFarlane got away towards the woods slightly in the lead, and maintained it on the way out, though Parkinson whipped up in an endeavor to overhaul him. Both having an equal number, it would be a point in favor of the man who first delivered his last log. When the two teams started for the woods on this last trip the whole crowd broke and ran after them. Soon friends of the two contestants were perceived standing about a stick and shouting for them to come for it, this being the one which would give the shortest haul. McFarlane was the first to reach it, and everybody expected him to hitch to it, but he did not do so. He had marked the location of the other log a little farther away, and without pausing a moment he dashed on to it and quickly threw his chain around it. It was a longer log than the other by some feet. Parkinson reached and hitched to the nearer log at about the same time, and not to be outdone in magnanimity by his competitor, held in his horses a few seconds until McFarlane's team came up with his position. At this the whole crowd broke into cheers and then all went flying back to the house to see the finish. When they reached there and looked back the two teams and their drivers were clear of the woods, dashing down the slight declivity and across the open field, side by side.

And now the excitement rose to a high pitch. The

horses seemed to partake of the spirit of rivalry, and were straining every nerve and muscle to gain the victory. On they came plunging, their great hoofs pounding the earth with thunderous tread, and the logs swaying and bounding behind them. Now the blacks began to lose ground a little, and Parkinson's whip, whizzing and hissing through the air, descended in a cruel, cutting snap across their backs. They sprang forward and gained the lost ground, but again the grays slowly forged ahead. McFarlane was giving them rein and calling to them from time to time, but not once did he use his whip, even in warning. Soon the grays were a neck ahead, and, almost at the goal, still increasing their lead, until, dashing up to the mark set as the end of the race, they finished, a clear length in the lead, amid the loud cheers of the spectators.

CHAPTER X.

THE HOUSE-WARMING.

ALL were now intensely interested to know the tabulated result of the race. The two men had delivered the same number of logs, but McFarlane was one point ahead by reason of having completed his share of the task first; also his team had outrun the other in a square race, while drawing a heavier load. My tabulation of the results in the matter of measurement was soon made, and it showed McFarlane to have an excess of but seven feet. Strangely enough, that was the exact difference in the lengths of the last two logs hauled. Had McFarlane taken the nearer and shorter log, as everybody expected him to, Parkinson would have beaten him by seven feet in total lengths. That, as against first arrival with the last log, their numbers being equal, would have afforded ground for a hot dispute, the result of which could hardly have failed in being a resort to fisticuffs to settle it. Parkinson's well known pugnacity was sufficient assurance of this, and McFarlane was not the man tamely to give up a point like that if he thought he was right.

As it was, Parkinson was defeated on every side, and it was generally agreed that he did not have ground for any controversy over the result. That he had so nearly won added to his chagrin. He was plainly discomfited and in no amiable humor. Suddenly it

struck him to question the figures, and he demanded who I was and what assurance there was of the correctness of my account.

"He's a friend uv mine," said Sim quietly but in a manner which indicated that this should be taken as an answer to both queries.

"And how do we know that he is straight?" demanded Parkinson, whose ire was rising rapidly.

"I'm right hyar to answer fur that," replied Sim, now stepping forward.

At this Parkinson dashed his hat down to the ground, pushed his sleeves up farther and squared himself for the conflict which now seemed inevitable, but at this juncture oil was poured on the troubled waters from an unexpected source. An old man whom I did not know had been very officious all morning in aiding me in the measurements. He had really been an annoyance to me, but I did not like to say so. He now came forward and said:

"The young feller's all right. I seed ev'ry figger he writ, an' he done the squar' thing by both on 'em."

He was a Parkinson adherent, and on his own motion had been keeping check on my figures. This left no possible excuse for a fight, and the matter was considered settled.

Major McFarlane behaved judiciously. He did not jubilate in his victory, but complimented Parkinson on the good performance of his team. The black horses were still breathing heavily and were trembling all over. They were noble animals, and it is really yet, in my mind, an unsettled matter which was the better team. I am convinced that the driving had much to do with the result, and in that McFarlane clearly

showed himself the superior. An old stage driver once explained to me, when I asked why gray horses were so frequently employed on the long coach trips, with the statement that a gray coat reflects while a black one absorbs the heat. This, he said, enables a gray horse to stand more exertion in warm weather than one of darker hue without becoming unduly heated. Perhaps that had something to do with the result in the famous race at Colling's raising.

Dinner was now announced, and all adjourned to the back of the house where the meal had been spread on the ground, under the trees. A number of the neighbor women were helping the Colling girls. They had spread sheets of clean homespun linen in a long row. Around this the hungry men gathered, and all became quiet while the Rev. David Phillips said grace. I was surprised to learn that he was a minister, for he was dressed in homespun and had been doing a full share all morning in the arduous work of building up the log house. To distinguish him from another man of the same name in the vicinity, he was known as "Preaching David." He was at this time pastor of the Baptist church at Peters Creek, where he lived and had a farm, and also of the church of that denomination at Elizabeth. He was a Welshman by birth, but had fought the battles of his adopted country, holding a captain's commission in the Revolutionary War.*

The meal was a bounteous one, and as the Collings had but just arrived, it was evident that the hospitable neighbors had contributed largely to it as well as to the day's work, for it represented about everything

* That the martial spirit lived in his descendants is well attested by the fact that their number in the Rebellion was sufficient to make up a full company, had they all been under one command.

that the country then produced. "Hog and hominy" formed one of the principal dishes, but there were various game meats and poultry as well. The common vegetables were well represented. The wheat bread was made from flour not bolted as we now get it, but none the worse for that, to my mind, and there were johnny-cake and corn pone besides. There were pies of various kinds, of course. We did not have tea and coffee in this country then, except among the well-to-do, and on very special occasions. These men were used to the clear water that was served them, many of them augmenting it with a little of the liquor poured from the jug which from time to time was passed along the table. The utmost good cheer prevailed, and jokes were bandied about among the men as they ate.

While the meal progressed Sim, who was by my side, pointed out some of the men to me and told me their names and some things about them. Some of them will figure further in this narrative. Of the four cornermen already mentioned, David Hamilton was a vigorous specimen of manhood, under thirty years of age. John Gaston and William Miller were farmers and owners of distilleries in the Peters creek valley. John Hamilton was a dignified man of middle age, then an officer in the militia and a little later colonel of the Mingo regiment, sheriff and finally associate judge of Washington county.

After the meal, to which ample justice was done by the hungry men, we sat about for a time, smoking and talking. Some of the boys present, restless at such a time, had wrestling matches and foot-races. But this had not gone on long until John Hollcroft arose and announced that it was time to resume work, when all

took their places and the operations proceeded where they had been left off.

The walls at the front and back having been completed, joists were laid across, resting on them, and then the end walls were carried up. To form the gables, each log was cut shorter than the one immediately under it, and rested at each end on a pole lying across the roof, on which the clapboards would be laid. These poles were carried across the space intervening between the new building and the old, so that a continuous roof would extend over the whole structure. In the meantime men were "chunking" the spaces between the logs and preparing them for the plastering of mud to follow. Some were building up the stone lining of the fireplace and chimney, and others were making and fitting in the door and windows, the latter, for the present, being without glass and having heavy wooden shutters.

The walls and roof-poles being up, the work of putting on the roof proceeded. The clapboards had been split out in the woods the day before, and the teams now hauled them in. They were laid in successive overlapping courses, beginning at the eaves, and were held down by logs placed at proper distances upon them. That completed the work for that day, and left only some finishing touches to be put on, the following day, to prepare it for the house-warming in the evening. Our little party from the village accepted the pressing invitation to stay, and we, with Mr. Colling, slept in blankets on the floor of the new house that night, with a big wood fire blazing in the wide-mouthed fireplace.

The next day we assisted in the work of daubing the

chinks between the logs, smoothing the floor, cleaning up the premises and making all ready for the event of the evening. Long before the time for beginning the festivities we had everything in readiness.

Of course it was understood that everybody was invited, and it seemed that all within miles must have accepted the invitation. They came early — singly, by couples, and in companies. There were old, middle-aged and young. I noted the stalwart build of the youths and the rosy, buxom beauty of the girls, of whom there was a great number.

Soon the dance was in progress in the new apartment. Sim and a solemn looking young man named Lytle scraped away on the violins, and the floor for a time was continuously filled with the moving forms of the dancers, young and old, for the house-warming was regarded as a sort of ceremony in which all present must have some part. The favorite and almost only dance was the same contra-dance, or Virginia reel, which we had enjoyed at Bonnet's tavern, in the mountains. But from time to time the decorum of that rather formal movement would be interrupted by some dancer, or pair of them, who felt moved to execute a little jig on their own account. Once or twice the whole company on the floor followed some such lead, the women shuffling and pattering and the men pounding the staunch floor until it shook under their feet.

After a while the elder ones began to leave the merry-making, congregating elsewhere to smoke and converse, and soon the young people were left in possession of the room. When they tired of the dancing, games were proposed, and a number of these were played with all the zest that children give to them, though many

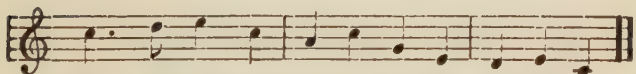
of the players were full grown men and women. They played "London Bridge" and other games of that kind. One that has clung in my memory through all the years, and which I notice the children of this time play with some slight alteration, was "King William." It was sung while they circled about the air, sung over and over, and the words being:



1. King Wil - liam was King James's son, And
2. Down on this car - pet you must kneel, Just



from the roy - al race he sprung. Go, choose you east, go,
as the grass grows in the field; Now, kiss your true-love,



choose you west, Go, choose the one that you love best.
kiss her sweet, And you may rise up - on your feet.

While this was not the best of poetry nor of grammar, it served its purpose in providing the means of a great deal of enjoyment to these young people. One was put in the middle and the others circled around to the singing. He made his choice when so instructed in the first stanza, and spread a handkerchief on which he and his "true-love" knelt. The kiss was then given with fervor, and the one who had made choice took his place as part of the circle, leaving the girl to repeat the performance and make her choice. Sometimes the girls would make a feint of trying to thwart

the osculatory salutation, but the effort was never really a stalwart one, and was always in vain.

This went along all right until big Sam Colvin was called into the ring. Of course he chose pretty little Dorothy Duncan, as everybody expected him to, for he had been "beauing" her to all the gatherings for some time. Dorothy was a truthful little soul, and when commanded to "choose the one that she loved best," she promptly called Sam into the ring again. Not to be outdone, and to avoid any inconsistency after having just declared that he loved her the best, Sam again chose Dorothy. This was becoming decidedly monotonous to the other players, and it looked as if the game would either be blocked or move in the very small circle of these two for an indefinite time. Loud protests were made against this proceeding, and Dorothy compromised with her conscience by choosing her brother next time. He responded with alacrity, for he was longing to kneel with his particular divinity. And thus the game went on. After this forfeits were sold, and their payment usually involved kisses, though some of the young fellows were required to do some most ridiculous things, to the great amusement of the rest of the company.

When the part of the program came which brought a change from the dancing to these plays, Mary excused herself, on a plea of having to look after matters for the further entertainment of her guests. It was done so graciously that those around me did not seem to think of the act as being due to mixed motives, but I felt sure it was timed for that particular juncture by a finesse that I could not but admire. For some reason it gave me a thrill of pleasure, too, for I do not

think I could have been comfortable had she remained and been a participant in those games. But I remained, participated and actually got some enjoyment out of it. Why is it that we men require of those of the other sex in whom we have a particular interest that which we do not feel bound to give ourselves? And why does society, in its estimate of the relations of the sexes, set one standard for the woman and another, not so high, for the man? In these, my old days, I seem to have more time and inclination to think of these things than I did then.

The festivities continued until Mary came again and announced that supper was ready. It was spread on improvised tables on the main floor of the barn, and consisted of cold meats left from the dinner prepared for the raising, bread and butter, pie, and plenty of sweet cider. After supper dancing was resumed, and it was in the early morning hours that the festivities of the house-warming came to an end.

In the home-going the young people paired off, and those from a distance nearly all went on horses well accustomed to carrying double. I saw Sam Colvin and Dorothy Duncan start. He was mounted astride, with a few grain sacks for a saddle, and she sat behind him, sidewise, on the broad croup of the animal, her plump right arm resting confidently around his waist. So it was with many other couples.

We got a few hours of sleep in the new room again, and returned to the village in the light of the following day. On the way the events of the past two days were discussed. I thanked Sim for his prompt appearance in my behalf when the integrity of my record of the log hauling contest was in question, at the

imminent risk of having to take what would come to him in a savage personal encounter.

"Oh, that's all right, Davy." (He had called me thus from the first day of our acquaintance, and I had never thought of wanting to resent what in others would have appeared as undue familiarity.) "It did look paowerful like a scrimmage fur a bit, didn't it? Parkinson *wuz* somewhat kerflummixed over gettin' beat the way he wuz, an' it wuzn't s'prisin' that he got a leetle rambunctious. But he's not a bad sort uv a feller when you don't rub 'im the wrong way uv the fur."

He spoke appreciatively also of Major McFarlane, for whom evidently he had high regard.

As we passed John Hollcroft's place its owner was working by the roadside, and he paused to greet us.

"Oh, Aah say-ah, Semeon," said he, "thot was a grea-at ra-ace. Aah misdoot Ben Parkinson's not feeling coomfortubble over its outcoom."

"Waal, I reckon he ain't feeling pa'tic'larly scrump-tious abaout it; but it wuz a square beat an' no bam-boozlement," was Sim's reply, as we passed on.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NEW BOY'S GAUGE TAKEN.

MY school soon began, and for want of a better place it was held, at first, in the spacious attic of the Bayard home. An outside stairway allowed ingress and egress without annoyance to the family. That, of course, was long before the days of public schools, and the teacher was supposed to derive his pay from the parents of the children taught by him, taking part of his pay by boarding around among them during the term. This latter arrangement was carried out to some extent in my case, and those who were able to pay did so, but none had his children debarred because of inability to pay. The western country was almost without money, and what script was in circulation was greatly depreciated, so there was a considerable number who could neither pay cash nor could they well afford, in the cramped quarters of their cabins, lodging for the schoolmaster. This was particularly true of the farming community round about, for the boat builders in the village earned wages and the tradesmen naturally got a goodly part of this.

But through the large-heartedness of Colonel Bayard all deficiencies were made up. On his own motion he had brought me out and assured me as good support as usually came to one in my profession at that time. This was always strictly carried out, and, though the income was not great, I had a good living and a good

time, besides being able to save a little to send, from time to time, as I had opportunity, to my aged parents in Philadelphia, who needed all the help I could give them.

As a matter of fact, in the working out of the plan, the greater part of the time I was a lodger with Mine Host Clark, and no bill was ever rendered me for this. And at times — occasions greatly enjoyed by me — I was an inmate of the Bayard home for weeks.

My school was typical of others of the time. Boys and girls were as mischievous then as they are now, and I had my trials, my joys and sometimes my personal encounters with my pupils. Only the common branches were taught, and much stress was laid on spelling and writing. The goosequill furnished the material for pens, and it was part of the duty of the master to fashion these with his penknife (hence the name). The competency of the master was measured largely by his proficiency in making pens and setting copy. Ink was made from the bark of trees of the forest, and its staying qualities are shown by some of the manuscripts preserved from those days, on which it still stands out, clear and distinct, while later writing has faded away. Ciphering on the slates was done with pencils whittled out from soapstone secured at the ledge jutting out along the hillside back of the village.

“Books!” called in a loud tone by the master, was the signal for the beginning of a school session. A paddle was suspended by a tow string just inside the door, on one side of which was inscribed the word “in” and on the other “out,” and when, by permission, a pupil retired from the room in school hours, he

was required to hang this so that the "out" side showed, and reverse it on returning. Pupils from a distance all brought their lunches, to be eaten at the noon hour. There were no mid-session recesses, but at the noon hour the pupils played various games. Both sexes among the younger ones engaged in "Prisoners' base," "Pussy wants a corner" and the like, while the larger boys played various ball games, "Shinny" and other strenuous pastimes dear to the heart of youth.

It was while thus engaged at a noon hour, not long after the opening of the school, that an episode occurred which brought into prominence the characteristics of some of my pupils. I was absent from the vicinity, getting my noon meal, but had the story from Colonel Bayard, who was an interested spectator. The boys were playing ball, and in running Harold accidentally came in collision with another boy of about his size and age, named Joe Brown. Both were knocked down but got up again, apparently not much the worse for the encounter, except that Joe was rubbing his shoulder where it had come in contact with the earth.

"I wouldn't take that off him if I was you, Joe!" exclaimed Jim Wherry, a boy considerably older and larger than either of the others, and whom I had already marked as the bully of the school.

"I didn't go to do it, Joe. I'm sorry I hurt you," said Harold.

Joe seemed about to be placated by this, and that would probably have ended the matter, but Wherry and some of the other older boys gathered around and told him he was a ninny to take that off anybody, especially

a stuck-up boy from the city. They would show him, if they were he, that boys out this way would not stand for any such treatment, and any fellow that bumped another down and hurt him like that had to fight. That was the substance of it.

Young Brown, thus coached, and wishing to appear in the estimation of Wherry and his satellites, ready to resent all insults, now bristled up and said he was ready to fight and Harold would have to. The latter again protested that it was an accident and that he was sorry for its results, at which Wherry and his crowd began jeering him with cries of "Coward!" "Fraidy calf!" and the like. Brown was now prancing about him with warlike demonstrations, but still evidently reluctant to strike the first blow, and the taunts of the crowd were turned on him. Harold saw that he must fight or run, and he would not run. Like thousands of other boys who have gone into new places, he had to establish his status by a fight, and like so many of these encounters, it was brought on by older boys.

Brown now came rushing at him, but he quickly stepped aside, braced his leg in position that the other boy tripped over it, and then caught him and threw him to the ground, alighting on top of him, where he pinioned his arms.

"That was a trick, and was no fair fight!" exclaimed Wherry, catching hold of Harold by the shoulder and throwing him over on the ground, so that Brown, clinging to him, came up on top. Hot anger now for the first time took possession of Harold, and he made a desperate struggle with his assailant, soon freeing himself from his clutch and giving him a blow

which sent him reeling and with no disposition to return to the conflict.

"At the beginning of actual hostilities," said the Colonel, in telling me of it afterwards, "I came from the concealment of the house where I had been watching the boys, intending to put a stop to the fight, but before I got up to them what I have related had been quickly enacted. All were too intent on the conflict to notice my approach. Young Harden now seemed perfectly infuriated, and he had no sooner disposed of Brown than he whirled about and planted a blow squarely on Wherry's mouth, following it up with others until the bully went down before him. I thought things were going about right then, and refrained from intervention for a little time, but when the blows continued to rain on Wherry's face from the infuriated boy astride of him and he was roaring for mercy, I concluded he had got about enough for that time, and pulled Harold off. He was nearly beside himself with rage, and broke loose from me to attack some of the others who had egged on the fight, but they scattered and ran, leaving me alone with the lad.

"He seemed now for the first time to realize my presence, and a change came quickly over him. All vestiges of his wrath disappeared, and when I spoke kindly to him he burst out crying. I told him he had nothing to cry about, but perhaps it was really a physical necessity from the sudden revulsion of feeling. I have known full-grown men to do the same under like circumstances.

" 'Auntie doesn't want me to get in fights, and I suppose I should not have got so mad,' he sobbed.

" 'Well, in general I do not approve of boys fight-

ing,' I replied, 'but this seems to have been one of the times when there was no help for it. But you must learn to control that temper.'

" 'Yes, that's what Aunt Hannah tells me,' he said.

"I helped him to brush the dust from his clothes and took him into the house, where he tidied up his somewhat disordered appearance. The fact of the matter is," said the Colonel in conclusion, "the boy had not done anything that I particularly disapproved of, and I think my impulse would have been to do all he did under the same provocation."

I have intimated before that this boy was of peculiar disposition and temperament. He was backward and would shrink from any assertion of himself or his rights, sometimes even to the extent of suffering injustice. But on a few occasions, like that witnessed by Colonel Bayard, when driven to a corner and his temper fully aroused, he flew into an overmastering passion. On every such occasion, however, I observed that it was quickly followed by a revulsion of feeling, and he regretted these excesses of passion and its expression.

There was one unmistakable result of this occurrence, and that was the status of the new boy was fixed in the village. He was not a coward, and could defend himself when occasion required. These are qualities which boys admire in one of their number, and from that time he was a favorite among them, even with Joe Brown, who became his firm friend. But I do not think Jim Wherry ever forgave the humiliation put on him and the loss of prestige among his fellows, to say nothing of the discolored and swelled face he carried around for days afterwards.

I made it my business to see Hannerybeck and acquaint her with the exact facts in the case, for fear some other story of it should reach her to the boy's prejudice. The honest soul, while deprecating fighting, expressed her pleasure that her boy had taken care of himself so well, and said she "lowed he wouldn't never do nothing to discredit his birth and bringing up." While somewhat beclouded as to the exact effect of all the negatives in that sentence, I felt sure of her meaning, and said I hoped so, too.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SACRAMENT AT ROUND HILL.

AFTER the first few weeks my school grew rapidly. Children came from miles around, for it was then the only school in the vicinity. It soon became apparent that a place better adapted for it than the Bayard attic, would have to be provided, so a house of one room, constructed of logs, was erected some distance back from the river. The forest trees were growing all around it, and the spot was one delightfully adapted for the purpose, a crystal spring gushing from the hillside near by. Colonel Bayard gave the ground, the timber and the use of teams, and men of the neighborhood assembled and raised the structure in a day, after the manner of the Colling house raising.

Among the new pupils received at the school when it had been in operation a few weeks was our young friend, Mabel Colling. Her home was not convenient to a school, and her father desired that she should attend mine. One day the family of three came to the village to see what arrangement could be made to that end. The father and sister were especially solicitous that a good home be found for her during the days of each week that she would necessarily be in the village, the distance between it and her home being too great to be traveled daily. I introduced them to the Bayards and asked their counsel in the matter. After

a consultation the charming young creature so completely captured them that they proposed she should become an inmate of their home while attending school. This was much better than the father and sister had hoped for, and was so wholly unexpected that at first they were embarrassed by it. They perceived the kindness of heart of the Colonel and his wife, but did not know them as well as they would later, or they would have understood that when the Bayards made such a proposal they meant it heartily. This was soon borne in on the Collings, and they accepted the offer gratefully, the minor details being readily arranged.

Mabel soon became a great favorite with Colonel Bayard. The child was also taken to the motherly heart of his wife, where plenty of room was found for this new affection, notwithstanding the fact that two young children of her own had their places there. The arrangement was highly gratifying to me. I liked the vivacious child, and had a growing interest in her gentle sister, in whose companionship I delighted to be. After Mabel began attending my school I accepted their invitation and sometimes accompanied her home to remain with them over the Sabbath.

A warm friendship sprang up between Mary Colling and Mrs. Bayard, the two being nearly the same age and having many tastes and characteristics in common. There were not many women of the village with whom Mrs. Bayard could, from the nature of things, maintain any great degree of intimacy. Of the best breeding, and reared in an atmosphere of culture, Elizabeth Bayard seemed naturally to belong to another circle. Not that she held herself aloof, for her disposition and manners were graciousness itself, but there was a

shrinking on the part of most of her neighbors from a familiarity which they felt would not be congenial to her. There were a few families of the vicinity with whom she was more intimate, but the women of those households were older than she. So it came that she and Mary, who had much the same experience in her own neighborhood, fitted at once into the lives of each other, and became fast friends. Mary frequently spent days as a guest at the Bayard home, and I was made to feel that I was always welcome there. So we often met.

It was in June of the year following our coming to the West that Mary and Mabel came down to spend a few days with the Bayards before the busy time of the harvest. My school was closed for the summer, but Colonel Bayard had given me employment, aiding him in keeping his accounts and in his large correspondence. The Collings staid over the Sabbath. It was one of Colonel Bayard's rules that on that sacred day every inmate of his household who was able should attend divine service. This was to be the occasion of the spring administration of the sacrament, and that made it an especial duty to attend.

So it came about that on as lovely a day as I ever saw we set forth. The Colonel and Mrs. Bayard, with the elder of their two children and Mabel, occupied the family carriage, the baby having been left with the black mammy who had much of its care. The other negroes of the household had gone ahead, walking. Colonel Bayard was not a slave owner, but in accordance with the custom of the time, his servants were all black people. Mary and I were mounted and rode side by side, in advance of the vehicle. She was a fine

horsewoman and now, modestly attired and sitting erect, I thought her trim form had never appeared to such advantage. At her own request she had been given a spirited horse, and the exercise of controlling it brought an added tinge to her cheeks and a light to her eyes. Her horse was constantly champing his bit, and from time to time would indulge in little curvets. He needed only to have been given the rein, when he would have dashed away in a lively canter. With the infectious spirit of their kind my more sedate mount gave indications that he would be ready to follow in such event. That would have scandalized the Colonel, who never permitted his horses to exceed a dignified jog on the Sabbath, and Mary's sense of the proprieties also forbade it. But so great was her love of such a dash that I feel sure it was a real temptation to her to give her horse the rein, and I know that had she gone off thus I would have followed at all hazards.

Our way was up the hollow road, leading back into the country from the village — the same road we had traversed in coming to the settlement in the first place. But it was new to Mary, and she frequently expressed her delight in the beauties of the secluded valley. The winter had been a long and hard one, as it sometimes is in this climate, followed by a backward and disagreeable spring, but now all nature seemed to smile. The trees had on their deepest green of the early summer, the scent of blossoms was on the air, and over all was the Sabbath hush, broken only by the drone of bees and the chirping of birds.

We saw many people on the road, on their way to the meeting for which we were bound, and all greeted us courteously. Many were on horseback, more were

walking, and none other than the Colonel's family occupied a carriage, for his was the only vehicle in that neighborhood, save the rough wagons used for the transportation of merchandise. Some of the more strict of those old Presbyterians looked upon his carriage as a vanity, but because of the high regard and respect in which he was universally held, less was said about it than doubtless would otherwise have been heard. Many of the girls and women went bare-footed, carrying their shoes. To further preserve them they tied them up in their handkerchiefs. On their arrival at the vicinity of the meeting they put on their shoes, and, properly shod, went on to the service.

Round Hill meeting-house, three miles back from the Monongahela and about midway between it and the Youghiogheny, was reached in due time. Its name was due to the contour of the hill on which it stood and on which its successor now stands, a conspicuous object in an expanse of beautiful rolling country. On either side, at a distance of a few miles, the steep hills which overlooked the rivers were visible. But the scenes nearer at hand engaged our attention, and were such as I had never before witnessed.

The gathering had already attained the proportions of a multitude, and more people were pouring in from every quarter. On my previous visits the square log building on the top of the hill had been amply large to contain the people, but now it was evident that it would not hold a tithe of those already assembled. On these communion occasions people came from twenty and even thirty miles around. The services, perforce, must be held in the open air, for frequently the gatherings numbered thousands. For this reason the admin-

istration of the sacrament was usually in the spring and fall of each year, when the weather was pleasant. The rude appliances for these open-air gatherings were maintained permanently.

I had on former visits noted these, but this was my first view of their use. On one expansive slope of the hill the underbrush and all save the largest of the trees had been cleared out. At the foot of the slope was the preaching tent, as it was called. A platform about six feet wide and ten feet long had been erected, about four feet from the ground on the upper side. On that side it was boarded up a few feet above the platform, with an opening left as a doorway. At the back and ends it was enclosed higher and was roofed over, thus leaving an opening towards the up-sloping hillside in front of it. Just before it, and on a lower level, was the stand of the precentor, raised slightly above the ground. A deal table, covered by a snowy cloth, was in front of this, on which were the elements for the eucharist. From that point a long table extended straight back up the hillside, which was not steep, and a like one proceeded at right angles on each side of it, all converging to the common center in front of the tent, like the spokes of a wheel. These long tables were made of large logs, hewn only on their upper sides, and supported by legs of wood. Logs laid on the ground parallel with them, on both sides, served as seats for the communicants. The tables were all covered with clean white linen. Over all the remainder of the slope, for as great a distance as persons could well hear, logs were ranged on the ground, and on these the people were rapidly seating themselves as we drew near.

That was the arrangement commonly employed for these great outdoor gatherings, and it had much more of comfort than belonged to worship in the interior of the meeting-houses, especially in the winter; for at that time the making of a fire in the house of worship would have been regarded as a sacrilege. Some years later, when the first stoves were introduced in the meeting-houses, it created almost as much commotion as did the first use of Dr. Watts's psalms and hymns, a few years before the time of which I am writing.

The solemn services of the fast-day had been held on the preceding Thursday, and a sermon had been preached on Saturday. This was now "the great day of the feast," and the people were duly impressed with its solemnity. Two men occupied the tent. One was a short, ruddy man, James Finley, the pastor of this people and the first minister of the gospel, excepting chaplains of the armies, that ever set foot on the country west of the mountains. The other was the Rev. Joseph Smith, who had ridden many miles from his Washington county home, to assist the pastor in this service. He was a tall and slender man, of fair complexion, and with one eye slightly askant.

When all the space had been filled and some late comers were standing around the outskirts, the pastor arose, came forward in the tent, and spread his hands upward. Immediately all the people stood, and the prayer which followed was one of great power and solemnity. Then came the psalm—and such singing! Surely those worshippers understood in a literal sense the words of the Psalmist when he said: "Let the people praise thee, O Lord; let all the people praise thee." Of course it was all lined out, for there were



very few psalm-books in the hands of the people. But had every hand held one it would still have been thought the only right way, because of its sanction by usage. There being among his people some on each side of the old psalmody controversy, it was Mr. Finley's custom to use first one of the "old varision," as it was called, and next one of Dr. Watts's. That was done on this occasion, and the opening psalm was the one hundredth, to the tune of "Old Hundred."

The psalm was read through by the minister, and the precentor then arose and began lining it out and leading in the singing. His voice in its speaking tone was rather low pitched, and the effect of his performance, had the attendant circumstances not been so solemn, would have partaken somewhat of the ludicrous. Indeed, the first time I heard good old Elder Pearce direct the singing it was all I could do to maintain my gravity, though I had been religiously trained always to observe strict decorum in the services of the sanctuary. He would read the line in a deep monotone, prolonging its last syllable and sliding up with it still on his tongue to the tone with which the tune began, when the people, being given the pitch, would join with him in singing the part he had read. This was continued throughout the psalm or hymn, as it might be, the slur to the proper pitch being up or down as the opening tone of the line might call for. I soon lost all inclination to indulge my risibilities in my wondering admiration of the vocal agility of the precentor, and the accuracy with which he slid to the proper pitch every time. On this occasion I glanced towards the Colling girls, to see how it affected them. Mary's eyes were

demurely downcast, but Mabel was gazing in wide-eyed and undisguised wonder at the precentor.

The "action sermon" was preached, as was usually the case, by the pastor, and it was a loving message, inviting, in the name of the Master, his people to draw near and sit down and sup at His table. The speaker's vivid portrayal of the Last Supper, the agony in Gethsemane, the arrest, the cruel travesties of the trial, the scourging and the final consummation on Calvary, made a powerful impression on the great audience, and when he ceased speaking many were in tears, while sighs and groans were heard on every hand. Mr. Smith then followed with "fencing the tables," taking up nearly an hour. He reviewed all the sins forbidden in the Ten Commandments, greatly amplifying in his application of those concrete rules of conduct.

The communion itself was a very solemn service. The tables were served by the elders. Among these were Colonel Bayard and Colonel Edward Cook, who had come from his home near Rehoboth meeting-house, nine miles up the Forks. The people went to the tables by families, and the tables were many times filled before all had partaken, so that it was well past the hour of noon before the service was concluded.

The people had brought provisions with them for a mid-day lunch, and this was now partaken of. At its conclusion and when the horses had been given attention, the people reassembled for the afternoon sermon. It was preceded by prayer and singing. There is something to me particularly impressive in the swelling harmony of a multitude of voices singing in the forest. When praise of the Creator is the theme, it is no wonder that, surrounded by the beauties of His

handiwork, impressions are made on many which lead to their entrance upon the higher life. The great success of the old time camp-meeting must be attributable in a considerable degree, to this influence.

On this occasion Mr. Smith preached the sermon, and it was a remarkable deliverance from a remarkable man, the vast audience before him being swayed under its power like rushes before a strong wind. He pictured the terrors of the law and the horrors of hell until many, shuddering, moaning, gasping where they sat, or falling to the ground, called out for mercy. And when he portrayed the glories of heaven, it seemed as if a gateway had been opened above and a beam of the ineffable brightness had shone through. Tears were on nearly every cheek, but with many they were the tokens of peace and joy.

The service was prolonged until late in the afternoon, and many who had come from a distance began to make preparations for departing. Some were going off on foot, some disengaging the bridles of their horses from branches of near by trees, some already mounted, when Mr. Smith raised his voice until it rang out in every part of the grounds, and said: "One word to those who are now retiring, and who cannot remain longer with us. We are told that when this supper was celebrated for the first time none retired from the place until all was over, but Judas. If there be any Judases here, let them go! But let them remember that what they have heard and seen here to-day will follow them to their homes and to hell, if they go there!"* The effect was like an electric shock, and

* "Old Redstone."

nearly all returned and remained until the benediction was pronounced.

This sacramental service proved the beginning of a great revival which continued even during the busy time of the harvest, and many professed conversion whose after lives attested the thoroughness of the work wrought in them. I wonder why my great church in these days has so largely passed this work of sturdy evangelism over to the more aggressive denominations, when it was planted in this western country amid such scenes as that which has just been described.

CHAPTER XIII.

PORTENTS OF A STORM.

IN the two years following the events recorded in the last chapter nothing occurred which now seems worthy of being referred to at length. The little town grew in size and importance as a point of departure for the river trip of those going to make their homes in the valley of the Ohio, and as the only place thus far regularly laid out in a town plot between Pittsburgh and Redstone Old Fort, or Brownsville, as it was coming to be called. The boat building industry grew with the growth in other lines, and more men were employed in the yards.

The school still claimed my attention in the winter months, and Colonel Bayard found employment for me when it was not in session, "to keep me out of mischief," as he said. But I knew that the kindness of his heart prompted him to see that I had thus this means of supplementing the income from my teaching, never very great, so that I could live without going in debt between sessions, and still keep sending the little sums from time to time to my aged parents. Mabel continued to be one of my pupils, and was now a growing girl of fifteen, but still her old self in her ways. She was an apt pupil, and had already taken up some studies in advance of the branches commonly taught in the school.

Harold had been compelled to drop out of school

some time before. Poor boy! the home cares were thus early falling upon his shoulders. His father had not improved in his ways in the new home, but rather the drink habit had grown on him, until, from being one who occasionally went on a spree, he was now only occasionally in a condition to work. For some time Harold had been working in the boat-yard, and, though his pay was small, because he was but an apprentice, it amounted to as much as his father earned by his irregular working, and did more good in keeping up the home; for, of the little earned by the elder Harden, almost nothing found its way there. But Harold also had a thirst for knowledge, and I was hearing his recitations. Colonel Bayard, learning of the circumstances, loaned him books and otherwise encouraged him in his studies. He was making excellent progress, and was already far beyond the curriculum of the school. My evenings were largely taken up with these two pupils.

During the spring and summer we began to hear much of the excise law passed in March of that year by Congress, taxing whisky and the stills by which it was produced. The measure was very unpopular throughout the western country, and it was freely predicted that there would be trouble if a serious attempt should be made to enforce it. This was the first such enactment by the general government, and was the plan of Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, for the raising of funds needed to meet the expense of administration and paying the debt with which the young nation was burdened. There had been excise laws passed in the province and the state before, at different times, but they were always unpopular,

and each such enactment was repealed after being in force but a short time. There was one such on the statute-books of Pennsylvania at that time, but it was practically a dead letter and was promptly repealed in the agitation which the passage of the national act aroused. The Legislature of the state also passed resolutions expressing strong disapproval of the measure while it was pending in Congress. Of course there was some politics in it all, the national administration being upheld by the Federal party, while the state of Pennsylvania, and particularly the western portion of it, was peopled by those who were strongly of the Republican, the predecessor of the present Democratic party.

In those days the making and selling of spirituous liquors was regarded as being quite as legitimate and respectable as any other line of industry or trade. The Scotch-Irish, who made up a large part of the population of the western counties of Pennsylvania then, had brought with them from the old world not only this sentiment with regard to the making and using of whisky, which was their national beverage, but also a hereditary and deep-seated hatred for excise laws and any who were concerned in their enforcement. Collection of such taxes in the old country had meant practically cruel exaction and oppression in many cases. The privacy of the home was violated, and the smallest quantity of whisky discovered, which did not bear the official brand, was followed by confiscation of the product and imprisonment of the one in whose possession it was found. As one writer says: "Taxation had in Europe come to be an absolute spoliation of all who had no voice in the affairs of the state."

Added to this was the fact that whisky furnished almost the sole source of revenue available to the agricultural class, which made up the vast majority of the people then living in the western counties of the state. The rich soil produced grain greatly in excess of the needs of the inhabitants, but it could not be marketed because of the isolation of the district and the insufficient means of transportation. Navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers was practically closed by Indian wars, even had there been no other impediments to trade with the Spanish settlements about the mouth of the Mississippi. The cost of packing a barrel of flour over the mountains was more than it would sell for in Baltimore or Philadelphia. Rye was the staple and surest crop of the region. A horse could pack but four bushels of it over the mountains, but could carry the product of twenty-four bushels of the grain distilled into whisky, and there was always a ready market for it. The country was almost without specie, and the continental script was so depreciated that it was well nigh worthless. Whisky was made from the product of nearly every farm, and was to a large extent the medium of exchange.

The tax imposed by the new law was a specific one, both on the still, according to its capacity, and on its product, and was payable in specie or its equivalent. The distiller was required to enter his stills with the government officer appointed for the purpose, and to pay for the license issued to him. Taxing of both the still and the liquor was intended to catch both the distiller and the raiser of the grain. Failure to comply with the law was punishable by seizure of the still and its product and other penalties imposed at the discre-

tion of the Federal court, which did not then have a sitting west of the mountains. So, in case of proceedings against any delinquent, he was required to make the long, toilsome and expensive journey to the eastern part of the state to answer. This was one of the most odious features of the law.

I am not writing this work in justification of the Insurrection. It has had many apologists. Nearly all of those who first wrote concerning it were prompted primarily by the desire to set themselves right, because of having had some participation in it, and nearly everything written of it since has been colored more or less by those early accounts and the prejudices of their writers. To my mind it was clearly wrong. But I have tried to do those engaged in it the justice of giving their side of the controversy the best presentation of which I am capable, and deem it but right that these circumstances and conditions be set forth here.

And now as to the attitude of the government. Duties on imports did not provide nearly enough revenue for its needs, and these needs were sore, on account of the expenses of the war of a few years before and the exigencies of the time, in getting the government of the young nation fairly launched after the adoption of the constitution in 1787. In providing ways and means, in this condition, taxes were laid on articles supposed to be the least necessary. That is a principle which has obtained from the foundation of the government until now, and its wisdom is not questioned, as a general proposition.

No system of taxation was ever devised which did not bear with special heaviness on some individuals or classes, and bring from these complaint of hardship not

shared alike by all subject to it. It cannot be otherwise, from the nature of things. The peculiar conditions in the isolated western country were probably not fully appreciated by the framers of the law when it was enacted. On these being pressed on its notice, Congress, at its next session, materially modified the provisions of the law. That was before the principal outbreaks of the insurrectionary spirit. In other sections of the country at large there was submission to the law with but little friction.

There was another element in the situation which ought to be taken into account, but which has never been given much attention by any who have written concerning the Whisky Insurrection, so far as I have seen. There was, along with many substantial citizens who under ordinary circumstances were peaceable and law-abiding, a turbulent element. This had been greatly recruited by the riff-raff of the armies in the war, but was not wholly made up thus. The terrible border warfare of the period previous to and during the Revolution had inured men to scenes of strife and bloodshed, and bred a spirit of lawlessness in many. It is a historic fact that the expedition which went from this section to the Moravian Indian settlements in Ohio and perpetrated the horrible massacre of nearly one hundred inoffensive and unresisting men, women and children, which will always remain as a stain on the history of our civilization, was recruited in the very district which later became the chief center and hotbed of the insurrectionary manifestation. Some of the very men who were engaged in that awful deed, and many of their descendants of the first generation, were

active in resistance to the authority of the government in the nineties.

Earlier than this also had been manifested a spirit of opposition to the authority of the general government, which threatened a separation from the existing state, and with some even went so far as to contemplate an independent government or Old World dependency — both Spain and Great Britain being presumably open to such arrangement. On the adoption of the line of separation which gave the valley of the lower Monongahela to Pennsylvania, this was first heard from some who had given their allegiance to Virginia previously, and again, when the troubles before alluded to, over the attempts to collect the state excise, had arisen, the same thing was proposed. In 1782 General Irvine, commandant at Fort Pitt, wrote a letter to General Washington, in which he noted the prevalence of such sentiment and some moves towards its realization, which gave him much concern. So pronounced was this sentiment in 1783 that the Supreme Executive Council of the state deemed it wise to send an emissary to them in an endeavor “to bring those deluded citizens of the western counties to a proper sense of their duty,” who seemed disposed to separate from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and erect a new and independent state. The Rev. James Finley, then a resident of Chester county, was the man selected for this mission, and he performed the duty so well that he won an expression of approval by the power that appointed him which is still on record.* It was on this occasion that Mr. Finley, who had first seen this country in 1765, but had visited it a number of times in the inter-

* Pennsylvania Archives.

vening years, decided to bring his family to it and make it his home of the future. Five years before that he had organized Round Hill and Rehoboth churches, and now became their first regular pastor.

CHAPTER XIV.

HEREDITY OR ENVIRONMENT?

COLONEL BAYARD and Mr. Finley were disturbed by the growing unrest of the people, occasioned by the preparations for the enforcement of the excise law. They had a number of conversations about it, and the minister expressed concern over the fact that many of his people, some of them of considerable prominence, were taking radical ground on the matter. No overt act had been committed, but there was really no occasion yet given for such, for the machinery of the law had not been set in operation. But there were frequently heard the most positive declarations from some of the more outspoken of the people directly affected, that they would never submit to what they termed the oppression of the government in this matter. Such expressions were heard as, "Let them send a collector into this section, and we will do with him as we did with the state collector, Graham!"

The minister was particularly concerned about the attitude of Colonel Edward Cook, who was one of his ruling elders in the Rehoboth congregation, and one of the most prominent and influential men in the western country at that time. He and Colonel Bayard were firm friends, and Mr. Finley now suggested that it might be well for Colonel Bayard to have a talk with him on the matter. It was not feared, of course, that one of his character and standing would resort to or

give countenance to violence, but it was felt that he would be a tower of strength in support of law and order, if he could be won to advocate general submission to the enactment until it could be modified or repealed, and not take any prominent part in the agitation against the law, which the minister feared would give encouragement to others to offer open resistance to its operation. Colonel Cook was outspoken in his opposition to the excise law, and had so expressed himself to his pastor.

Colonel Bayard approved of the idea, and said he would make a visit to the Cook place and have a talk with its proprietor. He was kind enough to ask me to accompany him, and I gladly accepted, being desirous of seeing more of the Forks region, and especially the home plantation of Colonel Cook, which I had heard spoken of as one of the finest in the whole western country. We set out early on the morning of a day in the last week of July, going on horseback. It so chanced that we arrived at our destination on the day immediately following a gathering for conference of some of the more prominent men of the region who were opposed to the enforcement of the obnoxious law. This had assembled at Brownsville, and was the earliest of a number of such meetings.

Our way led out the hollow road, passing near the Round Hill meeting-house and past the Black Horse tavern. We were on the road while the dew was still sparkling, like myriads of diamonds, on grass and tree, in the light of the morning sun. The earlier harvest was over, for the season was a forward one, but the clearings showed fields of ripening oats and of rustling maize.

We talked of various things as we rode along. The Colonel was a most interesting conversationalist and I always enjoyed hearing him talk. Very naturally, we soon got on the object of our trip and the desirableness of having the powerful influence of Colonel Cook on what we considered the right side in the crisis which seemed to be impending. That naturally led to some remarks on the power of personal influence and our responsibility so to live that our influence shall always be for good to those about us. I had given expression to such sentiment and the Colonel indorsed it, but added:

“We are, however, creatures of most complex growth, especially in the formation of character. The words and examples of others have their powerful influence, and even the climatic conditions and the times in which we live have their contributions in the fashioning of the manner of lives we live. But equally important with any of these, to my mind, is heredity. Sometimes I think it is even more powerful than any other single influence. What a responsibility is ours through whose agency children are brought into the world! Not only are we under obligation to use our best endeavors for their proper training, but at the very outset they are helped or handicapped by the characteristics, the tastes and the tendencies transmitted to them from us.”

I ventured to express the belief that the influences of environment were more potent in character forming than heredity. But the Colonel continued to maintain his position, which I found then and in conversations afterwards to be a hobby with him.

“Why, think,” said he, “environment is an extraneous influence, a fashioning from without, but heredity

deals with the very substance of our beings itself. It well nigh does everything but fix our eternal destiny. That, of course, is in the hands of the great Father of us all, whose providence unfailingly accomplishes the effectual calling of the elect according to His purpose. 'For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren. Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified.'

That being one of the basal texts of my creed, I could not attempt to controvert it, even had I wished to do so, which, of course, I did not. But I said:

"But suppose one's father and mother to be the opposites in their characteristics, the perfect antipodes of one another, what is the result? The child cannot be like both of them."

"Ah, that is just what I expected you to ask," replied the Colonel, warming up on his favorite theme. "The manifestations of the law of heredity are necessarily complex, for the reason that you have noted and for others. The results of unlikeness in the parents are varied. Sometimes the offspring partakes of the characteristics of both parents, if these can be blended. In other cases one child will be like the father and another like the mother. Heredity is manifested both physically and mentally, so a child may look like one parent and have the temperament and mental gifts of the other. Again, sometimes transmitted characteristics jump over one or more generations, and appear in grandchildren or their offspring. It is all in accordance with the law decreed by the Deity in 'visiting the

iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.' ”

“ I was wondering at first how, according to your theory, the case of our young friend Harden and his father was to be accounted for, but what you have said later seems to clear it up somewhat.”

“ Certainly ; their great unlikeness may be accounted for on the ground of atavism, or it may be that his mother, of whom I know nothing, was his prototype. The young man has many qualities which are admirable, though I think he lacks self-assertion. His father, on the other hand, is sadly lacking in admirable qualities. A certain amount of the credit for the youth's amiable traits is due, doubtless, to the faithful training of that good woman, his aunt, but I will venture the assertion that in a considerable measure they were derived from a not very remote ancestor. There is a family resemblance of the son to the father, and yet he is distinctly unlike his father in some features, too. It may be that in physical character his type is a blending of those of both parents. It is conceivable that two children born of those parents should have looked much alike, resembling both parents somewhat, but in temperament one have been a close copy of the father and the other of the mother.”

Somehow that last statement stayed with me, and I thought of it long afterwards. Concluding, the Colonel said:

“ Assuming the correctness of this theory, how superior a race of men could be brought into being, physically, mentally and even morally, if the best repre-

sentatives of both sexes could always be mated. You owe a duty to society and to your posterity, young man, to think of this, and not allow yourself to fall in love with a pretty face or comely form, without the true womanly qualities needed to make the ideal wife and mother."

I promised myself that I would heed this, but did not think it would be difficult to find one with the qualities demanded by the Colonel's prescription, plus the pretty face and comely form.

The Bayard family affords a good example of the persistency of certain type in transmission through succeeding generations. It has furnished men eminent, particularly along the lines of military genius and statesmanship, on two hemispheres and in four centuries. Of course the Colonel did not suggest this to me, but being interested, I have looked it up and find in it a wonderful illustration and apparent confirmation of one of his theories of heredity.

When he ceased talking we drew up at Captain Peterson's place. The host of the Black Horse greeted us cordially. The Colonel had thought of staying there through the hot hours of mid-day and taking the noon meal there, but on learning from Captain Peterson of a Methodist camp-meeting in progress in the woods adjoining Fell's church, a little farther on our way, resolved to push on and wait there. I was pleased with this arrangement, for I had never been at one of these gatherings. The Captain assured us that the services in progress were most interesting.

We were soon at the place. The church was at a road crossing. Like all the churches of its day in this section, it was built of logs. It had been erected six

years before the time I first saw it, and it enjoyed the distinction of being the first Methodist church built west of the mountains. In the woods near by was the camp-meeting ground, the gathering being an annual event, and usually extending over a week or more. To it came people from miles around, many of whom stayed until the close of the meeting.

Some of the tents were of canvas and some of skins; but there were booths of bark and of boughs of trees, as well. These were arranged in the form of a hollow square, with the entrance in each case opening into the square. Midway in one of the end rows was the preaching stand, much like the tent at the Round Hill grove, but having back of it an apartment provided with bunks, in which the preachers in attendance at the meeting slept. A door gave communication between it and the preaching stand. With the exception of a passage-way around inside the square, the space was filled with logs, arranged for seats, and it could accommodate a vast crowd. At each corner of the seated space was a platform a few feet square, set on four posts, and looking something like a high table. A layer of earth was on top of each of these, and at night fires were kept burning brightly on them, affording illumination for all the enclosure, thus presenting a most interesting and picturesque scene.

Services were in progress as we came on the grounds, and the seats were nearly all filled. We found seats well to the rear and sat down to take note of the proceedings. Curiosity was the motive chiefly prompting me. The feeling of jealousy among the different denominations, still, unhappily, existing in too great a degree, was much more intense then, and the Metho-

dists, who were the latest to gain a footing, were held in a certain contempt by many members of the other churches then represented in the western country. They were even persecuted to some extent, but this was by the ignorant and vicious, though I think it had its encouragement in the outspoken and often uncharitable criticism by prominent members of the several Presbyterian and Baptist bodies. I confess that in some measure I entertained this feeling of contempt, though I really had nothing substantial to base it on, having never until this time attended one of their meetings. I am glad that the times are changing in this respect, and that brethren of the different sects are dwelling more in unity, though there are yet among us many who seem to think they are on the only road to the celestial kingdom, and that all whose belief differs from theirs must land in the ditch.

The morning service was drawing toward the close, and a young man was preaching. He was of dark complexion and a grave but intelligent expression of countenance, his long black hair adding to the solemn aspect of his features. What impressed me particularly was his deep earnestness, as he set forth the importance of preparation here for the life to come. From time to time the sentiments expressed by the preacher called forth ejaculations of assent or praise from the men and women immediately in front of him, who were hanging on his every utterance, and when he closed, in a lofty flight in which the glories of heaven were pictured, there was a chorus of "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" and "Praise the Lord!"

The speaker was the Rev. Daniel Hitt, who only the year before had entered the itinerant ranks, and in some

years following preached in various churches throughout the western country. The singing of the hymn, "Am I a soldier of the cross?" and the benediction by another minister to whom we were afterwards introduced and found to be the Rev. Amos Thompson, presiding elder of the district, concluded the services for that hour. The singing particularly impressed me by its heartiness and the fact that everybody sang. I remember the tune of the closing hymn was St. Martin's. I have before spoken of the effect that a multitude singing songs of praise in the forest has always had upon me, and now it was borne in upon me that these people were much in earnest and that their whole hearts were in their worship. I am glad that now, an old man, I have gone further than that and can heartily join them in worship, though of another household in the great dominion of our common King.

CHAPTER XV.

SUBMISSION OR RESISTANCE?

COLONEL BAYARD was greeted cordially by many people who knew him, in the throng, and we had many invitations to dinner. That of the Fell and Beazel families was accepted. Though living in the immediate vicinity, they had tents in the encampment. These adjoined, and they did their cooking and eating together. These people had been largely instrumental, a few years before, in the building of the now historic church, and jointly had donated the ground on which it stood. They were very cordial in dispensing their generous hospitality, and a pleasant hour was spent with them.

There was present at that meal as their guest a preacher named Valentine Cook. He was not in any way related to Colonel Cook, so far as I have been able to learn. As we shall meet him again in the course of this narrative, I think it well to say something further of him now. He was a man of striking appearance, fully six feet tall, broad-shouldered, erect and muscular. His complexion was very dark, hair dark and curly, eyes black, piercing and shaded by heavy brows and lashes, and mouth uncommonly large. He was a product of the western Virginia mountains, and seemed to partake of the characteristics of the hunter and Indian, walking with a noiseless tread, his eyes moving from side to side and seeing everything. He

had a voice of wonderful power and was a good singer and fond of music.

We took our leave of the camp-ground about the middle of the afternoon, when the services were again under way, the Colonel promising that if he could so arrange it, we would stop there again the following evening on our way home. A ride of an hour or two brought us to Colonel Cook's place. Here, on the hilltops back from the river, many broad acres had been cleared and were under cultivation. The house, which was in the midst of his plantation of three thousand acres with its frontage on the Monongahela, was substantially built of stone, and was the first such structure in all that part of the country. It is of two stories (for it still stands as I write this, with promise of many more years of usefulness) and a wide hallway runs through it. Some distance in the rear were the negro quarters, for the Colonel was a large owner of slaves, and the other farm buildings were grouped about. Everywhere were evidences of the thrift and good management of the owner.

We were cordially received, and found that the household had another visitor in the person of Albert Gallatin, who had accompanied Colonel Cook home from the meeting at Brownsville. He was there to spend a day or two in conference with the Colonel on the matter in which we soon found they were both intensely interested, before returning to his fine place at Friendship Hill, overlooking the Monongahela, near the village which Mr. Gallatin had named New Geneva, in honor of the city of his birth in Switzerland. He was then thirty years old, a man of striking appearance, who greatly interested me at once. He was a little above the medium height and of compact figure. His

complexion was dark and his hair black. Already this was beginning to thin out about the temples, betokening early baldness on top of the head. His face was clean shaven except rather thin whiskers extending down to the tips of his ears. The face was oval in shape, the forehead being high and expansive, while the chin was pointed. The nose was his most prominent feature, being very long. The mouth was firm without being large. The whole expression of the face was pleasing, the hazel eyes, calm and expressive, being its best feature. The face to me seemed to have been shadowed by a great grief, and I learned afterwards that this had been in the sudden death of his young bride, which occurred but a few months after he had brought her from her Richmond home to the western wilderness. Between Mr. Gallatin and his wife an unusually tender bond of affection had existed.

He had been elected the previous year to the Legislature of the state, beginning the remarkable career in legislation, administration and diplomacy which has rarely been paralleled in American political life. He had acted as secretary of the meeting at Brownsville, over which Colonel Cook presided, and both of them seemed to be full of the subject which had occupied its deliberations. Mr. Gallatin at this time spoke with a strong foreign accent, and at times hesitated, seeking the desired word to express his meaning. He spoke French fluently, and its idiom marked his conversation somewhat even in the new tongue he was seeking to master. That he was at this time to some extent under the control of the ideas then largely dominant through the influence of the French Revo-

lution, there is little reason to doubt. But it is to be said for him that if his attitude at the beginning of the troubles which followed was responsible in some degree for encouraging others less well poised to acts of violence and treason, he nobly atoned for it later by the signal service he performed in stemming the tide of insurrection, at a time and under circumstances, too, which required courage of the highest quality.

In the conversation which ensued after supper, I think Colonel Bayard soon perceived that his mission was likely to be barren of results, but he held up his end of the argument. We were told that at the Brownsville meeting, which was only intended to be of a preliminary character, it had been decided to constitute a committee in each of the counties of the Fourth Survey (Washington, Allegheny, Fayette, Westmoreland and Bedford) to meet at the respective county seats and take measures looking to the effective resistance of the excise law. This Brownsville meeting was the formal beginning of what is known in history as the Whisky Insurrection, and its measures were subsequently carried out in all of the counties except Bedford.

While we talked a few other men of the neighborhood gathered in, until soon there was a goodly company, all of whom seemed to be prompted by the desire to learn all they could of the movement in opposition to the excise law, and to be in hearty sympathy with that movement. Colonel Cook had detailed the doings of the meeting of the day before and dilated on the enthusiasm of those who had attended it, coming from all parts of the survey.

"But don't you think?" asked Colonel Bayard, "that this action is imprudent and even dangerous? The excise act is now a law on our statute-books, and is it not, as good citizens, a part of our duty to submit to its provisions, while protesting against those features which make it particularly onerous to the people of our section?"

"The protesting has been done," replied Colonel Cook. "Did not our Legislature file its vigorous protest while the act was under consideration in Congress? And did not our representatives in both branches of that body, obedient to the instructions given them by a vote of more than three to one, oppose its passage and in the debates explain its injustice to these western counties?"

"All true, but in its practical operation I cannot help but think that these things will become so apparent that the law must speedily be modified in our interest, if not repealed. I agree that it is a hardship, and I speak as one interested to a considerable extent in the distilling business in Pittsburgh, and thus directly affected. But, gentlemen, there are unavoidably burdens to be borne in any scheme of taxation, and necessarily those of some classes must be greater than those of others. Is it not our patriotic duty to be in submission to the powers that be, and bear for a time the great, and I may even say, the unjust share of this burden, under this present law, while exerting ourselves to secure a more equitable adjustment?"

"You may well say ours is an unjust share," spoke up a man who until this time had been a quiet listener. He was Levi Stephens, a farmer of the neighborhood, who had come to the western country as a surveyor for

the state. "I am just back from Baltimore, and I found that the price of a gallon of whisky there is just double what it brings here. The producer there pays exactly the same tax on a gallon that we do, and gets twice as much for it.

"I do not think it will be necessary to go to the length of forcible resistance," said Colonel Cook. "I am not certain what my course would be in that event. That is a question to be met if it comes. I love my country, and have great hopes for her future, unless the rule of a class is allowed to usurp the will of the whole people. In that event the late struggle shall have been in vain, and we shall find that we have only exchanged masters instead of achieving independence. But I think in this case all that will be necessary will be to show a determined spirit of uncompromising opposition to the operation of the new law, and the attempt will not be made to enforce it here. The present state excise law is a dead letter in the western counties, and it is by common consent accepted that it is not designed to be enforced on such small operations of domestic distilling as are found on the farms of this region. My friend Gallatin tells me that the coming session of the Legislature will almost certainly wipe it from the statute-book entirely."

"Oui, I sink zat, certainment, Messieurs," said Mr. Gallatin. "Many of ze representatives haf assure me so."

"If we could be assured," said Colonel Bayard, "that all men would be governed by the moderation and self-control that I feel sure Colonel Cook and Mr. Gallatin will, that would not be so serious a matter, though my judgment does not approve of any show of resistance.

But I think, gentlemen, that I know President Washington and his Secretary of the Treasury well enough to give you the assurance that there will be no partial enforcement of a law because of its unpopularity in a given section. It is when the exciseman comes to men not so self-contained, and who have a hereditary antipathy to the excise system, that the clash is most certain to come. And, excuse me, gentlemen, I cannot help but add that a large share of the responsibility in that case will be on those men of influence and standing in the community whose expressed hostility to the operation of the law carries with it all the weight of that influence and standing."

As if to justify the Colonel's prediction, an Irishman present spoke up as soon as that gentleman ceased speaking, the word "exciseman" having caught his ear, without having fully comprehended the remainder of the remark:

"Dom the axcoiseman, sez Oi. The only way til settle his case is til chase him out as soon as he shows his nose; an' crack his gourd wid a schtick if he won't go."

This brought a laugh, but nobody ventured an expression of disapproval of the sentiment. Colonel Cook hastened to add:

"The question bears some resemblance to those which faced us when we felt impelled to resist the encroachments on our rights by the mother country. The Stamp Act was scarcely more odious than this excise law; and the taking of persons beyond the sea for trial, as complained of in the immortal Declaration, was only worse in degree than the taking of our people to Philadelphia to answer for infractions of this law."

“With this difference,” replied Colonel Bayard, “that those hardships were inflicted on us by a governing power in which we had no voice, whereas these come to us as the result of the matured judgment of our own representatives, or a majority of them. In the first case there was absolutely no relief except by an appeal to arms, and that came only after all appeal by petition had been proved in vain. In the present case, if our chosen servants fail to do our will, we can displace them with others who will.”

“Yes,” said Colonel Cook, with more warmth than had been displayed before, “and there comes in your Federalist doctrine. *I* say that *our* representatives are the men of our state who nobly stood for our rights. You say that the representatives of other states are the ones by a majority qualified to determine what we of this sovereign state of Pennsylvania shall do!”

And there it was in that early day of the republic, that vexed question of states rights versus the power and authority of the general government. It had been hotly debated in the convention which framed the constitution, then still an experiment, and to-day it is the greatest question before the American people, in the final settlement of which I fear there will be dire strife! *

The discussion continued for some time longer. I was the only person present who sympathized with the position held by Colonel Bayard. My admiration for him was greater than ever when he continued to meet and answer every argument, and there did not seem to be any

* And now, happily, the readers of that last paragraph, perusing it half a century after it was penned, know that question only as an interesting one in the history of their country, though settled at a fearful cost.

occasion for me to put in a word. Though, to my mind, he clearly had the better of the argument, yet he was not dictatorial and never exhibited any heat. He was ever courteous and tolerant, and did not show the least trace of an exulting spirit when, as I saw it, he had practically routed the opposition. But, of course, nobody was convinced after it was all said. Persons rarely are, under such circumstances. It was evident, however, that my friend was held in the highest respect by those who differed from him. And thus it was through all the troublous time that followed. There came a period when it was a perilous thing for any man to have it known that he stood for the government and against the insurrectionary spirit then rampant, and especially to express such views. Colonel Bayard never was offensive in obtruding his views, yet his opinions and attitude on this matter never were uncertain, and through all of it, he maintained the respect of his fellows. Such is the power of character.

We remained at the Cook home that night and until the afternoon of the following day. The discussion was renewed from time to time between the two gentlemen who had maintained it chiefly the night before. Mr. Gallatin did not have much to say, though he was a careful listener to the words of the others. Occasionally he put in a remark which showed that he was carefully following the discussion and noting the points made on each side. His sympathy clearly was with the people who, in his judgment, would be distressed by the enforcement of the law. He did not once voice approbation of any physical resistance of such enforcement, and expressed the hope that those in control of the functions of government would see the folly of try-

ing to enforce the law, as it then stood, in the western country, and see to the early modification of the enactment.

Colonel Cook remained firm in his adherence to the idea that the only proper attitude was one of uncompromising opposition to the enforcement of the excise law in the western country.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CAMP-MEETING AT FELL'S.

TOWARDS evening we took our journey homeward, having resolved to stop again at the camp-meeting. We passed the Rehoboth meeting-house on the way, and my companion spoke of Colonel Cook, expressing regret that he was not able to bear to its minister such tidings as he desired concerning his leading man in this part of his work. We arrived at the camp-ground in time for supper, and again had invitations from all sides. We learned that the meeting had taken on great additional interest the night before, under the preaching of Mr. Cook, many being convicted of their sinful state and a number professing conversion. He was to preach again that night. There had been some disturbance of the meeting by some young roughs who had come to the ground in a half-drunken state, and had started to interfere with the services. They were promptly ejected, and went off, threatening to return in force the following night. This caused some uneasiness among the people in charge of the meeting.

“It is unfortunate,” said Colonel Bayard, “that there exists the narrowness of view among some of our good people, leading them to express contempt for those of other faith than their own, and belittle their work. That undoubtedly encourages the evil-minded to these acts of persecution. I have just been trying to con-

vince a worthy man who has great influence of his responsibility for that influence, and the importance of exerting it ever for the right. Here is another instance of the same thing."

The Colonel was of a catholicity many years ahead of his time. This was shown by his attendance on and participation in these meetings of the Methodists. He gave additional proof of his broadness that night by acquiescing in the meeting to a request of the presiding elder to lead in prayer, and he voiced a fervent petition for the success of the efforts being put forth for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom, he, of course, standing, while the Methodists knelt around him.

Big fires were lighted on the four structures erected at the corners of the enclosure for that purpose, and were kept burning through the entire evening. They shed their light over the whole space. The word of the "break" in the meeting, as it was called, had gone forth, and people came pouring in from miles around for this service, some intent on sharing in the delights of this "time of refreshing," others attracted by idle curiosity or a desire to find fault or make sport. A number of hymns were sung at the beginning of the service, and these were rendered with an unction which told of a high state of spiritual exaltation on the part of many of the singers.

The seats were crowded full when the minister arose to preach. His tall form was one which would command attention anywhere. He announced his text, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ," and began his discourse in a very deliberate way. His words were not loud, but the voice was of

that quality which made it clearly heard in every part of the enclosure. For a considerable time he spoke in one tone, his language coming apparently without any effort. It was simple and expressed his meaning with a clearness which brought the truth he presented plainly to the apprehension of even the dullest intellect. I remember it impressed me at the time with the thought of a limpid stream flowing from its fountain and reflecting heaven to any who looked into it. He portrayed the joy of those who should come to the judgment with their robes washed white. These, said he, will come with singing and rejoicing, and, receiving the gracious words of approval from the Judge, will pass in through the gates of pearl to their everlasting inheritance. Here his every sentence was punctuated with ejaculations of joy and of praise from the enraptured people before him and the other ministers in the stand with him.

Then his whole aspect changed. His voice dropped to a lower pitch, but came forth with an intensity which thrilled all hearers. Before there had been felt a sense of a tremendous reserve power in the speaker, and now it was being expended, in part at least. As he talked we could see the wicked and those who had neglected the opportunity of securing the white robes come trooping upon the scene. Some were weeping and wailing, some were crying for mercy, and many were calling for the rocks and hills to fall on them and hide them from the face of the Judge. An awful stillness was now over the great audience, broken only by the voice of the speaker, and a sigh or a groan here and there, as souls realized the weight of guilt resting upon them. The sentence of the Judge was pro-

nounced, and the crying, shrieking horde slunk away to the habitations of eternal despair.

Now the speaker was leaning out over the front of the stand, and his words came in a torrent. He told his hearers that unless they already had made the necessary preparation, not a moment should be lost. "You are hanging over the fiery pit, suspended, as it were, by a single hair. The sulphurous flames are leaping up, already scorching your shoes, and their fumes are on your garments. Only One can save from the fire of this dreadful pit, and His arm is now outstretched. Grasp it ere it be eternally too late! Cling to it, looking with the eye of faith upon Him who holds out the hand which alone can snatch from this awful burning!"

I have but imperfectly given the substance of this remarkable discourse. Even could I give the language verbatim, I could convey but a faint idea of its power as it fell from the lips of the speaker, backed by his personality. It seemed to me that this young man of twenty-six spoke with the authority and power of the prophets of old. The scene that followed defies description. As he spoke the people began to bend forward towards him. Then many arose and pressed yet nearer, as if enthralled by the scene presented in his glowing words. Horror was depicted in many faces, and soon men and women began to fall to the earth, crying aloud for mercy. Some were stricken as if by palsy. From the stand the torrent of speech poured on. Arrows of conviction that pierced to the center of the soul seemed to be flying out among the people, striking down men and women on every side.

Then the speaker ceased, and spreading his hands

upward and outward, said, "Let us pray." Down on our knees went all of us, for it seemed to me then that no other attitude was seemly under such circumstances, unless it be to fall on one's face. Many, indeed, did that. And such a prayer as that man of God sent up to the throne of grace! Its power could be felt, and soon the resonant voice of the minister was lost in the shouts of the redeemed, both those who had long been walking in the light and others who were just stepping within it, and the groans and cries of those who were bowed down by the awful sense of present sin unpardoned. The meeting continued until late, and the woods resounded with the singing, praying and shouting. More than one hundred souls were born into the kingdom that night, and the fire continued to burn through the days that followed, until many more were brought from nature's darkness.

One thing in connection with the meeting that night should have mention here. Shortly after the preacher began to talk, I saw a young man slip into the enclosure from one side and glide into the shadow between two great trees. His position was near to mine, and watching him intently, I soon saw that it was Jim Wherry. Soon I saw another whom I recognized as one of his boon companions, taking a like position in another part of the enclosure, and by close watching I discerned others. All arrived singly, and were scattering themselves among the audience. A few I recognized from the village, others I knew to be from the country round about. Some I did not recognize, either because I did not know them, or they succeeded in keeping obscured so that it was impossible to identify them.

I was convinced that some mischief was meant by this, and was not kept long in waiting for one manifestation of it. At one point in the sermon, before it had progressed far, there came a sonorous "Amen!" from the spot where Wherry was standing. It was not in connection with an utterance which would seem to call for such a response, and I think from the way the preacher looked in that direction that he detected the false note in it, but he gave no further evidence of this and proceeded with his discourse. Soon from another quarter came a like ejaculation, and some people began to be conscious that there was mischief brewing. A stalwart brother got up quietly and went to a seat just beside the tree in the shadow of which the man was standing who made the second response. He kept a discreet if not a respectful silence after that. There were a few further manifestations of like character for a short time, but then they ceased.

When the minister was in the midst of his final impassioned appeal and persons were beginning to fall to the ground, Wherry suddenly broke from his cover and, with a cry of terror, dashed from the spot, between two tents and off the grounds as fast as his legs could carry him. His companions one by one followed his example, and nothing more was heard of any plot to disturb the camp-meeting during its continuance. It is said that Jim Wherry, after running from the enclosure of the camp, hurried to his horse, which was tied in the woods at some distance, cut the rope with which it was secured with one slash of his knife, jumped on its back, and hardly allowed the creature to get out of a gallop until he reached the village, about seven miles distant.

Quite different from his was the experience of another young man of about his age, Benjamin Laken by name. His home was in Brownsville, but he had been visiting friends in the vicinity, and with a number of other young people had gone to the camp-meeting through curiosity. A powerful impression was made on him by the services, and especially by Valentine Cook's sermon, at the conclusion of which he was one of those who were on the ground, crying for mercy. A band of the praying brethren gathered around him, and before he left the place that night, as he afterwards expressed it, a great light shone down upon him. I met him in after years, under circumstances somewhat similar to the occasion I have been trying to describe, as will appear further on.

It was late when the meeting finally broke up, and the Colonel thought we would better tarry at Peterson's until morning. It was but a short distance to the Black Horse, and we soon reached it. The Captain was still up and busy, for the gathering of so many people in the vicinity had brought an unusually brisk business to him. He greeted us in his usual cheery manner, and said he "guessed he could find a place to stow us away." We rode home in the morning, arriving there in good time to take up the duties of the day.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRIENDS, OLD AND NEW.

DURING the year succeeding the events last told of the feeling throughout the disaffected district was greatly intensified, and such efforts as were made by the government to enforce the excise law were defeated by the people. The committees formed in the four counties, in pursuance of the agreement reached at the Brownsville meeting, were organized and they selected delegates to represent them at a general meeting to be held at Pittsburgh, three from each county. As indicating the character and standing of the people who were prominent in the movement at this time, the Washington county delegation may be mentioned. It consisted of James Marshel, who was register and recorder of the county at the time; David Bradford, who was its commonwealth attorney; and the Rev. David Phillips, pastor of the Baptist churches at Peters Creek and Elizabeth. Equally prominent men were selected from the other counties, Colonel Cook being among those from Fayette county and presiding over the meeting when it assembled. I am convinced that Colonel Bayard was right, and that the standing of the men who gave open encouragement to the movement of opposition to the excise had much to do with emboldening others to acts of violence later.

This opposition in the first place was manifested

against the men chosen to execute the hated law. They were held in utter detestation, and in more than one instance were maltreated and forced to surrender their commissions or leave the country, as had been the case with the officers who attempted to enforce the state excise law earlier. The Washington county committee at its meeting voiced this when it declared:

“That, whereas, some men may be found among us, so far lost to every sense of virtue and all feeling for the distresses of their country as to accept the office of collector, therefore,

“Resolved, that in the future we shall consider all such persons as unworthy of our friendship, have no intercourse or dealings with them, withdraw from them every assistance, withhold all the comforts of life which depend upon those duties that as men and fellow citizens we owe to each other, and upon all occasions treat them with that contempt they deserve, and that it be and is hereby most earnestly recommended to the people at large to follow the same line of conduct towards them.”

A year later, at a general convention held in the same interest, in Pittsburgh, this same resolution was passed, and Albert Gallatin, as secretary of the meeting, attested its passage by attaching his signature to it.

In the autumn of 1791 the collector for Washington and Allegheny counties was waylaid by a party of masked men in a secluded place in the first named county, and was tarred and feathered, had his hair cut off and was required to promise not to show his face west of the mountains again. Soon after a demented schoolmaster who imagined he was an excise-man so announced himself, and was shamefully treated.

Another who had the hardihood to speak against the violation of the law was tarred and feathered, and a man in whose house an office was opened for the collection of the excise was compelled, under threats of having his house burned, to refuse the further use of the property for that purpose. Not any of the persons engaged in these outrages were prosecuted, though the identity of many of them was well known.

In May, 1792, Congress materially modified the law, reducing the rate of the taxes and providing that they might be paid monthly instead of yearly, if so desired. But this produced no effect, unless it was to intensify the spirit of opposition, because it was construed to indicate a weakening on the part of the government. Then the President issued a proclamation, in September of that year, enjoining all persons to submit to the law, as the government was determined to prosecute delinquents, to seize unexcised spirits on their way to market, and to make no purchases for the army except such spirits as had paid duty.

Such was the state of affairs in 1792, and from that time it rapidly grew worse. In the hope of making the effort to enforce the law more effective an inspector of the excise, to have jurisdiction over the Fourth Survey, was appointed. For this office the person selected was General John Nevill, who had been a gallant officer in the Revolution, and later had filled many offices of trust and honor by the suffrages of his fellow citizens. He lived in a fine place, overlooking Chartiers creek, in Allegheny county. He had been very popular among the people, and the authorities of the government counted on this to operate in favor of less difficulty in the enforcement of the law. But it had

exactly the opposite result. The respect and honor of the people generally were turned into the bitterest detestation. They denounced him as a traitor and charged that he had been among those who were active in opposition to the state excise law, and had declared that the luckless Graham was let off too easily.

General Nevill was a man of great determination and of undoubted personal bravery. He was not deterred by the change in the attitude of his neighbors towards him, but entered upon the duties of the office determined to execute the law in the face of all opposition. In this he was greatly hindered and delayed by the difficulty he encountered in getting men to accept the positions under him, necessary for the enforcement of the law. It was almost a year before he could find men who would undertake the office of collector in the several counties, but finally, in June, 1793, he published the names of the several collectors, with the locations of their offices. It was announced in the notice that stills must be entered by their owners, in accordance with the act governing the matter, preliminary to the collection of the taxes to be levied on them and their product. On the occasion of an election soon afterwards, when a large crowd was gathered, General Nevill was burned in effigy, with much display, in the presence of magistrates and other public officers, who made no effort to interfere with these proceedings.

Then the collectors became the objects of persecution, and all of them suffered some form of outrage, which included tarring and feathering, burning of their houses and barns, and other indignities. Nor did these things stop with them. Distillers who complied

with the law and entered their stills were also made the objects of like persecutions, and many who would have obeyed the law were thus deterred. So, more than two years after its passage, the act was still practically a dead letter in the western counties, though the machinery for its enforcement was now all provided.

During this time something of a change had come to the village on the Monongahela, and indeed to the whole country. The early years in the last decade of the eighteenth century witnessed a period of depression throughout the land. The condition of the national finances had reached an acute stage. The emigration of the years following the Revolution had to some extent run its course for the time, and, while there was and continued to be a stream of emigration to the new sections of the West, it was not of the proportions earlier seen. This had the effect of making business slack at the boat-yards, where before it had been very active. As a result of this work could not be provided for the men all the time, and they were employed only on such work as could be secured, being idle often for days at a time.

In this condition Harold had joined his fortunes with Sim in hunting and trapping, and on such days as he was not at work in the boat-yard, was to be found in the woods, looking for game. He had always liked this, and as a boy had gone out with Sim whenever he could do so. He was now almost as skilled in woodcraft and wise in the ways of the inhabitants of the forest as his teacher. A strong friendship had grown up between them with the years, and in their pursuit of the fur-bearing creatures inhabiting the woods and

streams of the vicinity they were having a fair measure of success.

Mabel, now a tall girl of seventeen, had grown in the charm of her person, as in stature. She was really a most beautiful girl, and the hearts of half the young swains of the whole region were laid at her feet. She was gracious to all, but none could claim to have been shown any preference. For all the world knew, she was yet heart-free. She was not, by any means, a shallow coquette, for she had a kind and sympathetic heart. She really enjoyed the court that was paid to her (what woman does not?) and freely admitted it. She had woman's intuition in discerning the symptoms of an impending avowal of affection, and was fertile in expedients for warding it off, but when finally it would come, she was all sympathy. Her tender heart would be touched at such times, and she would say:

"I am but a young girl, and have no thought of marrying anybody for ever and ever so long a time yet. Look at my sister. She is much older than I, is much brighter and more handsome, and she has not married yet."

And then she would tell the love-lorn youth what good friends they were going to be, and he would go away feeling that somehow he was a most fortunate fellow after all. Mabel was always pained at the thought of occasioning pain to others, but she could no more help being winsome than she could help being light-hearted.

Harold had lost his heart completely to his old playmate, now the reigning beauty, but, poor fellow! his love seemed to him a hopeless thing, and he never thought of avowing it. The circumstances of his home

life would not admit of marriage, he thought, for he was practically the sole support now. And, besides this, there was the old backwardness of his boyhood upon him, and his sensitiveness to the shame of his father's besotted state. He would not ask anyone to share that disgrace, certainly not the bright and happy young creature who was the object of his secret worship. She, on her part, was still frankly his friend, as she had been through the earlier years of their companionship, and made no concealment of it. They were much together, and with his stalwart young manhood and her girlish beauty they seemed a well mated couple, so that many nodded approvingly when they were seen to go by, and predicted a match. If her interest in him was more than old friendship, I could not detect it — but who can fathom the heart of woman? And if Harold was ever jealous of the many who paid court to her graces he had succeeded thus far in keeping it concealed.

I had a fellow-feeling for Harold in one particular, and this doubtless sharpened my powers of discernment in his case. I saw clearly that he was in love, and felt well assured of the reasons which prompted him to keep the absolute knowledge of his passion locked in his own bosom. Afterwards when he told me of it the correctness of my deductions was established.

Since I had first known her my heart had been drawn out towards Mary Colling. For a long time I had not made any attempt at a careful analysis of this feeling, happy in the companionship with her which I was permitted to enjoy from time to time. I knew that I had great pleasure in being where she was and

sharing in the exhalations of that rare soul in the delightful conversations with her. Like Harold, I had felt from the first that in the circumstances in which I was placed, marriage was not to be thought of. My income was small, and every penny beyond my absolute needs was required for the comfort of the dear old parents who had toiled and sacrificed for me, and were now, in the helplessness of age, almost solely dependent on me. I felt that to be my first duty, and in the state of the times there did not seem to be any other opening leading to better things. In a vague way I had a thought ever present of a time in the future when circumstances would be different, and my day-dreams sometimes pictured a scene in which she and I, in a near and sacred relation, would always be together.

If she suspected more than a friendly interest on my part, she never gave evidence of it. We had many tastes in common, and I do not think it is egotistical when I say I think she enjoyed our companionship on this account. But she never did or said a thing to lead me to think there was more than the friendship of congenial spirits, so far as she was concerned. She was just her gracious self, and that is all there was of it.

But recently there had come in on the scene what was to me a disturbing element. I had noticed with growing apprehension the interest of another man in her. James McFarlane, a confirmed bachelor as everybody regarded him, had begun to manifest an unmistakable liking for her companionship. This was in a bashful way at first, but she was her frank self to him as to all others, and he soon became emboldened and showed her attentions which, to my mind, at least,

could be prompted by but one motive — the desire to win her. Others noticed it, too, and, as in every country neighborhood, it soon became the subject of remark. Often this was in the form of a joking allusion in his presence, on which occasions he would blush furiously but say nothing. It seemed to me, too, there was coming to be more than a friendly interest on her part, for I thought, on more than one occasion when he made his appearance in her presence, that there was a brightening of the eye and an added color to the cheek as she greeted him.

Then my eyes were suddenly opened to the true state of the case as I was concerned in it. There is nothing like jealousy to clarify our view of self, even though it does often warp our vision in making an estimate of others. I knew now that I loved this girl with an intensity which was a part of my very being, and to gain her was essential to my happiness. The thought of another possessing her was well nigh maddening to me, and I am ashamed of the feeling with which I first regarded him after being convinced that he was a rival, and I feared a favored one.

This was succeeded by a more generous thought. Major McFarlane was a man of many noble parts, and though Mary's senior by a number of years (he was then forty-two), he was in the vigor of manhood. Furthermore he had made a success of life, and had acquired what was regarded as a competence in those times. He could give her the home and surroundings which I felt she ought to have, and the means of gratifying the æsthetic tastes so strongly marked in her. Thus I tried to reason at times, but will the reader censure me when I say frankly that the conclusion

reached after such reasoning was never fully satisfying to me?

Two other persons must be introduced here. They were Frank and Alice Sample, twin children of old friends of Colonel Bayard, whose home was in Pittsburgh. They were nineteen years old at the time of which I write, and there was a remarkable resemblance between them in face, though in disposition they differed considerably. The youth was a natty little fellow, and withal made a handsome appearance in his neatly fitting uniform of an ensign, for such was his rank in the army. He was at that time attached to the garrison at Pittsburgh. He was quiet in his disposition, while his sister, on the contrary, was most lively and given to pranks which sometimes shocked her more sedate brother.

The Colonel, who had long known both of their parents well, was fond of pointing out the confirmation of his theories concerning the influence of heredity as he found it in them. In personal appearance they had some of the features of both parents, but the girl was like her mother in disposition, while the boy in this particular closely resembled the father. They had come for a visit to the Bayard home in the early summer of which I write. Mabel also was there, and soon a friendship grew up between the girls.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON BRIDENDALL SHOAL.

IT was on a day in that early summer season that Sim and Harold started out, intending to set some traps along Peters creek, which empties into the river on the opposite side and a little over two miles below the town. Its course for some distance is almost parallel with the larger stream, and they could have reached it by crossing the river at their home and going back over the high hills intervening between the two streams. But as the waters were then up somewhat and the creek, usually a shallow stream tumbling over the stones, could, under the existing conditions, be navigated with their skiff for a mile or more up from its mouth, by reason of the water backed up from the river, they determined to go by water and avoid carrying their traps.

That, of course, was long before the slackwater improvement of the Monongahela, which makes it now a deep and sluggish stream. Then the river in this part of its course was a succession of pools and shallow rapids, or "riffles," as they were usually called by the keel-boatmen. Their home village was about midway of one of these pools, two miles in length. The shallow place at its upper end I do not remember to have had a name at that time, but it has since come to be called Cunningham's Riffle. The one below was Bridendall Shoal, or simply Bridendall, and thus it is still

known to steamboatmen, and even with the aid of the slackwater it is a place where pilots, in times of low water, must "run the channel" very carefully.

To increase the depth of the water at those places and make their passage more easy, there were constructed through them what were known as chutes. These gathered the water into a narrow space, increasing its velocity and thereby cutting a deeper channel in the bed of the stream. At such places the passage up stream was attended with a corresponding increase in difficulty. Hence the expression, "making the riffle," which has come down to us from the old keel-boat days, and has come to stand for the successful overcoming of any difficulty, but especially a political victory against odds.

At the upper end of Bridendall large stones had been placed in the river in two converging rows so as to form the letter V, but with an opening about thirty feet in width at its apex. This, of course, was pointed down-stream. The nature of the channel there made it necessary to direct it somewhat towards the west shore, and boats bore in close to that edge of the stream for some distance after entering the chute. The impulse towards shore given to craft by their passage through the chute would inevitably have beached them a little farther down, but this was overcome by a row of big stones set on edge along that side, against which the water impinged and was sent swirling towards mid-stream again.*

It was a place calling for the careful handling of boats at any time, but was specially perilous with the

* The place can be identified to-day by the great Clairton furnaces which overshadow it.

water of the river swelled as it then was. For the loosely constructed jetties no longer confined the tide, and it poured among and over the rocks so that the current was quite as likely to draw any floating object on these as to the narrow open channel. But with attention to the steering, so that the boat was kept in the channel, there was little difficulty in the down passage. Sim was at the steering-oar as they passed into the chute, the skiff needing no other propulsion than that given it by the current.

"I much purfer straight sailin' tew this goin' in cattery-wampus towards one shore an' then skewin' off towards the other," said he, suiting the action to the words. "It's enough tew make a feller whopperjawed."

They soon arrived at the mouth of Peters creek. By a queer freak of nature the creek enters the river by a course that is obliquely up-stream. It has always been thickly fringed with trees and bushes, and at that time was even more so than the present, so that, unless one was sharply on the lookout, it might be passed a half dozen times by one in mid-stream without being noticed. The little boat now glided into the smaller stream where the willows, meeting overhead, formed a sort of tunnel through which the waters flowed. Low bottom ground surrounds the creek for about a mile up from its mouth, and this was then thickly covered with willows and other scrubby growth. In times of very high stage in the river this becomes covered with water backed up from it. The river was not at this time at flood stage, but Sim and Harold found the creek about bank full.

Not far from its mouth an abrupt bend in the creek made it necessary to turn the boat sharply to the left,

which was followed by a long sweeping curve to the right again. The result was the forming of a letter U, fully half a mile around, but not much more than two hundred yards across. Above this the course of the stream was more straight and the country more open.

Here some of the traps were placed, and when they reached the head of the navigable part of the creek they had only three traps left. Sim had brought his gun along, in the hope of bringing down a few squirrels. He now wanted to go back home overland, stopping to set some more traps in the creek valley, and since he did not care to carry so heavy a load, he took only two of the traps and his gun, telling Harold to take the other trap, and if he could not find a good place to set it, to take it back home with him in the boat.

"Guess you'll hev your hands full when you come tew pullin' through Bridendall," said he. "That current's purty cantankerous."

Harold told him he thought he could make the riffle all right, and then the two parted. The young man proceeded down the creek until he reached the beginning of the long curve, without finding any place that he thought it would be worth while to set the trap. At that point he pushed his skiff in among the willows on his left, and so thick were they here and along all the remainder of the course of the creek to its mouth that one could not see through them. He was surprised to find at this point a depression in the bank, and that there was still depth of water sufficient to float his skiff. This seemed to extend in a straight course across the neck of land, and he resolved to ex-

plore it, to see if he could get across and avoid the long detour of the curve. Tall weeds covered all the ground, but he had no difficulty in pushing through them, and soon arrived at the willows lining the bank of the creek, having crossed the neck. It was a peculiarity in the formation of the ground that he had never noticed before. He did not think much about it at the time, but it proved valuable to him afterwards.*

Harold pushed his skiff through the willows and into the current of the creek again, and soon was out on the broad bosom of the Monongahela. Most of the afternoon had been spent in the expedition, and it was now drawing towards evening. He pulled steadily at the oars, and was soon in the chute at Bridendall. It was a hard pull, but the muscular young man was equal to it, and under his powerful strokes the skiff had nearly reached the point where the two jetties converged. The rush and roar of the water among the stones was in his ears, but above this noise he heard a shrill scream. The sound came from behind him, upstream, and looking over his shoulder, he saw a little boat with one woman in it and another struggling in the water near by.

He took time only to note that they were being swept rapidly by the current and that they were at some distance to one side of the entrance to the chute, so were

* Nearly a century later engineers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company noticed the same thing, and, taking the hint, they cut a little channel across the neck, down to the level of the creek bottom, throwing an earthen fill across the old channel below. The result was the creek soon cut its way in the straight course. To-day, from the car windows, the old channel can still be seen in its horseshoe form, standing full of stagnant water, the abode of numerous frogs in summer and a favorite skating place in winter, and still lined with a few of the old willows.

in peril of being dashed on the rocks. He redoubled his exertions, and soon cleared the head of the chute. He now changed his course so that while still upstream it was in the direction of the descending boat, his effort being to cross in front of it. The two little craft were now rapidly nearing each other. There was not a moment allowed for pause, but as he rowed he took another look over his shoulder to keep his bearings. He now saw that the girl in the boat was Alice Sample, and with a shock he recognized the face of the one in the water as that of Mabel Colling. She had been able to grasp the side of the little boat, and was clinging to it.

By a desperate exertion Harold succeeded in crossing in front of the descending boat, and swung his skiff around so that it would catch the other one on its side about midway between stem and stern, for it was floating obliquely in the water. Mabel was on the opposite side, and he called to her to hold on. He then directed Miss Sample to grasp the line attached to the bow of his skiff as soon as it should touch the other one, and to hold them together with all her strength. The next moment they came together and, although almost in a panic, the girl did as directed.

All this time the boats had been moving with the current, and not a moment was to be lost. He could not take the time to go to the relief of the girl in the water, but bent to the oars now with a burst of herculean energy. In spite of all he could do the downward course of the boats, under the force of the strong current, could not wholly be overcome, and his effort was directed to pushing against it all he could, and at the same time towards the open channel through the

chute. The result was that one force somewhat neutralized the other, and the boats took an oblique course down and across the stream.

It was a splendid contest between the strength of the man and that of the element. Which would win? Was it to be a victory to the man, with safety for all, or the triumph of the element, with its almost certain levy of tribute in precious human life as a reward? Just ahead was the swirl of the waters where they glided into the chute, but just off there again were the rocks, with the angry waters boiling among them and their gurgling roar startlingly distinct. The man half rose to his feet in a tremendous effort, under which the two skiffs were given a mighty push towards safety, but at the same moment the oar in his left hand was snapped in two by contact with a rock. That last pull had sent the bows within the current of the chute, and the skiff which was rowed by Harold struck lightly with its side near the stern against the same rock that broke the oar. This caused it to swing around until the two boats came side by side and glided into the chute. The man had won!

But there was yet work to do. He sprang lightly across into the other skiff, and held the two closely together with one knee, as a brace to keep from capsizing the one he was in. Then he knelt on a seat with the other knee and stooped down over the girl in the water. He was not a moment too soon, for her hold was just breaking away as he caught her. Slipping his hands under her arms, he slowly raised her dripping form out of the water. With their faces close together, there was one swift look from her eyes into his that he never forgot. Then she sank away into un-

consciousness. For one moment her wet cheek was against his and her limp body was pressed against his throbbing heart as he lifted her into the boat, giving him a thrill like an electric shock, and then, as he laid her in the bottom of the skiff, there was heard a shout of "Bravo!" and Frank Sample, driving a light canoe by powerful strokes of a long paddle, was seen, rapidly overhauling them.

Then Harold sank down in utter exhaustion at the feet of the girl he had just snatched from a watery grave. He did not faint, but such was the reaction after his prodigious exertions that for a little time he could scarcely have lifted a finger. The boats were being borne along rapidly now, but were kept within the channel by the current. Soon young Sample drew up alongside of the other boats, and by this time Harold was able to sit up. The new arrival first gave attention to his sister, who was in a state bordering on collapse, and then the two men landed the little fleet on the beach below. Mabel soon recovered consciousness, and after a short while all started on their way to the village in Harold's boat, which was the largest, leaving the others there for the time. One of the oars from the girls' boat was found in an eddy near by, and with an oar in the hands of each of the young men, the journey was soon made. Both girls suffered somewhat from the nervous shock, but no serious results followed.

They had taken a notion that afternoon to have a boat ride. Both could row a little, and each handled an oar on this occasion. They had no thought of going down near enough to the swift water of Bridendall to be in danger, but had not properly estimated the rapid-

ity of the current in the rising river. In the midst of their rowing and animated chatter Miss Sample, who was not very dexterous with the oar, missed a stroke and fell back in the skiff, to the great amusement of both girls, who shouted with merry laughter. In Alice's merriment the oar slipped from her hands and into the water. Mabel sprang up and sought to reach it with her oar. It was just then that they realized that their skiff was drifting rapidly and getting within the influence of the swifter water below. Mabel found that she had to reach the full length of her oar to touch the other one, and to accomplish it better put her foot on the edge of the skiff. The girl's act, in her eagerness to regain the oar and get their downward progress checked, so far depressed the side of the little vessel that she lost her balance and fell into the water. It was her companion who screamed and thus first made Harold aware of the situation. The little boat righted its position when Mabel fell, and she soon caught hold of its side, but would not attempt to climb in for fear of overturning it. She lost her oar when she fell, so they were utterly helpless, and would certainly have been carried on the rocks had not Harold made his gallant rescue.

Young Sample, learning shortly after their departure that the girls had taken the boat, and being uneasy for their safety because of the increasing current in the rising river, had immediately secured a canoe and started after them.

CHAPTER XIX.

TOM THE TINKER.

IF Harold had permitted it he would have been made the hero of the hour, when his exploit became known. But he shrank from anything like notoriety, and seemed really distressed when his friends and neighbors persisted in dwelling on his heroism, his feat of great physical strength and endurance and the risk he voluntarily took to save the lives of others. He said it was nothing more than any man ought to have done under the circumstances, and he would have been ashamed of himself forever if he had not undertaken it.

His embarrassment was increased when the girls sent for him the next day and warmly thanked him for their rescue. He had almost to be dragged into their presence. Alice was the more voluble in the expression of her high sense of his heroism and in her thanks "for her life," as she expressed it, to his evident distress. Mabel, who knew him better, was content with thanking him simply, but most earnestly. She was graver than usual, and after this he detected a slight change in her demeanor towards him. Sometimes her mischievous spirit had prompted her to tease him a little, but now this ceased, and in its place there was a certain something which he could hardly define. It had in it a slight shyness of him at times, and a trace of something which was almost tender in certain of her moods. But at most times she was still her old self, her nature par-

taking much of that of care-free, rollicking childhood.

Now, it might be thought that such a manifestation as has been noted, caught by the quick eye of a lover, would be hailed with delight by him. But it was not so with Harold. On the contrary, it was the more depressing to him, for two reasons. In the first place, in the thought that he could not offer her marriage, any suspicion that she might have more than a passing interest in him was tantalizing, and his high sense of honor forbade the enlisting of her affections. In the second place, he was haunted by the thought that gratitude might now influence her to show an interest in him that she did not feel in her heart, for, though he had never avowed his love, he thought it could hardly be that she had not divined it.

With these conflicting emotions he was soon thoroughly miserable. He tried avoiding her for a time, but at this she was so evidently surprised and grieved that when she took him to task about it his heart smote him. He replied by saying that he was worried about things at home. This was the first time he had ever alluded to that matter to her, and she had never ventured to introduce the subject, knowing his sensitiveness concerning it. If he had now frankly avowed all that was in his heart he would have found a warm sympathy which would have been a great help to him in bearing the things of the present, and would have prevented much of suffering for both of them in the future. But, instead, he hastily passed to other things, shrinking from uncovering the skeleton in his closet.

However, he did not try longer to avoid Mabel, who after that interview showed him greater consideration than ever. Her tender heart sympathized deeply with

what she read in his heart, however much that might have been. The result was that when with her, forgetting all else, he revelled in a great happiness, but when alone with his thoughts, he was more deeply miserable than ever.

The Samples also complicated the situation somewhat while they remained. Alice embarrassed him not a little by alluding in some way to the occurrence at Bridendall almost every time they met. He was never allowed to forget that but for him she probably would have been drowned, and she continued to be effusive in her thanks. She evinced a great liking for his company, and at times tried to monopolize it. She was, to tell the whole truth, considerably interested in the stalwart young boat builder.

Her brother already had fallen under the spell of Mabel's charm, observing which, Alice did all she could to help matters along, both by managing to have them thrown together as much as possible, and by frequently singing his praises in Mabel's ears when the two girls were alone together. She surmised that Harold's interest in her new acquaintance was more than that of a friend only, and resolved to watch matters closely. Thus there was some playing at cross purposes, and Harold's peace of mind was not enhanced thereby. But there was no change observable in Mabel, who after prolonging her visit a week following the occurrence at Bridendall, returned to her home. The Samples soon after went to their home, but not until, on Mabel's cordial invitation, they had spent a day with the Collings. Harold was included in the invitation also, but did not find it convenient at the time to accept.

The year 1793 passed with nothing gained by the

government in its effort to secure compliance with the excise law in the western counties. True it is that a few law-abiding men registered their stills, gave the amount in gallons of their distillation and had their casks gauged and branded, but they soon found themselves the targets of a secret and undiscoverable enemy whose acts of reprisal included the damaging of their stills and sometimes the destruction of distilleries and barns. Usually these measures were preceded by warnings, but in some cases they were not. The magistrates — such of them as were not actively enlisted in the movement against the enforcement of the law — asserted that the laws could not be executed so as to afford protection, owing to the too general combination of the people in western Pennsylvania to oppose the revenue laws.

It appeared now, indeed, that there must be some powerful secret organization at work, but all effort to locate and investigate it resulted only in the mystification and embarrassment of the investigator, if it did not bring the vengeance of the hidden hand upon him in the destruction of his property.

This was the state of affairs when the fateful year 1794 opened. There was a grim determination on both sides not to yield. The servants of the government felt that a policy of forbearance and conciliation for three years, without any result other than a more dogged and determined resistance, called for a strenuous and impartial enforcement of the law, and the orders to that effect went forth. The disaffected distillers and their supporters, who comprised vastly the greater part of the population of the western counties, thought they had their fight practically won, and were the more deter-

mined to hold out to the bitter end. In that condition of things it was almost inevitable that a clash much more serious than anything that had gone before should come.

The determination of the government was announced in the district of the most stubborn resistance — Washington and Allegheny counties — by a public notice over the signature of the collector, published in the Pittsburgh Gazette and posted throughout the district. This recited that whereas a number of distillers had not entered their stills according to law, suits would be brought and seizures be made against all who should continue to fail in their compliance with the enactment. This brought about compliance on the part of a few distillers who previously had been holding out, whereat the disaffected were greatly enraged, and their reprisals were now directed against these, whom they declared to be traitors to the cause.

The hotbed of rebellion from the first had been in the region of country adjacent to Mingo and Peters creeks, near the line separating Allegheny and Washington counties, and that section now became the main center of disturbance. Sim, who had been on a hunting expedition in that neighborhood for a few days, brought particulars of the latest outbreaks there. In recounting these, he said:

“ You mind that crazy schoolmaster that thought he wuz an exciseman abaout three year ago, an’ wuz a-goin’ raound, askin’ abaout stills an’ things? You know they tuk him aout uv his bed an’ drug him abaout five mile to a blacksmith shop, where they stripped him, burnt him with hot irons, tarred an’ feathered him, an’ then turned him loose in the middle uv the night. Waal,

they blamed Bill Richmond fur peachin' on 'em, an' t'other night his barn, with all his hay an' grain, went up in smoke. The next night Bob Strawhan's barn went the same way 'cause he went before the collector an' entered his still. An' Jim Kiddoo an' Bill Cochran got little billy-ducks, tellin' 'em they'd better look aout, or they'd get some uv the same kind uv medicine. Them's only some uv the highdoodlements that's bein' carried on over there. Guess somebody'll be a-doin' things from t'other side uv the maountains purty soon. I don't reckon Gener'l Washington 'll stand for that sort uv thing much longer."

The fact is there was now practically a reign of terror in the district referred to, and it soon spread to other parts of the disaffected region, with greater or less rigor according to locality. Men were made to declare themselves, and any act or expression of submission to the government brought persecution in some form to the one thus offending. Only a few were brave enough to stand out against this assumption of the right to judge and punish, and the duly constituted machinery of justice in the region was wholly inadequate to protect these in their rights, so they became the special targets of the insurgents, and were made to feel heavily the hand of persecution.

It was just at this time, too, that organizations patterned after the Jacobin Clubs of the French Revolution sprang into being. The declaration of the Rights of Man had exerted a powerful influence in all the troubles over the excise in this region, in the period under consideration, and the mission of Genet, just at this time, seemed to bear fruit in the formation of these organizations. Those who joined them became "citi-

zens," rather than members, and their meetings were secret.

One of the earliest of these organizations to be formed was the Mingo Creek Society, its membership including nearly the whole strength of the local battalion of militia. Its president was Benjamin Parkinson. Other like societies were quickly organized elsewhere in the region, and they were in constant communication each with the others.

At this time also came on the scene a certain mysterious personage known as "Tom the Tinker." The name was first used attached to a notice of warning to William Cochran, who was one of the men referred to by Sim. But it was frequently heard after that and soon it became the rallying cry of the insurgents, and they were proud to be called Tom the Tinker's men. Cochran was a man of some wealth and considerable influence. He had a distillery, a saw-mill and a grist-mill at the place still known as Cochran's Mills. At different times essential parts of the two mills, which it was impossible to replace without sending to the East, were carried away. Finally came a notice, signed Tom the Tinker, that unless he came out in opposition to the excise law the Tinker would make him a call and "mend his still." Cochran was a man of unusual nerve, and he refused to submit to such dictation. The result was that a few nights after the receipt of the notice his still was "mended" by the shooting of a number of bullets through it. The rude joke caught the popular fancy, and from that time Tom the Tinker was frequently heard from and more frequently heard of.

His usual mode of procedure, when he wished to dis-

seminate his instructions, was to send the document to the Pittsburgh Gazette, with notice to the editor that if it failed to appear in the next succeeding issue of the paper Tom would pay his respects to the office of the newspaper in person. The editor did not dare to refuse compliance, and the notices duly appeared. A notice to an individual was posted on his house in the night, and frequently was coupled with instructions to him to send it to the newspaper for publication, that Tom might be assured he had received it. Failure to comply promptly was inevitably followed by trouble to the recipient. The style of these missives, though rather uncouth, indicated some ability on the part of the writer and some acquaintance with legal forms.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE SHADOW.

THAT spring Mary made a visit of some days to Mrs. Bayard. I saw her but briefly and infrequently on this occasion, for most of the time the two women were closeted together, busied, as Mrs. Bayard explained to me with a smile, with some sewing. When I did get to see her I felt that somehow there was a change in her demeanor towards me. Not but that she was kind and considerate as ever, but there was a slight restraint that I had never before observed in her, and a certain embarrassment wholly lacking in the Mary I had always known. On the few occasions when we were alone together she seemed ill at ease and talked almost incessantly.

To account for this my jealous fears at once suggested Major McFarlane and all I had been hearing concerning his attentions to her. It was true, then, that he was her accepted lover. I could not doubt that she had read my passion, though I had been careful not to avow it. She was fearful now that I would speak, and was exerting herself to prevent it, to save both of us the pain and embarrassment consequent on her necessary refusal of such a proposal under the circumstances. That was the way I reasoned it out, and it was all very plain to me, yet I resolved, at any cost now, to know the truth from her lips.

I am afraid I hated the man for a time when this

was fully borne in upon me, but I am glad that soon my better nature asserted itself, and I tried to look at the matter with some calmness and reason, though it was with a dull pain in my heart all the while. I was in no position to marry, nor, under the existing circumstances, could I hope to be for an indefinite time in the future. On the other hand, Major McFarlane was well off in this world's goods, could give his bride a good home and all its accessories, and, so far as I had ever heard, was an honorable gentleman. On any of these considerations there was no good reason why she should not marry him, if she loved him. Ah! there was the pain of it to me. If she loved him! I could hardly doubt it now, but if true it seemed to me the joy would all be gone out of life for me. I knew her too well to think for one moment that mercenary motives would influence her decision. Her hand would never be given where her heart did not go.

That thought decided me. I would tell her my love and if, as I feared, I was forestalled in her affections, I would go through life with a certain joy in having known what it was to love a good woman and in the belief that happiness was the portion of the object of that love. For a love that is unselfish has its highest delight in the joy of its object. If it should be that I was in error and her heart was not engaged, I would seek to win it, and I knew if I could gain her love she would wait until such time as I could marry, and would honor me because of the reason which made a postponement necessary.

Her stay this time was brief, and I did not get the desired opportunity while she was in the home of the Bayards, but I was firmly resolved to make an oppor-

tunity, and when she announced her intention of returning home I said I would accompany her. She had never before demurred at such a proposal, but always had seemed glad to have me go. Now, however, she said that would be asking too much when I was so busy, and she could not think of troubling me to go when she could so easily make the trip alone; she was used to riding all over the country unattended. I replied by telling her she ought not to ride alone in such times of excitement and passion, and as it was Saturday afternoon and there was nothing to detain me at home I would do what I much preferred to do by going with her, unless she positively forbade it.

“Of course, under those circumstances, I will not offer any further objections, David. You know we have always liked to have you come to see us,” she said, with a slight heightening of color. “But I still maintain that I am not afraid and think there is no danger.”

Mrs. Bayard, who was present, thought otherwise, and commended the arrangement proposed by me, so nothing more was said on the matter, and we were soon off. I never knew any woman who was a better rider and more fond of horseback riding than Mary. It was one thing which aroused her enthusiasm. So quiet and reserved usually, she seemed to give free rein to all the animal spirit within her when in the saddle, and usually, when riding alone, went at a gallop. She sat superbly on a horse, and always rode a good one. This day I remarked that her mount was a splendid creature that I had never seen before.

“Yes, he is a gift,” she said, and the color mounted swiftly to her cheeks, though I knew she tried to repress any evidence of her feeling. She continued rapidly:

"Prince is a beautiful fellow, and as good as he is beautiful. He is full of life, but is gentleness itself. Just see how he can go," and giving him the rein, she sped away up the road, leaving me to amble along in pursuit.

We were on the river road above the village, and she never drew rein until she reached McFarlane's ferry, two miles above. I was not far behind her, and as I drew up I remarked, I am afraid a little dryly:

"He has fine speed, indeed."

John Walker ferried us over. When he had the flat well under way on the bosom of the river and was passing us, with the end of the long pole with which it was propelled against his shoulder, he said, as if in answer to something he thought would be in her mind:

"The Major is not here to-day. He has gone to a meeting at the Mingo meeting-house. He said to tell you, if you passed here to-day, that he would call at your home this evening."

She made no reply except to thank him, but I knew the color in her cheeks then was not all due to her rapid ride. Leaving the ferry, I was turning into the broad road up the hollow there, which was the only way I had ever gone to the Mingo region, when Mary said:

"Let us go the other way. It is a little nearer and is more beautiful. Have you ever gone that way?"

I said I had not and would be glad to learn the new way. My heart was treading a new way now — truly a road of sorrow, for I no longer had any doubt of the state of affairs between Mary and the Major. I had meant to tell her all that was in my heart before reaching the ferry, in the fear that he would be there and I should have no other opportunity. I heard of his absence with pleasure at first, but what followed seemed to

set the seal on what I had more than half believed before, and now I hardly knew what course to pursue. Should I still do what I had resolved, only to invite the humiliation of a refusal, with its pain to both of us, or should I accept the inevitable in silence and go my way, carrying my sorrow in the secret recesses of my heart?

I was not allowed to brood long over these things, for Mary, riding now by my side, kept up a constant flow of conversation, passing rapidly from one topic to another. I had never known her to be so talkative before. Finally she said:

“And you think it imprudent for a woman to ride these roads alone, even by day, in these times?”

I could do nothing else than stand by the position I had taken, and said so.

“Well, the men who are engaged in resistance to the excise, that I know, are incapable of harm to any woman. Rather would they fly to her relief and resent any imputation on her honor.”

This was said a little proudly and even defiantly, I thought, and she continued:

“Do not understand that I approve of the position taken by those in opposition to the government. It is all wrong. It is dreadful, no matter what the hardship of submission. I have told — I — I mean I have said repeatedly that the position of the Tinker’s men, as they are called, is wrong, and I am sure some dreadful thing will come of it all. Oh, I know there will!” she said, impetuously. “But the people thus engaged are our neighbors all about us. My father is on that side. They think they are right and that they are justified in the position they have taken.”

Tears were in her eyes, and her bosom was heaving

with the emotion called up by her words, and perhaps more by her unexpressed thoughts.

"Of course I do not class your father with those who would be a menace to any woman, under any circumstances, Mary," I hastened to reply. "He is an honest man and a gentleman, and in the same class I put Major McFarlane and many others that we know so well."

It cost me an effort to say that name, and she looked at me quickly and I thought gratefully, as though in appreciation of the fact that I understood and would accept the situation as I found it.

"But," I continued, "there are many in this country who are not restrained by any sense of right or honor, and the example of such men as I have mentioned emboldens these to the commission of acts such as have disgraced our neighborhood of late. I cannot conceive of your father, for instance, putting the brand to a neighbor's barn in the night or tarring and feathering one who differs from him. But he and those with him are in the wrong, and every man is responsible for his influence."

"Yes, I have told them so," she said, simply.

We had now covered the distance to be traversed along the river, and the way lay up a narrow ravine, densely wooded. I thought I saw now why she had brought me that way. The road soon narrowed to a mere bridle path, skirting along the side of the hill, so that but one could go at a time, and she took the lead. I am passionately fond of nature in her wilder moods, and would have revelled in the scenery around me had I been in a different frame of mind. Great forest trees stood on the hillsides and the air of an early July day was stirring their leaves in a gentle rustle. Tangled

vines laced them together here and there, and flowering vines nodded to us as we passed. Below us damp moss thickly covered rocks and fallen wood, and long, drooping ferns hemmed in the little stream, still swelled by a rain of the day before, as it went babbling along over the stones, adding its bass monotone to the chorus of joy pouring from feathered throats in the branches above. A squirrel was saucily barking his disapproval of our intrusion, and far away on the heights beyond a lot of noisy crows were disputing in their harsh tones.

Mary had given Prince the rein and the noble animal was going up the slope with long bounds. I had resolved to remain silent, but now was seized with a great longing to tell my story of love. It seemed to me that she was being borne away from me by some force that I ought to combat, and would slip out of my life if I did not reach forth and restrain her flight. Yes, I would tell her! I whipped up, and my horse went bounding away in pursuit. I soon came up with her where she had reined up on a little level spot and was pointing to the scene below.

"I never could pass this spot without stopping to exult in its beauty," she exclaimed. "Isn't it charming?"

"It is, indeed," I replied, and so it was. A thick limestone formation jutted out in a wall across the gorge, its horizontal stratification exposed for a height of probably thirty feet, while below it a shale formation had crumbled away until the rock hung out over the depths below, supported only as it was attached in the earth behind. Over this the sportive stream plunged, its first leap being but a few feet, when it struck a flat projection extending out still farther, and this broke

and spread it into a wide sheet of water which fell in a myriad of crystal drops to the shadowy depths below, hanging as a curtain in front of the recess under the rocks.

The path here widened, and I drew up alongside of her. For a time we gazed in silence at the beautiful cascade, and then my eyes rested on my companion. I had never seen her so lovely as she now appeared. The rich, warm color was in her cheeks and the light in her eyes which a brisk ride always brought. She sat her horse as though a portion of him, and he had his part in the picture as he stood with arched neck and distended nostrils, breathing audibly from his exertion in mounting the hill. A ray of sunshine was filtering down through the foliage and resting on her, reflecting the glory of a bright red vine which enwreathed a great tree in front of us. On the ground, at the edge of a damp spot in the road, two yellow butterflies sat close together and seemed to whisper to one another of love. Suddenly Prince raised his foot and stamped in impatient protest at a fly which had fastened itself on his leg, and it came down on one of the delicate creatures, crushing it in a shapeless mass in the mire, while its mate gaily fluttered away. It seemed an ill omen, and I saw in the luckless insect a representation of my unhappy self, while the one which flew away seemed to typify the lovely girl by my side. But I determined to speak, and looked up for that purpose when the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard, and the next moment a man came into view, riding briskly down the path. It was Major McFarlane!

There was an awkward moment when he had drawn rein and we men had exchanged greetings, which I fear

were a little stiff. All felt uncomfortable, I am sure. Then Mary was the first to speak, addressing the new-comer, and saying:

"Mr. David Froman was kind enough to ride along with me, and we had stopped to admire the cascade. I have never before seen it with so much water running over it. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Ay, it's fair enow," was all the reply vouchsafed by the Major.

The situation seemed to be becoming more strained, so I said:

"I presume you were coming to meet Miss Colling, Major, to offer her an escort through these lonely paths. It was my judgment that she should have such an escort, and I insisted on accompanying her. But now that I am able to deliver her into your hands, with her permission I will relinquish my charge. The indications are that yesterday's rain is to be repeated this evening, and that I will not have more than sufficient time to get home before it begins. I wish you both a good evening."

I raised my hat and wheeled my horse. The Major was a gentleman, and he now thanked me, though I still thought his tone was not very cordial. Mary gave me a look in which was expressed much feeling, but which I could not wholly analyze. I thought it had in it gratefulness and sympathy. She murmured "Good bye," and I moved off, leaving them in the path. So we parted, and I went to my home with a great void in my heart, and the future to me looked blacker than the clouds which were piling up in the west and from which a dismal shower began to fall ere I reached the village.

As I rode I was torn by conflicting emotions. Had

I shown weakness in thus deserting the field and leaving the prize in possession of a favored rival? At times I was ready to curse myself for doing so. Perhaps my readers will take this view, and be disappointed in me that I did not act the part of the heroic lover and impetuously bear the prize away, as they do in novels. But if so, they do not know Mary as I knew her — and I am writing history. I felt down in my heart that I had done what she wanted me to do, and her wish was law with me.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FIRST BLOODSHED.

THE days that followed were filled with stirring events. Whenever men were gathered together the topic of conversation was sure to be the crisis which all felt was impending. A number of public meetings were held throughout the disaffected region at which local orators urged the people to be firm in their resistance to the enforcement of the excise law, and assured them that the government would never resort to extreme measures if the people of the western country would show no sign of weakening. One of the greatest of these gatherings was on the occasion of the Fourth of July muster at Mingo meeting-house, when not only the whole regiment, but almost all of the people for miles around, were present. Some of the speeches delivered were highly incendiary, and the people were greatly wrought up.

The excitement was intensified when, a few days later, it was announced that Major David Lenox, a United States Marshal (or Federal Sheriff, as the office was more generally designated by these people), had been sent into the western country to serve warrants on those distillers who had failed to comply with the law requiring them to register their stills and on a few who had been concerned in riots in which property of the collectors was destroyed. These cited them to appear before the United States court in Philadelphia and there

answer the charges against them. The Marshal had gone about the several counties, serving these writs on those to whom they were addressed, and, as it afterwards appeared, it was the very last of them in his hands that occasioned the clash which was followed by consequences so dire.

William Miller was a farmer and distiller who lived in the valley of Peters creek. To get his harvest work done quickly he made a "bee," and invited a number of his friends and neighbors to assemble and help him. These occasions did not really require a formal invitation, it being understood that any who would come and help, on the announcement being made, would be welcome. Among those who went was John Harden. He had reached the point where his services were no longer wanted about the boat-yards, for his habits made him more of a nuisance than a help. But when he heard of such gatherings as these, anywhere about the country, he was sure to be there. Plenty of liquor was provided, and no absolute requirement was exacted that he should work more than he cared to. That was the kind of a job that exactly suited him.

It happened that the Marshal appeared, to serve his writ on Miller, who was one of the delinquents, on the afternoon of the same day that this gathering took place. About thirty men were at work in the field, and they had the work nearly completed when the officer rode up. For some reason he had asked the Inspector, General Nevill, to accompany him on this occasion, and the two men came together. The sight of the Inspector brought scowls to the faces of the men, and muttering was heard among them as the Marshal was reading his paper. Miller flew into a towering rage, and swore it was bad

enough to be thrown into the expense of a fine of two hundred dollars and the cost of a trip to Philadelphia, which would probably ruin him and beggar his family, without having to stand seeing the Federal Sheriff piloted to his very door by the man he had always befriended and supported when he was a candidate for office. Other men now spoke up angrily in support of Miller's position, and the scene began to take on a threatening aspect for the two officials. The object of their mission being accomplished, they discreetly turned their horses and rode off.

The jug had been circulated freely among the party of workers, and this did not tend to render them the more fit to hold themselves under control. An exciting scene followed the departure of the officers. All were talking at once and gesticulating wildly. In a slight lull one of the men, named William Hanna, exclaimed:

"It's a cursed outrage, and they hadn't ought to be allowed to get away. Let's try to head 'em off!"

There was instant assent to this. Hanna had brought his gun with him, intending to do some hunting on his way home. Running to where he had laid it, he caught it up and started off on a run across the field, the rest following him like a pack of hounds in pursuit of a fox. Miller's private lane formed a right angle with the public road, and the Marshal and Inspector had just reached that point. The crowd was trying to gain the road in advance of them by cutting diagonally across the field, but failed in this purpose, for they came out on it in a piece of woodland just after the two horsemen had trotted past. With an oath Hanna hastily sighted and fired at their retreating

forms, but his shot did not take effect, and the two men disappeared from view, followed by a chorus of threats and imprecations.

There was no more work done that day at Miller's. Somebody recalled the fact that there was a meeting of Hamilton's regiment of the militia at the Mingo meeting-house that day. It had been called in connection with a recent act of Congress which required the enrolling of eighty thousand men throughout the country, to be held in readiness for military duty for the nation. The Mingo regiment was trying to determine whether or not its quota could be raised without a draft. With full knowledge that this regiment and the Society made up almost wholly of its membership was the backbone of resistance to the collection of the excise, it was proposed that this meeting should be apprised of the occurrence at Miller's. The proposition met with favor, and soon almost the whole company was on the road to Mingo, which was only a few miles away.

The men arrived just about the time the meeting had concluded its business and was ready to adjourn. The announcement created intense excitement among the militiamen, a number of whom had their guns with them. As the excited men from Miller's told the story, the two officers had been insolent to an exasperating degree. There was a proposition to start at once for General Nevill's house, where they were supposed to be, and take summary vengeance on them, but the counsel of cooler heads prevailed. The officers, especially Colonel Hamilton and Major McFarlane, labored to restrain the excited men. The meeting

finally broke up without any action being taken, and most of the men departed for their homes.

But a number lingered about, and these resolved to take matters into their own hands. Accordingly the early part of the night was spent in preparations, and about midnight a party of thirty-six, besides the leader, set forth for the Nevill residence, twelve miles away. John Hollcroft commanded the expedition. They covered the intervening distance during the hours of darkness, and reached the Nevill place shortly after daybreak.

General Nevill's plantation was on Chartiers creek, about seven miles from Pittsburgh, and the house was on an eminence commanding a fine view of the valley and surrounding country. The mansion was large and a very elegant one for those days. Near it were the farm outbuildings and at one side were the negro quarters, the General being the owner of a large number of slaves. It came to be known afterwards that frequently in the preceding months word had been carried to him of a plot by certain members of the Mingo Society to attack his house, and for some time he had been in constant readiness to repel this, having fitted heavy plank shutters containing port-holes to the windows of the house and stocked it with arms and ammunition, as well as supplying his negroes with arms and instructing them in their use. Whether there had been such a plot before or not, it was soon demonstrated that he was ready for such an attack if one should come.

Instead of stopping there the evening before, Marshal Lenox had ridden on into Pittsburgh. General Nevill was up early that morning, intending to go to the same place, when someone perceived the approach-

ing crowd and told him of it. The result was he was fully prepared for the men when they drew near. The doors were bolted and barred and the heavy shutters were all closed.

Just at this moment a man came around the house from the rear, and seeing the men drawn up in front of it, approached them. There was not a person in the party who was not thoroughly astonished to recognize in his features and form, Harold Harden. He carried a rifle across his arm, and was accoutered for the chase, though he did not wear the dress in which all had seen him so often, but was somewhat jauntily attired in "store clothes," as any better garb than that of the buckskin and homespun usually seen was called. It was generally understood that Harold did not approve of the forcible resistance to the excise, and he was not held in favor on that account by those who did. He and his father had differed on the matter when they had talked of it. But nobody was prepared to believe that he had been in conference with and probably in the confidence of the hated Nevill until now. Yet here he was, coming from the house, as they had no doubt, from a rear entrance.

As a result of his frequent potations of the day and night before John Harden was not possessed of the full use of his faculties, and he seemed to be aware of it, for he rubbed his eyes and stared at his son as if he could not believe what his vision told him. Finally he burst out with:

"What are you doin' 'ere?" with an oath to give emphasis to the interrogatory.

The young man looked at him in a surprised way without making any reply.

"I say, what are you doin' 'ere, 'obnobbin' with that old skunk of a Nevill? Things 's come to a pretty pass when one of your raisin' becomes a traitor and goes hover, body and breeches, to the hexise gang. 'Spose they're the ones that's fitted you hout with them fine duds, hey?"

"See here, old man, what's the matter with you?" exclaimed the youth, approaching his parent with a threatening gesture. "What are you blathering about, anyhow?"

He seemed about to strike the old man, but then, as if just becoming aware of his condition, he said, "Oh, you're drunk, and not worth minding." Then turning to the others, he said:

"What's the row, and where did you all come from so early in the morning?"

The language and whole behavior of the young man were so foreign to anything that any in the crowd had ever known in Harold Harden that they were at a loss to account for it. They might have thought that he, like his father, was under the influence of liquor, had it not been so well known that he was the one young man in that region at the time who was a total abstainer from intoxicants. Was he acting a part, to divert their minds from the suspicious circumstances of his coming apparently from the Nevill house at such a time, or how should they account for his strange actions and words?

Before any had time to turn these things over in their minds or make reply to his query, diversion came from another quarter, and speedily they had other things to think of. The front door was thrown open and the form of General Nevill appeared there. After

surveying them in silence a moment, he demanded to know the purpose of their visit. Hollcroft at first made an evasive answer, but the General, who was now seen to have a gun in his hand, demanded that there be no temporizing, but a declaration of why a body of armed men came at that hour against a citizen in his own house.

"He's no Citizen," spoke up one of the men, who evidently had the Society in mind. But Hollcroft now stated their object to be a demand that General Nevill give up to them his commission as Inspector of Revenue and all his official documents pertaining thereto. It was delivered by Hollcroft with some pomp, and in his broadest Lancashire dialect. The doughty old warrior, with a look of withering scorn, declared he would never accede to any such demand, and then retired and closed the door with a bang.

It has always been a disputed point who fired the first shot and whether it came from within or outside the house, but in a moment later the firing was general on both sides. Soon there was heard a blast blown on a horn in the mansion. This was evidently a pre-arranged signal, for it was followed by a volley poured in on the flank of the assaulting party from the negro cabins. Six of the men fell, but five of them got up again and limped off after the unhurt of the party, who were now withdrawing from the siege. In the confusion young Harden disappeared, and was not seen again that day by any of the party.

The Tinker's men, rendered furious by their repulse and the shedding of blood, now marched painfully towards the Mingo region, for their wounded could not get along very fast, and some of them had to be helped.

They had gone some distance before it occurred to anybody to take an accounting and see if all were present. Thirty-seven had started out that morning on the expedition, but only thirty-six were returning. Of those wounded, each had been so intent on getting off the field that he did not notice who, if any, had been left behind, and the withdrawal of the unhurt had been so precipitate, following the volley from the negro cabins, that none of them knew who had been left. It was soon ascertained that John Harden was the missing man of their number. Some proposed that they go back and see what had become of him, but this was overruled on the ground that the wounded among them were in need of attention which could not be given them on the road.

"'Is soohn 'll look awfter 'im," said John Hollcroft. "An' I ta-ak it 'e's noothink woorse off than dead droonk."

So they proceeded on their way, telling everybody they met of how they had gone to demand the Inspector's papers and had been fired on by him and his people, some of them being shot down in their tracks. The bleeding wounds of the injured among them gave attestation to the story, and the word spread far and wide, arousing the people to a pitch of intense excitement. Before midnight it was understood through the whole neighborhood that there was to be an assemblage the next day for another expedition against the Nevill home and revenge was now the motive. All through that night couriers rode here and there, arousing the people and telling them of what had been done and what was to be, and the temper of the people boded no good to the Inspector.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MARCH ON NEVILL'S.

WORD of the attack of Tom the Tinker's men on the house of the Inspector and their repulse with loss, reached Elizabeth that night, and occasioned great excitement there, as elsewhere throughout the region. The people of the village had not taken much part in the resistance to the excise thus far, because, probably, so few of them were directly interested, but a number of them were ardent sympathizers with the cause, and were now outspoken in their hatred for the Inspector and what he stood for. The attitude of Colonel Bayard was never uncertain, but he was not a man to thrust his opinions offensively on others. He said, on being appealed to, that the demonstration against the officer representing the government was wrong, and could only lead to trouble; that pursuing the matter further would bring more trouble, and advised all of his friends to keep out of it. Beyond this he was discreetly silent, and would not be drawn into an argument by some of the excited people who were disposed to discuss the matter further with him.

Late that night came word that John Harden had been of the assailing party and had not been seen or heard from since, being the only one unaccounted for. One report had it that he was killed. Harold, who had been absent from home all day and said he was hunting, exhibited much concern when he heard this, and

announced that he was going to search for his father. He asked me if I would go with him. I readily secured the consent of the Colonel, for whom I was then working, in the mid-summer vacation, to leave my work for the day, and I agreed to accompany him. We started in the early morning hours, for we had a long walk before us, the Nevill place being about fourteen miles distant by the nearest way.

The road was not the smoothest, but we were both used to tramps of that character. We cut across fields and woods whenever we could gain in that way. A number of times we saw and heard parties of men, hurrying along the road and talking loudly, but we avoided them, the advice of Colonel Bayard to us having been not to mingle with the crowd that was to assemble that day and march again on the Inspector's house. Determined, if possible, to perform our mission and get away before their arrival, we pushed on. When it was daylight we noted that the harvest fields were all deserted, and that only women and children were seen about the farm houses.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we reached the Nevill place, and we resolved to make a search all around for some distance from the house, to see if we could find any trace of Mr. Harden, before making any appeal there, being somewhat doubtful about the wisdom of doing this in any event. We beat about in the piece of woodland above the house without making any discoveries, and from a point which commanded a view of the cleared fields about the house carefully scanned these over, with a like lack of result. The General had his harvest largely gathered in, and the bare fields of stubble and meadow did not show any

object that looked like a man's body. A field of oats and one of Indian corn were still standing. We went all around the former without finding any trail leading into it such as would have been made had a man gone among the growing grain, and then traversed the corn as well as we could, this extending almost to the house on one side. We could not make as effective a search of this as we desired to, but were unable to discover anything indicating the object of our search in it.

We then skirted around to a point among the trees which grew along the creek, and viewed the fields as they stretched above us there. But still we found nothing. We then determined to approach the house boldly at the front and make inquiry as to the object of our search. This had all taken time, and the day was now well advanced. We went up through the grounds towards the house. Evidently a strict watch was being maintained, for we were seen before we reached the mansion, and General Nevill himself came out on the verandah. He had a gun in his hand, and he commanded us to halt where we were.

"Who are you and what do you want?" he demanded.

Harold told him our names and briefly explained what we had heard and the object of our coming there.

"Well," answered the Inspector, "I know of nobody left here of that mob of yesterday. They all ran as fast as their legs could carry them, or were helped by their friends. And they had better continue to make themselves scarce hereabouts. When you see them you may tell them so for me." Then, observing Harold more closely, he exclaimed: "Why, you were one of

them yourself, sir! How dare you come here again in this manner I believe you are spies. Be off!"

"I was not here yesterday, nor near here," replied Harold.

"You give me the lie, do you, you impudent young jackanapes!" roared the now angry old man, beginning to flourish his gun in a threatening way and to descend the steps of his verandah. "And do you think I have lost the use of my eyes and do not know whom and what I see? I saw you when you stood out from the rest, the very nearest of the party to the house, and couldn't be in error. Now, clear out of here without another word, both of you! Ye seem to be unarmed. Go before I shoot you down!"

Harold was disposed to remain and see the matter out, but I saw that the enraged man was dreadfully in earnest and was likely to do what he threatened. Others now appeared at various doors and windows, including a number of the black people, who were armed, like their master. I took Harold by the arm and told him of the utter folly of remaining, under the circumstances, and half dragged him away. I think he saw the force of it, but he had in his eyes the look that Colonel Bayard told me of when he whipped Jim Wherry. I know he went reluctantly, and that such a thing as fear of the angry man with the gun did not occur to him.

General Nevill remained where he was and watched us until we regained the strip of woodland along the creek, and then returned to the house. We moved along a short distance until we gained a thick clump of willows into which we passed, with the intention of remaining for a time to take note of what might occur,

without being seen either from the house or from the road which passed along some distance up the hillside, beyond the creek. I had not heard the particulars of the attack of the day before, so the dialogue between the Inspector and Harold had been inexplicable to me. I was now about to ask my companion concerning it, when other things took our attention for the time.

First we caught sight of a squad of soldiers coming up the road from the direction of Pittsburgh. They were marching rapidly, and with the officer in command of the squad was a man in civilian's clothes, but of unmistakable military bearing. We counted ten men in the uniform of United States soldiers besides the subaltern in command. They crossed the creek and marched quickly to the mansion on the hill, where they were received by General Nevill and shown into the house.

Soon after this the Inspector came out, mounted his horse which had been brought around for him, and started off by the road over which the soldiers had come. We watched these proceedings with a great deal of interest, and Harold remarked:

"They are getting ready to give the Tinker's men a warm reception when they come, and I would not be surprised to hear of serious times here before the day is over. Don't you think it would be better now to act on Colonel Bayard's advice and get out of this before they come? I don't think we can do any more in the search for father now, and it may be that he got away and went home while we were coming here."

I agreed with him that it was time to be getting out of that locality. We were about to start when we saw a body of men marching down the valley and approach-

ing the spot where we were concealed. There seemed to be a great number of them, and all were armed. They were officered and were marching with military precision. It was then too late for us to leave our place of concealment, if we wished to escape their observation, so we decided to remain where we were for the present. We could not doubt that this was the body of men that had been called together to take vengeance on the Inspector. When they drew nearer we recognized many of them.

They halted at a point almost opposite where we were hidden, in plain view of us, but concealed yet from the house on the hill by the trees among which they still remained. We soon saw that they were telling off and posting guards, and from the courses taken by the various squads we perceived that a cordon of them was being thrown around the Nevill mansion in true military style. If a squad should be left to guard the position we then occupied, it would be impossible for us to leave the place without discovery. We thought it highly probable that they would not neglect to do this, and soon found that we had surmised correctly, for the main body began moving up the hillside, still in the concealment afforded by the woods, but leaving two men to guard the position they had been occupying. However unwillingly, we were going to witness the attack, for our position commanded an unobstructed view of the house.

That the whole story may be told, we must now go back a little in the movements of this army, as I afterwards learned them. During the whole night and early morning hours excited men gathered in squads at the Mingo meeting-house. Revenge was their cry, and

at an early hour in the day almost the whole of the regiment of militia was there. Colonel Hamilton was absent, but the gathering included a very large representation of the inferior officers and men, gathered as if for a muster. A goodly number who were not of the militia also gathered, armed and equipped for the march.

In thus assembling there were many exciting scenes by the way. Impressment was made of a number who did not show a willingness to volunteer in the enterprise, and they were compelled to go along. Of the many stories of this kind told, only one can be repeated here. One party coming the night before from the interior of Washington county, so as to be at the Mingo meeting-house in ample time for the start, stopped at the home of William Jones, a stalwart blacksmith, and demanded that he should accompany them. He refused, and advised them to abandon their lawless scheme. They threatened to burn him out if he did not do something to show his sympathy for their cause, but he was inexorable. His wife, hearing them say they needed horses, and fearing they would put their threats into execution, went to the stable, brought out their old family horse, "Morgan," and delivered it to them, when they went on their way. It was a queer burden that the old horse was to carry before he came back to his stable, but it preserved his name to history. The horse itself lived to a very old age, and its owner is one of the few actors in those scenes still surviving when these lines are being penned.*

It was a motley assemblage that took the road early that morning. Most of the men were mounted, though

* William Jones died in 1863, aged one hundred years.

a goodly number were on foot, and they carried all kinds of arms. This contingent made up by far the largest part of the force which later in the day made the attack on the Nevill mansion, but the place of general assemblage was at Couche's Fort, an old block-house of the days of Indian depredations in that section. This was on their direct road to Nevill's, and four miles from it. Many men joined the party on the way.

Arrived at Couche's Fort, a considerable number was found to have assembled there. They now proceeded to organize, and the Mingo Society men, being greatly in the majority, had no difficulty in controlling the organization. The first thing was the selection of a committee of three to have general direction of the expedition. John Hollcroft, Benjamin Parkinson and William Miller were chosen to act in that capacity. It then devolved on the committee to designate an officer to have immediate command over the men. Miller suggested Hollcroft, but he declined assuming that responsibility again, and nominated Parkinson, who as President of the Society, could be expected to exercise good control over the men, most of whom belonged to it. But Parkinson also declined on the ground that he had no military knowledge, and he thought one thus equipped should be chosen to command. It was then agreed unanimously by the committee to offer the command to Major James McFarlane, whose soldierly attainments made him eminently capable in that particular, and who was also the ranking officer of the militia in the expedition. He was prevailed on to accept it, but with evident reluctance.

It was just at this point that the meeting had an un-

expected interruption by the appearance of the Reverend John Clark, who besought the angry men to give up their unholy expedition and return to their homes. Mr. Clark, who had been pastor of the old Lebanon and Bethel Presbyterian churches, was seventy-six years old at this time, and was living in retirement near by. He was of very venerable appearance, and rendered the more so by a large white wig that he wore. The men, for the most part, heard him in sullen silence as he pleaded so earnestly with them, and were not deterred from their purpose, though a few seemed to be impressed and to waver for a time in their determination. But the majority prevailed and the column moved forward, leaving the old clergyman sorrowfully watching it from the roadside.

For some reason Major McFarlane seemed greatly depressed, and the episode just described appeared to deepen this feeling in him. An acquaintance of the commander from Brownsville chanced to be on his way to Pittsburg that day and fell in with the party, riding with Major McFarlane for a time. He said afterwards that the Major admitted to him the rashness of the proceeding, but said it was then too late for him to turn back!

On arriving within about half a mile of the Nevill house, the horses were left in charge of men who were not armed, or poorly so, and the party proceeded on foot to where the halt was made to post pickets, as we have seen. The column then marched up over the hill, so as to approach the house to the nearest point under cover of the woods.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ATTACK.

THE committee posted itself on an eminence which commanded a view of the Nevill mansion and its surroundings, and Major McFarlane drew his men up in the edge of the woods, nearest to the house. Everything there betokened careful preparation for resisting an assault, and one of the first surprises encountered by the besieging party was in the discovery that the house was garrisoned by United States soldiers. The fact was that General Nevill, on the day before, after the withdrawal of the force under Hollcroft, had ridden to Pittsburgh and besought the commandant of the militia there to send a force to protect his house, which he represented to be in danger. He received the reply that the Governor only, under the law, could order out the militia for such a purpose. He then appealed to the judges of the court to raise a *posse comitatus*, and was informed that this power lay in the hands of the sheriff of the county. In a conference between that official and the judges it was decided that while the officer had the power legally to do what was requested, in the state of the country then existing it was not practicable.

In that situation of affairs the Inspector had called on his brother-in-law, Major Abraham Kirkpatrick, a veteran of the Revolution, and besought him to intercede with the commandant of the Federal garrison and try to prevail on him to send a force of soldiers to

guard the house. General Nevill left this matter in the hands of Major Kirkpatrick, and returned to his home that evening. The result we have seen in the arrival next day of Kirkpatrick and the detail of soldiers. Major Kirkpatrick was the man we saw in civilian's clothes. By his advice the Inspector left for Pittsburgh shortly after, leaving the soldiers and his own people to deal with any who might come. Both Harold and I, from our place of concealment, thought the little officer at the head of the line of soldiers, when they marched up the hill and into the house, looked like Ensign Sample, and the correctness of our surmise was verified later. He had been ordered to command the squad detailed for this purpose, but later, inside the house, Kirkpatrick seems to have had supreme command of the forces.

Major McFarlane now sent a small party, under a white flag, and on their approach Kirkpatrick opened a window for the parley which seemed to be desired. A demand was made for the surrender of the Inspector, his inspection books, and official papers, including his commission. The reply was sent back that General Nevill was not in the house. A second flag was sent with a demand that six men of the besieging party be allowed to enter the house and make search for the Inspector and the desired documents. Kirkpatrick sent back a curt refusal, coupled with the declaration that he had an ample force there to defend the house and would do so. A third flag was now sent, with notice for all women and children in the house to vacate it. This being done and the non-combatants removed to a place of safety, the insurgents at once opened fire, which was briskly returned from the house. Thus it continued for some time without any particular result, those in the

house being well protected, while their assailants were under cover of the woods. By this time the afternoon was well advanced.

After this had been going on for some time the pickets at the post near us evidently became imbued with the excitement of the hour, so as to forget what they had been placed there for, and they moved up the hill to take part in the general engagement. Now was our opportunity to escape from our place of concealment and get away unobserved. But so absorbing was the scene being enacted that it was not in human nature to leave, now we had the opportunity. It is true we left the cover of the bushes, but instead of taking the road for home, without a word to one another of our intention, we began moving up the hill in the woods, to get a nearer view. The result was we soon found ourselves on the edge of the force of insurgents and quite near to their commander, who was standing in the protection of a big tree, giving his orders.

Under like shelter we watched the proceedings. There came a lull in the firing from the house, and Major McFarlane, doubtless thinking a parley was desired, stepped from behind the tree and threw up his hand in signal for his followers to withhold their fire. They did so, but at that instant a shot rang out from the house, and McFarlane sank to the earth.

God forgive me! I am afraid in the first moment as I witnessed this my feeling had in it something of exultation. But do not judge me too harshly until you have been similarly placed, ye who shall read these lines long after I shall have gone, with him, to meet the Judge of all. I am glad I can truly record that my next thought was one more worthy. There rose up before me

the vision of a sweet face, stamped with the grief of what was practically widowhood. Then I did what I thought she would have done, had she been there. Without a thought of the danger to me, I went quickly to where he lay, knelt down and lifted his head on my knees. It was evident that he was dying. He muttered something in Gaelic that I did not understand, then opened his eyes wide, gazed into mine and said, "She was right," and, with a sigh, expired.

When they saw their leader fall the fury of the besieging force was redoubled. From that time they bore little resemblance to an investing army, under discipline or command of any kind, but became an angry mob, bent on destruction and vengeance.. The firing was resumed and continued with greater fury than ever. A message was sent to the committee by some of the cooler heads to know if, in their judgment, the house should be stormed, but before any answer could be received events had so been shaped that the course suggested was seen to be unnecessary. Richard Hollcroft, son of John, at the head of a few daring spirits, had worked his way around to the barn and the younger Holleroft himself put a brand to it. It was soon in flames, and the fire quickly communicated to the other outbuildings and negro quarters.

In the intense heat thrown off from the burning buildings so near it, the end of the dwelling house began to blister and smoke, and when, a few minutes later, a blazing brand, carried up by the vortex of fire, dropped upon the roof, a yell went up from the crowd. This was repeated in an exultant cheer when, after smoking there a short while, a blaze shot up around it. Soon it was evident that the mansion was

doomed, and when its roof was all ablaze the beleaguered force put out a white flag and the attack ceased. The defenders marched out and were secured by some of the insurgents, while others of these busied themselves in rolling casks of liquor from the cellar of the burning building to some distance, where they were tapped and the victory was celebrated by imbibing freely of the contents.

Three of the soldiers had been wounded, but not seriously. A few of the insurgents also had sustained wounds, but the only fatality was that of James McFarlane. The fire continued to burn until it had destroyed all the buildings except one small one which the negroes begged should be spared because it contained their bacon, and thus the finest farm mansion in the country west of the Monongahela at that time was utterly consumed.

The soldiers were allowed to go their way, after being detained a short time, and took up their march to Pittsburgh. The insurgent force seemed to be relieved to be rid of them, for it was realized that the situation might become an embarrassing one for them to be holding United States soldiers as prisoners of war. As they were moving off Ensign Sample came face-to-face with Harold, and, giving him a quick, surprised look, he nodded, spoke, and passed on at the head of his command. Kirkpatrick was held and was informed by some of the insurgents that he was to be taken to the Mingo meeting-house where he would be hanged.

"Well," said he, "where is a horse? I cannot walk."

Just at that moment he observed a man drawing a sharp sight on him with a gun, and he remarked:

“What a fool you are to shoot me; don’t you know I am going to be hanged?”

The man lowered his rifle. Seeing these things, I concluded that whatever else Major Kirkpatrick was, he was no coward, though his gallant defense of the house until he and his companions were burned out had proved that.

There were other prisoners besides Kirkpatrick. Colonel Presley Nevill, who was a son of the Inspector, with Marshal Lenox, had ridden out to the Nevill place, heavily armed, to participate in its defense, but had arrived too late, coming on the scene when the house was in flames. They were captured by some of the outposts, and were brought up to the scene just about the time of Kirkpatrick’s surrender. These were offered various indignities, and for a time all of the prisoners were in great personal danger from the men who were rapidly becoming drunken on the Inspector’s liquor. There was much disappointment that General Nevill was not found in the house, as many of the besiegers confidently believed he would be, notwithstanding the first message that had come from Major Kirkpatrick. Had the Inspector fallen into their hands short work would surely have been made of him.

One thing I observed that day was that a number of the officers of the militia were careful not to drink to excess and remained cool throughout, while nearly all of those making up the party under them drank recklessly and were soon in a condition to render them incapable either of formulating or carrying out any well defined plan of action. This confirms me in what many of the officers have since claimed — that they were there to exercise such restraint as they could over

men who were determined to execute vengeance. And it was this, I think, which prevented other tragedies being enacted that day.

Finally Colonel Nevill and Major Lenox were let go, on the promise of the latter that he would not serve any more processes west of the mountains, Colonel Nevill becoming surety for him in this particular. (It afterwards developed that he had already served on William Miller the last of these papers with which he had been charged.) The release of Marshal Lenox was on a sort of parole, he having stipulated that he would surrender himself to a committee of the insurgents if wanted again. It was largely due to Benjamin Parkinson that these men were allowed their freedom, even on this condition. A committee attended them some distance, to secure their safety from some who seemed determined to wreak vengeance on them. They actually were recaptured and had another narrow escape from death, but finally effected their escape from their drunken captors.

The cavalcade now prepared for the return march, and it was with mixed feelings that the men turned their faces homeward. The more thoughtless of them, if sober enough to admit of orderly thinking, were swayed by conflicting emotions of jubilation over their triumph and grief over the death of their leader. But some who now thought soberly on the whole situation were filled with forebodings as to the outcome of this day's doings, for, taken with the disorder and forcible resistance which had gone before, it was rebellion against the authority of the United States government.

The horses were brought up and the return began. The column was in marked contrast to that which had

come over the same road a few hours before. Then military precision had marked its movement, and its commander had ridden a splendid horse at the head. Now it was little more than a mob, so far as any military order was concerned, and many of the troopers were yelling like Indians. And the commander? Ah! the pity of it! No vehicle was at hand, so he must be mounted, and thus conveyed back on the homeward way. His own spirited charger snorted and plunged so when an attempt was made to put the grewsome burden on his back that the effort had to be given up. So old Morgan was led up and the body of Major McFarlane was set upon him, and thus began the march.

I shuddered as I saw him, and there arose before my eyes again that fair vision of one at the other end of the journey, bowed under the weight of a great sorrow. He who had made such a fine figure on horseback was now crouched there, his head drooping forward, with mouth agape and bearded chin upon his breast, his dull eyes staring straight out from the ghastly face, and the blood still slowly trickling from the wound in his body. A man riding at each side supported a shoulder, but only partially prevented the lurching and swaying of the inanimate form. Thus he went, in the midst of the troop, instead of at its head, as in the coming.

Harold and I now thought it a good time to get away from the crowd, and in the confusion incident to the start, succeeded in withdrawing quietly and without attracting attention to our going. Indeed a goodly number were there on foot, and these were going off in small groups at the time. I have since thought it strange that some of those who had been there the

day before did not take Harold to task for the scene there, or ask him something about his father, but probably in the excitement and crowd he was not noticed by any who had been in the party under Holcroft. And darkness had fallen before the crowd got away. I now thought of the strange conversation between my companion and General Nevill, and asked him about it. He said he did not know what the Inspector meant, but that he must have mistaken another for him. This was all that was said on the matter, but he was silent for some time after and seemed to be busy with his own thoughts.

We learned afterwards that Major Kirkpatrick succeeded in making his escape on the road to Mingo that night in the darkness, with the aid of Captain Coulter of the militia and David Hamilton, a justice of the peace, at considerable risk to these, and he subsequently made his way to his home in Pittsburgh.

We reached our home village late that night, and were the first bearers of the tidings of that fateful day's doings. As may be imagined, the word we brought caused great excitement. John Harden had not returned, nor had any word of him come to his home when we reached it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MEETING AT MINGO.

THE excitement throughout the western counties was greatly increased when word was circulated of the destruction of the Nevill house and the circumstances attendant thereon. And with many the feeling of resistance to the government in enforcing the excise law was intensified. Naturally there were exaggerations of some of the circumstances. It was frequently heard that a white flag had been treacherously displayed from the house, by which Major McFarlane was enticed from cover, to be murdered in cold blood. One report, frequently heard and which soon came to be widely believed among the insurgents, was that it was Major Kirkpatrick himself who had shot him.

The body of the fallen leader was brought on the night of his death to his brother's home on the Monongahela, and was buried on the following day in the ground adjoining the Mingo meeting-house. The occasion brought an immense throng of people together, saddened by the death of the leader, and many of them half frenzied in mind and wild with rage against those who were most actively opposed to their position. It was even proposed and vehemently advocated that an army of one thousand men be raised (which could easily have been done) to march to Pittsburgh and take summary vengeance on their enemies. But a

committee was appointed to take into consideration the situation and suggest the wisest steps next to be taken, and its more moderate counsel prevailed. The decision was to appoint a delegation which should go to Pittsburgh and meet the Inspector and Marshal, demanding of the former the resignation of his commission and of the latter the surrender of the writs he had served, to prevent the possibility of their being returned in the East. The committee also called a meeting to convene at Mingo meeting-house five days later, to consider the whole situation.

David Hamilton was deputed to go to Pittsburgh. He did not meet the elder Nevill, but had a conference with his son and Marshal Lenox. The latter said he had only promised not to serve any more writs west of the mountains, but had not agreed not to make return of the ones he had served, and would not so agree now. Furthermore he said that after being set at liberty on his parole he had been recaptured by a party of the insurgents and put to further indignities, finally escaping from them by his own efforts, so that he felt his parole was no longer binding. This report, brought back to the committee, did not serve to soften the asperities of the general situation, and when it became generally known produced an uglier mood than ever on the part of the disaffected people.

The day following that on which this conference was held General Nevill and Marshal Lenox took a hurried departure from Pittsburgh, in the midst of a great storm, going in a small boat down the Ohio river. They proceeded as far as Marietta, and from there plunged into the wilderness of western Virginia, and finally made their way to the East, where their reports

were made to the authorities of the government, and were largely instrumental in the decisive steps taken for the suppression of the Insurrection by President Washington and the officers of his administration.

At this time also Tom the Tinker was heard from in a characteristic proclamation. On the day following the burial of Major McFarlane a notice was found posted on a tree near the residence of a distiller who had refused to go on the expedition to the Nevill house, with pointed instruction for him to see that it should appear in the next issue of the Pittsburgh Gazette, and accordingly it was duly printed in that paper. It was as follows:

ADVERTISEMENT.

In taking a survey of the troops under my command, in the late expedition against that insolent exciseman, John Nevill, I find there were a great many delinquents amongst those who carry on distilling. It will therefore be observed that Tom the Tinker will not suffer any certain class, or set of men, to be excluded from the service of this my district, when notified to attend on any expedition in order to obstruct the execution of the law, and obtain a repeal thereof. And I do declare, upon my solemn word, that if such delinquents do not come forth on the next alarm, in equipments, and give their assistance, as in them lies, in opposing the execution, and obtaining a repeal of the excise laws, he, or they, will be deemed enemies, and standing opposed to the virtuous principles of republican liberty, and shall receive punishment according to the nature of the offense, and that at least the consumption of his distillery.

TOM THE TINKER.

July 19, 1794.

In the midst of all these exciting occurrences Mary Colling lay seriously ill at her home, having taken her bed on the night that the insurgent army came marching back from the attack on the Nevill house. Very deep and very general sympathy was felt and expressed for her, it being the common understanding that she had been the promised wife of the dead commander. It was many weeks before she was able to be up and about again, and then she was but a shadow of her former self. I did not see her for some time after that, for a feeling of the delicacy of the situation kept me from obtruding my presence on her. But finally when I did see her, her pitiful appearance smote me deeply. I could scarce restrain the words of sympathy which sprang to my lips. But I felt it best not to utter these, lest the utterance could not be checked until it had told another story that was in my heart, for I felt that I now loved her more fondly than ever. Truly "pity is akin to love," and I found that the two sentiments in my breast were closely mingled. Of course such a declaration from me then would have been unseemly, and I feared, as I looked upon her, that the passion which prompted it would be hopeless for all time. So I merely expressed my pleasure in seeing her so far recovered from her illness as to be able to be about again, and then directed the conversation in other channels.

The meeting at Mingo was duly held and brought together a host of prominent men from different parts of the disaffected region, with many of those who had been at the burning of the Nevill house. Colonel Cook was there from Fayette county, and was called to preside. There was also a party of Pittsburgh gentlemen present who came, by invitation, to offer their advice.



OLD MINGO MEETING-HOUSE.
From an old Print.

The meeting was opened with the reading of a letter from Colonel Presley Nevill, in which he told of the departure of the Inspector and the Marshal, repudiated the surety given by the latter and himself because he alleged the conditions had been violated by the people to whom it was given, and wound up by praising Kirkpatrick for his intrepidity. This letter, however true it might have been, was not politic and only served to exasperate those who heard it. The affair at Nevill's was then described by eye-witnesses for the information of those who had not been there, and was discussed at some length, when Benjamin Parkinson arose and said:

"We know what has been done. We wish to know whether what has been done is right or wrong, and whether we are to be supported or left to ourselves?"

An ominous silence followed these words. It was felt to be a critical time. Many were there who were publicly known to have been engaged in an enterprise which was plainly in violation of the law, if it did not, indeed, rise to the gravity of rebellion against the government. Heretofore the outbreaks had been under cover of darkness, or men had gone with masked or blackened faces or other disguises when they had injured officers of the law or complying distillers in person or property. But the two expeditions against the Nevill house had been in broad daylight and with no effort at concealment. Should those who were not thus implicated now align themselves with the ones who were, and all stand together in meeting the measures which, it was felt by many, the government would now institute in vindicating its authority and power? It was a time for men to assert themselves, and it would have been a brave man indeed who would have arisen

and made a bold defense of the government in that presence. None attempted it.

James Marshal finally spoke, saying that the question was not as to what had been done, but what was to be done in the future. But he did not venture any suggestions along that line.

David Bradford now arose. He was a lawyer and politician. He had declined to go on the expedition against the Nevill house when urged, because, as he explained, he was the prosecuting attorney for Washington county, and might later have to take cognizance of the matter in his official capacity. But from this time he was committed wholly to the Insurrection, and soon became its recognized leader. He was bold, boisterous and impulsive; vain and fond of popular favor, but ever fearful of losing it; possessed of a certain eloquence calculated to sway men, and especially the unthinking ones; having the capacity for laying broad plans, but lacking the stamina necessary for carrying them out. Had not this last been true, much more serious results must have followed the Insurrection of 1794, and history have been written differently. He now made a most inflammatory speech, applauding what had been done and demanding that it be put to a vote whether or not those present would pledge their approval and support of those who had destroyed the Inspector's house.

Again there was a painful silence. Participants in the affair at Nevill's were encouraged by Bradford's speech, but many of those who were called on to approve of it were correspondingly depressed. At this juncture Hugh H. Brackenridge, of Pittsburgh, was requested to speak. He was at that time the recognized leader

of the western bar, had served in the State Legislature and was a candidate for Congress. In politics he was opposed to the policy of the administration in power and to the imposition of the excise. He was of most adroit address, and a view over the whole history of what followed shows that he performed valuable service in composing the unhappy differences of that period, though he frequently seemed to agree with those who were heart and soul on the side of the Insurrection. He afterwards became one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the state.

His speech on this occasion was a most able and timely one. He spoke in sympathy for those who suffered hardship because of the excise and got all in a better humor by telling some amusing anecdotes. He told of the flight of the Inspector and Marshal, the subsequent closing of the inspection office and the resignation of the collector at Pittsburgh, followed by the precipitate tearing down of the sign from the collection office by a son-in-law of the Inspector. He painted that scene with a touch of humor which brought a roar of laughter. He said he and his colleagues from Pittsburgh were not authorized to vote on any proposition, not having been sent there for that purpose, but could give their advice as fellow citizens, identified with the welfare of the country. Then, recurring to Parkinson's question, he said that the act might be morally right, but it was legally wrong—it was treason, and it might be expected that the President would call out the militia as a result—in fact it was his duty to do so.

This caused a sensation, and mingled dismay and rage were stamped on the faces of many who had been

participants in the recent expedition. But the speaker continued, saying that the President would reflect on the difficulty of getting the militia to march on such an expedition, as all would have to be brought from other states or the extreme eastern part of Pennsylvania. In that case he would probably be disposed to offer amnesty, if interceded with; and this intercession would come with better grace from those who had not been engaged in the unlawful acts than from those who had been; therefore it was not to the interest of the latter to involve others but to allow them to be free to act as mediators with the government.

Here the chairman gave a nod of appreciation and some who were not implicated in the outbreak experienced great relief, but the countenances of the others were lowering. The speaker proceeded, pointing now to the difficulty the people would have in maintaining what they had done, representing but a small section of the whole country with its power and authority, and being wholly unprepared in the matters of arms and munitions of war. The benevolent mind and policy of Washington were referred to, and the speaker expressed the opinion that it would be effective in bringing amnesty if a judicious delegation were sent to intercede with the Executive on the subject of what had been "rashly and illegally done," as he termed it. He volunteered to go himself as one of such a delegation and wound up by saying that as the present meeting was not in any proper sense representative of the whole district interested, being rather a mass-meeting than a gathering of duly accredited delegates with power to act, his advice would be that there be called a larger

meeting, co-extensive with the Fourth Survey, before any important step should be taken.

This politic address had the effect of preventing the vote being taken, which probably would have precipitated at once a civil war with all its horrors. The matter of a vote was not again urged, even by Bradford, and after appointing a Committee of Safety and adopting a resolution instructing this committee to call such a meeting as was proposed by Mr. Brackenridge, the gathering adjourned. It was felt by most that this was the best thing to do, but some of the men who lingered about expressed discontent that more radical action had not been taken. Those especially who had been active at Nevill's were plainly apprehensive of the outcome.

CHAPTER XXV.

A CONSPIRACY.

FROM that time the effort of those who had been prominent in the expedition which resulted in the burning of the Inspector's house was directed towards getting others implicated with them. This was the spirit shown in the proclamation of Tom the Tinker, given in the preceding chapter, and it was indicated in various other ways. A few days after the Mingo meeting the Committee of Safety issued the call for the delegate meeting. August 14 was named as the time and Parkinson's Ferry, on the Monongahela river, the place, the meeting to be composed of representatives of the four counties of western Pennsylvania and Ohio county, Virginia.

Had the people been allowed to settle down into quietness in the intervening weeks the probability is strong that the end of the trouble would have come speedily as a result of this gathering. But the active spirits in opposition to the government would not have it so. They were determined, if possible, to array the whole western country against the Federal authority, in the hope that it would be deemed too great an undertaking to cope with this opposition, and the excise law would either be repealed or the effort to enforce it in the western country abandoned. Those who had been engaged in the destruction of the Inspector's house had the additional incentive of personal safety, for they

argued that if the whole western country could be involved and arrayed with them, the numbers concerned would prevent the government taking extreme measures with them as individuals. And, as it came out later, some ambitious ones there were who went further and hoped to make this the occasion for the creation of an independent state in the west. Notably was this the case with David Bradford.

Two matters which came to light between the Mingo and Parkinson's Ferry meetings, both of which were traced to him as the one most responsible for their inception and carrying out, had much to do with keeping this feeling alive. The first of these was the robbing of the mail and the other grew out of it in the rendezvous at Braddock's Field. On the way to the Mingo meeting Bradford had proposed to some others the interception of the mail, in the hope of learning what information was being sent to the East concerning the recent doings, and this was successfully carried out three days later. Two men delegated for the purpose met the man who was carrying the mail from Pittsburgh to the East, at a point a few miles from Greensburg, and forced him to give it up. The packets from Washington and Pittsburgh were taken out and the remainder of the mail was returned to the carrier. The stolen packets were opened by Bradford and a few others whom he called in conference in an upper room of a tavern in Canonsburg. The mail from Washington was not found to contain anything to which objection could be made but that from Pittsburgh revealed a number of letters the perusal of which threw Bradford into a towering rage.

These letters were from Colonel Presley Nevill to

General Daniel Morgan, from General Gibson and James Brison to Governor Mifflin, from Edward Day to the Secretary of the Treasury and from Major Thomas Butler (commandant at the fort) to the Secretary of War. They gave account of the recent outrages and expressed condemnatory opinions of the actors in them. They opened the eyes of the conspirators to the light in which they were held by leading citizens of Pittsburgh and to the situation in which they were placed. Their rage was enkindled against the writers of the letters, and they resolved, if possible, to be revenged on them. At the same time they realized that it was all the more important now to get the whole western country involved, that there might be a more general sharing of the responsibility for lawless acts. Parkinson asked the lawyer what would be done with those known to be connected with the attack on and burning of Nevill's house, if the government should follow up the matter with the rigor that was feared.

"They will be hanged," promptly replied Bradford, and then he followed that up with a harangue on the importance of standing by those thus implicated, for all who had taken a decided stand against the excise had some share in the responsibility for the outbreaks and would be held to account.

The result of this gathering was the hatching of a plot by which it was hoped to punish the Pittsburgh informers, at the same time involve a large part of the men in a lawless proceeding, and put into the hands of the insurgents arms and munitions of war with which to meet any force that the government might send against them. In brief, it contemplated the assembling of the militia at Braddock's Field, which was the place

of the annual rendezvous of the whole division, a march on Pittsburgh the reduction of the fort and seizing of the arms and ammunition then stored there in considerable quantity; also the capture of the writers of the letters to which objection was made, and their incarceration in the jail at Washington.

Thus will men, when they get started on a wrong course and find it necessary to cover their tracks, go to lengths that they would not have dreamed of in the outset. These were all men who in the ordinary things of life were respectable and upright. They were really representative men in their several communities. Nearly all of them were then or had been sworn officers of the law. I knew some of them personally and esteemed them for their undoubted good qualities. I make all due allowance for the hardness with which the excise law bore on them and their neighbors, but I do not sympathize with the labored efforts that have been made by some writers to condone and gloss over their fault. They were wrong, and wrong is never right!

All of the objects of the gathering were not stated in the call when it was made. That Bradford communicated all that was in his mind to his associates at that time is not certain. But the objects of the gathering were generally understood to be as outlined above, and some of the more violent, in discussing the proposed expedition, coupled with these the project of sacking and burning the town. A great resentment for its people had arisen in many minds, because it was thought that as a class they were enemies of the common cause. Pittsburgh at that time contained a population of about one thousand souls, and the garrison of the fort was weak in numbers. Fort Fayette itself

was a mere stockade on the bank of the Allegheny river.

The call for the assemblage was signed by the junto who had concocted the scheme. Its bombastic style was undoubtedly that of Bradford. A copy was addressed to the colonel of each regiment of militia and it read as follows:

Having had suspicions that the Pittsburgh post would carry with him the sentiments of some of the people of the county respecting our present situation, and the letters by the post being now in our possession, by which certain secrets are discovered, hostile to our interests, it is, therefore, now come to that crisis when every citizen must express his sentiments, not by his word, but by his actions. You are then called upon, as a citizen of the western country, to render your personal service, with as many volunteers as you can raise, to rendezvous at your usual place of meeting on Wednesday next, and thence you will march to the usual place of rendezvous at Braddock's Field, on the Monongahela, on Friday, the 1st day of August next, to be there at two o'clock in the afternoon, with arms and accoutrements in good order. If any volunteers shall want arms and ammunition, bring them forward, and they shall be supplied as well as possible. Here, sir, is an expedition proposed in which you will have an opportunity of displaying your military talents and of rendering service to your country. Four days provisions will be wanted — let the men be thus supplied.

This call immediately became known throughout the country, and on the part of the people generally met with approval. Some commanders saw in it a peril into which they hesitated to go, but their men took matters into their own hands and ordered the officers

to lead them forth. Some went with the hope of restraining their men from violence, while others led forth their commands in full approval of the project. A curious thing took place in the few days between the issuance of the order and the assemblage, which showed the vacillating character of David Bradford and his conflicting desires to attain his ambition and also be on the popular side. Some who saw the peril of the proceeding raised such a protest against it that he issued an order in these words: "Upon receiving some late intelligence from our runners, we have been informed that the ammunition we were about to seize was destined for General Scott, who is just going out against the Indians. We therefore have concluded not to touch it. I give you this early notice that your brave men of war need not turn out until further notice."

Then a storm of protest arose over this. A public meeting was held in Washington, and the people poured in there from the surrounding country and demanded that the expedition be allowed to proceed. Bradford, seeing the temper of the people, made a speech in which he was more inflammatory than he had ever been before, and denied that he had consented to the countermand, though a copy of it was afterwards produced in his handwriting and over his signature. The time being so short, this later document did not get wide circulation in time to deter many from going, and at the appointed time the men began marching to the designated rendezvous by the thousands. Colonel Cook, being among the more remote commanders from the principal center of disturbance, withheld knowledge of the call from his men, but went himself, as he afterwards claimed, to aid in restraining the more violent.

In many places the efforts of the clergy were put forth to dissuade men from engaging in this enterprise, with but little apparent result. Indeed, all through this troublous period, the ministers of the several denominations, with but few exceptions, stood firm on the side of the government, and boldly preached against resistance. But the men seemed to think this was an occasion which did not call for their interference, and so, for the most part, went right on in their course, though some undoubtedly were restrained by the earnest pleading of these men of God.

While the exciting scenes described in preceding pages were being enacted, how was it going with our friends in the village on the Monongahela? Some interesting things had been occurring there. John Harden did not return, and his son and sister were in deep anxiety concerning his fate when, some time after the second attack on the Nevill house, word came that the dead body of a man had been found there. Harold asked me to accompany him again, and I agreed to do so. This time, Colonel Bayard supplying us with horses from his stable, we rode. When we arrived at the place we had difficulty in finding anybody, the family having taken up their abode in Pittsburgh and taken the servants with them.

The place had a most dreary aspect as we now saw it in the glare of day, the fire having occurred after the shades of evening had fallen. Blackened patches marked the sites of the former buildings, and where the stately mansion had stood there remained only white chimneys, standing like spectral sentinels. Smoke was still curling up from a mound which had been grain in

the barn, and the smell of burnt things was still on the air.

We finally found an old negro on Colonel Presley Nevill's farm, adjoining the homestead, who had been left in charge of the two places. He was very suspicious of us at first, and did not want to answer any questions, not knowing what trouble might next come upon him. But when we assured him that we had no part in or sympathy with the warfare being waged against his master he became more communicative, and admitted in answer to our inquiry, that a dead body had been found some days after the burning of the house, in an obscure place in the corn-field, back of the site of the house. Asked to give some description of this, he said:

"Well, sah, I doan' know as I kin do dat. I spec's he didn't look much when he's 'libe like he look when we fin' him. He bin layin' out in de hot weddah some days den, an' he's more'n ready to bury. We gets him undah groun' 'mejately, if not soonah. But I'se got his ol' pipe an' hat. Mebbe you know dem t'ings."?

He shuffled off into an adjoining cabin and soon returned with the articles. Only a glance was necessary on Harold's part, and I was sufficiently familiar with the articles to identify them. They had undoubtedly been the property of John Harden. I drew the black man aside and talked with him a few minutes, for I felt that Harold would like to be alone. Uncle Eli, for so he told me he was called, recounted to me the circumstances of the finding of the body. The odor from it first directed attention to it. Search was made and it was soon found some distance up in the field, among the growing corn. A plain trail in the soft

earth showed where the wounded man had dragged himself from the edge of the woods where he fell. A few dark spots here and there showed that he was bleeding at the time. The negroes being alone at the place, had buried the body and had been afraid to say anything about it at first, but later it had leaked out. Uncle Eli seemed to be relieved when he had unburdened himself of this information. Besides thanking him warmly we left a little reward in his hand which brought a great scraping of his feet and pulling the one lock that remained above his forehead.

He took us to the place of the burial, and after we had marked it well with stones we returned home. It was long after that until Harold could have the bones disinterred and removed to the burial ground that had been established on the hill overlooking the village of his residence.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GATHERING AT BRADDOCK'S FIELD.

COLONEL Bayard had entertained visitors a few weeks before the events we have been considering, in the persons of the Honorable Albert Gallatin and his wife. Mr. Gallatin had been happily married the second time a few months before, and was now bringing his bride to her new home on the Monongahela. Having come by way of Pittsburgh, that he might transact some business there, they were driving from that place to Friendship Hill and made a stop with the Bayards at the end of the first day's short drive, in response to a pressing invitation of the Colonel, who had met Mr. Gallatin in Pittsburgh the day before. The couple seemed much devoted to one another, and it was, indeed, the beginning of a very happy married life.

Mr. Gallatin had seen some changes since our meeting with him at Colonel Cook's, three years before. He had attained to such prominence in the Legislature of the state that his election to the United States Senate quickly followed. But his service in that capacity was brief, for, not having been a naturalized citizen of the country for quite the nine years required to render him eligible to hold a seat in that body, his election was declared void after he had been in the Senate but a few months. At that time he was out of politics and was going to his home in the hope of a term of quiet, but

the fates had decreed otherwise. He was still much interested in the questions growing out of the excise excitement, but from his own observation and from reading of the French Revolution he had learned the danger of giving encouragement to anything which savored of resistance to law and constituted authority. These had taught him what Colonel Bayard had tried to impress on him and his friend three years before — the uncontrollable nature of large popular assemblages when they get headed the wrong way. He now frankly admitted this, as later, in the Pennsylvania Legislature, he confessed his “one political sin,” in subscribing to the intemperate resolutions of the Pittsburgh meeting.

Mr. Gallatin had improved much in his use of English by this time, though still having a marked foreign accent, and was a most ready and convincing talker. After remaining over night he proceeded on his way to his home near New Geneva, and in the succeeding weeks was a most prominent figure in the effort to bring about submission.

On the day calling for the assemblage at Braddock's Field Sim announced his intention of going, “jest to look abaout a leetle,” as he expressed it. He had never had much to say on the excise question, and not being directly affected by the tax, had not taken any decided stand by action. He was a man of known courage, and not such as the violent agitators were wont to select and command to declare themselves, so he had been allowed to go his way without interference. I knew that “Gener'l” Washington, as he always called him, was his ideal of all that was greatest and best, and felt well assured in my own mind that if the time should come when he would have to take side, it would

be on that represented by his beloved commander. I did not blame him for not needlessly rushing into trouble. In fact, I had been pursuing that same course myself.

He asked Harold and me if we would not like to go with him and see the sights. Harold excused himself and said he thought he would rather go for a hunt by himself in the woods. He had been having moody spells ever since his father's death became known, and seemed to desire to be much alone. I very willingly accepted Sim's invitation, and the early morning saw us off. A keel-boat was going to start with a load of the products of the country that morning for Pittsburgh, and Sim had promised its owner the night before to give him a helping hand in getting it over the riffles which were worst above the mouth of the Youghio-gheny.

The keel-boat is rarely seen any more, and in the present trend of affairs is likely to be an unknown craft to those who shall read these lines, so I will describe it briefly. It was the principal freight carrier on the rivers in those days and for some years after. It was from twelve to fifteen feet wide and averaged about fifty feet in length. In appearance it was much like the modern canal-boat, being pointed at each end, and with a covered cabin extending its length along the middle. On each side of this there was a narrow, flat stretch of deck, called the running-board. The boat was propelled by long poles which men planted against the river bottom at one end and against their shoulders, protected by thick pads, at the other. With these poles they pushed, walking along the running-board as the boat progressed and running back when the stern was

reached to repeat the performance. A heavy oar, or "sweep," was mounted at the stern, with which to steer the craft, and sometimes oars, and occasionally a square sail, were used to aid in its propulsion. It was laborious work, especially when going up-stream against a strong current.

On that morning of the first of August, 1794, as we swung out into the stream, Jimmy Rose, the owner and captain of the boat, sounded a melodious cadence on his horn, for a horn was a part of the equipment of every keel-boat. It was used for signalling, but frequently its sweet tones were borne ashore when there was nothing in particular to call for a signal, so bound up was the horn with the movement of this species of craft. As we proceeded on our way its tones were heard from time to time, and when we passed other boats their horns were sounded in response.

Sim and I took poles and helped to get the boat out into the channel and then to keep it going. The necessity for this ceased as we neared Bridendall shoal, the current being sufficient to keep it going at as great speed as was desired at such a place. The water in the river was low, and it took careful handling to keep the heavily loaded boat in the channel, so that it would not ground. But the chute was successfully run and then the boat had to be poled through the succeeding still water until Burns's riffle was reached. Here it scraped bottom a few times in the passage, the grating being plainly felt, but nothing more serious happened and the place was successfully passed. These were the two worst places on that part of the river, and we poled along steadily until nearly the middle of the day when the mouth of the Youghiogheny was reached.

McKee's ferry was located there, being operated over both rivers. We embarked at this point, intending to walk the remaining four miles, for we could cover the distance more quickly that way. At the ferry house we encountered John McKee, who had just had the plan made for the town he was going to establish. On paper it was quite a pretentious place, and had been carefully laid out by a competent surveyor.

"Guess he'll hev his match to make a town hyar," said Sim, as we picked our way around a large swamp which occupied much of the central part of the plot. But when McKee put his lots on sale the following year, at twenty dollars each, the choice locations being determined by lottery, they met with a ready sale. And, although the growth of the town was slow for a long time, McKeesport is now becoming a place of considerable importance.

Sim was well posted on the history and local geography of the region, and entertained me by pointing out the places of interest and commenting on them as we passed along.

"Hyar," said he, "was located a Delaware village, the home uv Queen Aliquippa uv that tribe. When Gener'l Washington passed along hyar in fifty-three (only he wuzn't a gener'l then, but jest a young feller uv twenty-three) he passed by on t'other side, like the priest an' the Levite 'at I ust to hear the parson tell abaout, an' he didn't stop to see her copper-colored majesty. She didn't like that, an' sent him word so. When he kem back this way he stopped an' paid his respecks to the ol' gal, an' give 'er some presents. Among them wuz a bottle uv rum, an' that tickled 'er more'n anything else. She couldn't git done a-titter-

avatin' abaout it. I heerd him tell on't onct when I wuz a gyard at his headquarters."

When we had proceeded about a mile below the mouth of the Youghiogheny, we came to where a hollow opened out between the hills to the river, with a little stream winding down through it.

"Hyar," said Sim, "is where Braddock's army kem aout on the Monongahela in fifty-five, an' Washington was with him, but so sick that day that he could hardly set on his horse. They concluded the bluff was too steep to make a road daown along this side uv the river, to git their artillery and wagons along, so they forded the river at the riffle thar, an' had to cross back less'n three mile below, jest at the p'int we're headed for. I'll show you the very spot where they landed on this side when we git daown thar."

We were not long in covering the distance to the mouth of Turtle creek. Until that point was reached our way had skirted along the base of a steep hill, but now the country opened back from the river, an expansive bottom surrounding the creek and extending along the river below for some distance. Back of that the hills rose gently. There were reed-grown flats along the creek and a little clearing among the trees at one point where still stood the cabin which had been the home of John Frazier, the first white settler in the lower Monongahela valley. But save for these the whole country was thickly covered with forest and presented about the same aspect that it did when Braddock saw it on his ill-fated expedition thirty-nine years before. Washington tells us in his journal that he stayed over night in the Frazier cabin when he first penetrated this region in 1753.

Sim pointed out to me the place where the army had again forded the Monongahela, in crossing back to the east side, and the notch cut in the steep bank of the river, a short distance below the mouth of the creek, which had been made at the time to afford a roadway up which to draw the artillery and wagons belonging to the expedition. It remains there, plainly to be seen, to this day.*

During our stay there we went back on the plateau and viewed the battle-ground. The old road cut by Braddock's men was still discernible, and we traced it up to where it passed along a ridge with a ravine on each side, hidden by the thick bushes. There it stopped. This was the awful trap into which the army of the proud Briton marched that day, and was shot to pieces without being able to inflict any damage of consequence on the hidden foe. This explained also what those who fled from the field that day, and got back to their homes beyond the sea, were never able to understand — the fact that this hidden foe seemed to shoot right out of the earth. There were still many relics of the fight to be found, and we gathered a number.

But there were other things to interest us on Braddock's Field that day. A scene of great animation met our eyes when we arrived there. Thousands of men had assembled and others were arriving constantly, coming from all directions. Most of them came in order, as bodies of the militia, under command of their proper officers, the foot in the picturesque garb in which they were accustomed to go against the Indians — yellow hunting shirts, handkerchiefs tied about their heads and

* In recent years it has been covered under many feet of slag from the great Carnegie furnaces near by.

rifles on their shoulders — and the light horse of the counties in military dress. But many others came singly or in small groups, without military order. All bore provisions, and on every hand preparations were under way for the encampment over night.

David Bradford had assumed the office of major-general, and was there in the full uniform of that rank. Mounted on a spirited horse, he rode about the camp, haranguing and giving orders and receiving the adulation of the throng. For the time he was the idol of the men, and could have led them on any desperate enterprise. The popularity he was enjoying was sweetness to him, and had he not been a weak man Pittsburgh would have been in ashes before twenty-four hours should pass and a reign of terror inaugurated, the end of which no man could tell. That a majority of those present had come with the full expectation of engaging in some such enterprise was made apparent by mingling with them.

During the afternoon there was a constant fusillade, caused by the discharge of guns. Many were shooting at marks with balls and others were firing at random in the air, with powder only. The smoke of this continuous discharge and of the camp-fires hung over the place like a cloud. There appeared to be among the men a disposition to engage in anything extravagant. They were in that dangerous frame of mind when only a resolute leader was needed to incite them to any desperate deed.

When evening settled down many more fires were built, not because their warmth was needed, but to make light and to drive the troublesome insects away. The shooting ceased, but the men continued about the

fires, talking, and there was little sleep in the camp that night.

Sim and I went about from group to group, mingling with the men and hearing their talk. The effect was disquieting to me, and I was filled with apprehension concerning the outcome on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MARCH ON PITTSBURGH.

PITTSBURGH had been uneasy for some days. There was not much sleeping done in it that night, nor had there been the night before. Word had reached it of the proposed gathering and of the threats against the town. Some gentlemen from Washington arrived the night before the day appointed for the rendezvous, with the intelligence that Bradford and his satellites had taken great umbrage at the writers of the stolen letters and were swearing vengeance against them. They also said that the hosts about to gather at Braddock's Field were in an ungovernable fury not only against these, but against the soldiers also. Indeed, they were in no amiable frame of mind towards the people of Pittsburgh in general. The chief men of the town, to whom these tidings were borne, were greatly alarmed, and resolved to call a town meeting at once.

Accordingly the court-house bell was rung, and there was gathered that night nearly the whole male population of the town. The impending danger was anxiously discussed, and there was foreboding in every heart. The little town could not muster more than two hundred and fifty men, and not all of these could be depended on, for it was known that the insurgents had their sympathizers among the Pittsburghers. The fort was a mile from the village, a mere picketed enclosure, gar-

risoned by about forty soldiers, and it could not stand long before the assault of an army such as was reported coming against it. The houses were nearly all of wood, clustered close together, and the town could be burned over the heads of the inhabitants by such a force with little difficulty. It was no wonder the people were filled with apprehension, for as a matter of fact, Pittsburgh then and for some hours longer was in great peril.

The gentlemen from Washington reported that they had only reached Pittsburgh with great difficulty, after being stopped a number of times by people who were suspicious of their motives. On being appealed to for their advice they said they could see but two things to be done with any prospect of placating the mob and possibly saving the town. These were to induce the obnoxious persons to absent themselves for a time, under the idea of banishment by the rest of the citizens, and for a representative body of the townspeople to march out and meet the coming host, as if to make common cause with them. This after extended discussion by the Washington gentlemen and a committee appointed to confer with them, was the plan agreed upon, some of the proscribed persons acquiescing in the arrangement. So delicate was the business felt to be, that these details were carefully guarded in a picked committee, and many of those in the main gathering thought at the time that actual sentence of banishment was pronounced.

Most of the men named in that order left the town that night, some of them to go into hiding until the matter would blow over. But others of them, including Major Kirkpatrick and Colonel Nevill, actually

soon left the country and went to the east of the mountains, where they remained until the Insurrection was quelled — an eminently sensible thing for them to do, under the circumstances. The meeting adopted resolutions which seemed to commit it to the cause of the insurgents, one of these being that on the morrow the inhabitants of the town should “march out and join the people on Braddock’s Field, as brethren, to carry into effect with them any measure that may seem to be advisable for the common cause.”

There is a nice question of morals involved just here, as to whether the people of Pittsburgh were justified in this indubitable duplicity. As I am only writing history, I will not pause to discuss it, but will leave it with my readers, each to settle it for himself. This I believe to be certain, however, that their town was saved thereby, as doubtless were some lives also. Mr. Brackenridge, whom we have seen before, at the Mingo meeting, was one of the chief figures in this gathering and in carrying through this delicate business and that of the following day.

All that night the printers and the job press in the Gazette office were kept busy, turning out handbills which set forth the action of the town meeting, the resolutions adopted and a certificate from the committee appointed for the purpose to the effect that the sentence of banishment had been carried out with regard to all of the obnoxious persons except two officials who were within the fort, and therefore inaccessible that night.

The next day there was a general exodus of the men of Pittsburgh towards Braddock’s Field, nine miles away. The militia marched out in a body. The citizens, with the Burgess at their head, made another large com-

pany. Arriving at the scene of the encampment, the bills were distributed among the men there assembled, and the Pittsburghers also mingled among them, telling of the way they had driven out the obnoxious persons and bestowing epithets of indignity upon them.

On the morning of the second day of the encampment there was a committee appointed, consisting of the principal regimental officers, with representation by the Pittsburghers, to consider ways and means. Here the adroitness of Mr. Brackenridge was again evident. It was decided not to attack the fort, as was at first intended, because the stores gathered there were intended for the army, then in the field against the Indians in the northwest, and were greatly needed. And, although they were of the proscribed ones, it was finally resolved to allow the Commandant and Quartermaster to remain for the present, to attend to the distribution of these supplies, but to take up their cases at the meeting to be held two weeks later at Parkinson's Ferry.

The committee was holding its session in a retired place in the woods, but a large crowd had gathered about to hear what was going on. Some of these on-lookers now began to manifest impatience with the proceedings and their apparent tendency. The action of the Pittsburgh town meeting had not wholly allayed the feeling of resentment in the breasts of many, and some were suspicious that the action had not been prompted by loyalty to the cause of the insurgents. One of the on-lookers voiced the general feeling by demanding that the committee get ready to do something, or they would go themselves. Bradford had seemed to be coming around to the way of thinking of the majority of the committee, who undoubtedly were trying to bring the

enterprise to a peaceful outcome, but he now evidently took this as a strong hint from the men that they must be allowed to march to Pittsburgh, so he moved that the troops take up the march immediately.

"Yes," said Mr. Brackenridge, who in his mingling with the men the night before had been convinced that they could not be deterred from that part of the project, "By all means! And if with no other view, at least to give proof that the strictest order can be preserved and no damage done. We will just march through, and making a turn, come out on the bank of the Monongahela, stopping only long enough to take a little whisky with the inhabitants, then embark and cross the river."

Without any formal action being taken to that effect that became the order of the day. The committee at once arose, and preparations were made for the start. The Westmoreland county troops now decided that they would not make the march, and soon departed for their homes, but the remainder, still several thousand strong, took up the march. Most of these had come from the valley of the Monongahela, in Washington and Allegheny counties, and their nearest way home from Pittsburgh would be by crossing the river there.

The procession when under way presented a most animated spectacle and was one of imposing proportions. Estimates made at the time are that more than four thousand men proceeded from the encampment to the town. The cavalry went first and the infantry followed. The men were constantly shouting, the cries most frequently heard being "Hurrah for Tom the Tinker!" and "Down with the excise!"

That Saturday afternoon was a time of great anxiety

in the little town at the junction of the rivers. When the great throng marched in a panic ensued among the women and children, who expected nothing less than to see their homes burned and perhaps to be murdered themselves. But the army marched to the common near the Monongahela and there halted. The inhabitants busied themselves in carrying whisky, water and provisions to them, and vied with one another in the attentions they bestowed on their visitors. Mr. Brackenridge said afterwards that it cost him four barrels of his best whisky, but sagely added that it were better thus than that a pint of blood should be spilt.

Pittsburgh then consisted of but a few blocks at the Point, extending a short distance along the two rivers. The common stretched above it to the base of Grant's Hill, now crowned by the court-house, and it was on this common that the army halted. After it had been regaled it moved on, and during the afternoon nearly all of it passed over the river and away, the soldiers on foot making the passage in flat-boats and the cavalry fording.

But all did not go. Straggling parties left the ranks and remained hanging about the town that night, occasioning great apprehension among the inhabitants and giving them their third sleepless night. Some of these stragglers were outspoken in their threats that they still would carry out the intention of their coming, in being revenged on those whom they proclaimed to be the enemies of the cause. It was a night of frequent alarms, and one of these, at about nine o'clock, was occasioned by the discovery of a bright light on the hill across the Monongahela from the town. It was made by the burn-

ing of the barn on Major Kirkpatrick's farm, which was entirely consumed, with its contents.

This, it was afterwards learned, was the signal that had been agreed on between a party there and the men who had remained in the town, and the latter were then to fire a number of houses in Pittsburgh, the residences of the men obnoxious to the insurgents being the ones selected. Efforts were indeed made to carry this out, but were frustrated, and this was accomplished largely by men who had been participants in the gathering at Braddock's Field. Among those in this good work Colonel Cook, James Marshel and Andrew McFarlane, brother of the man who had been killed, had prominent part.

Mr. McFarlane's stand had much to do with saving property. That night he reasoned with the men who were in the act of putting the brand to Kirkpatrick's town house, and they stayed their hands, shamed, apparently, by his forbearance when in their view he had so much cause for vengeance. For Mr. McFarlane shared the common belief that his brother had fallen at the hands of Major Kirkpatrick. Mr. Brackenridge here got in a word which finally decided them, and the house was not fired.

"You cannot," said he, "burn that house without destroying that of Colonel O'Hara, who is with General Wayne, fighting the Indians. You see it is of wood and close by. To destroy his property under these circumstances would be an act for which you could never forgive yourselves."

Other efforts were made to burn property that night, but were hindered through the vigilance and determination of the gentlemen named and some others who

rallied to their aid, but it was not until morning came, and the last of the straggling bands of insurgents left the town, that its inhabitants breathed freely. They felt that it had been a narrow escape from destruction, and that was true. Given a leader who was as strong in doing as he was in promising by grandiloquent oratory, the Braddock's Field gathering would have done all it assembled to do. For it was apparent at all stages that the men were only waiting to be led on, and on a few occasions exhibited a dangerous tendency to go without leadership. It was made evident also that a goodly number were there to do all they could to prevent violence, and they did exert a mighty influence to that happy end.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BEGINNING OF THE END.

WHILE the Braddock's Field gathering seemed to amount to so little after promising so much, its effects were undoubtedly more pernicious than those produced by any previous excess. The flame of insurrection had been confined to but a small space before this time, but now it rapidly spread to a distance in all directions. All of the four counties most affected witnessed new disturbances and outrages, and even in Bedford county the insurrectionary spirit became manifest. Some of the Virginia counties bordering on Pennsylvania also became affected, and as far east as the valley of the Susquehanna men began raising "liberty poles" and declaring against the excise.

It must be remembered that there was an apparent acquiescence in the measures of Bradford and approval of the rendezvous by judges, attorneys, county officials, including practically all the magistrates, the town officers and merchants of Pittsburgh. Of course the motives of many of these were not understood, but their attitude seemed to give appearance of unanimity to the cause. Inconsiderate people in other places became ashamed that they had done nothing, and now hastened to put themselves in line with the most violent of those in active resistance. A report had gone out from the Mingo meeting that Bradford and Brackenridge had pledged their lives and fortunes for the lawfulness and

success of the measures. People who did not know just how it was all to be done believed that under the direction of the two lawyers named the plans must be well laid and would be carried out successfully. Their legal abilities were extolled by the infatuated people.

Bradford was very active in the few days following the march to Pittsburgh, and still had for his chief motive the involving of the whole section of country in forcible resistance to the excise. He was heard to boast exultingly of "a glorious revolution, effected without bloodshed," referring to the Braddock's Field gathering. He was busied for some days in sending inflammatory letters to sections in which the insurrectionary spirit had not been very active. One of these, addressed to the inhabitants of Monongalia county, Virginia, has been preserved, and shows clearly his desire to get the largest possible representation of the western country present at the Parkinson's Ferry meeting and to have it declare unequivocally against any compliance with the excise law, even to the extent of armed rebellion.

This document was in Bradford's usual grandiose style, as some brief extracts from it will show. Referring to those engaged in the burning of Nevill's house, he said: "Shall we suffer them to fall a sacrifice to Federal persecution, or shall we support them? On the result of this business we have fully deliberated, and have determined with head, heart, hand and voice, that we will support the opposition to the excise law. The crisis is now come, submission or opposition; we are determined in the opposition. We are determined in the future to act agreeably to system; to form arrangements guided by reason, prudence, fortitude and spirited conduct."

The result of these various forces was soon seen in increased hostility to the execution of the law and in further outbreaks. It was only a few days after the things described until an armed mob gathered at the house of the collector of revenue in Fayette county, burned his dwelling and compelled him to resign his commission and swear that he would not hold the office in the future. Another party visited the collector for Bedford county and compelled him to take a like course. His haystacks were fired and some personal indignities were offered him.

Tom the Tinker's men were very busy at this time in erecting what were called "liberty poles," carrying flags and emblazonments. This had been common in the Revolutionary period, and is employed in our day to give vent to party feeling. Everywhere over the western country these poles went up, carrying such devices as "An equal tax and no excise," "United we stand, divided we fall," "Down with the excise!" etc. In some sections men who were suspected of not being loyal to the cause were compelled to assist in raising these poles and then in shouting in acclaim of the sentiments carried by them.

Thus passed the time until the 14th of August, the date fixed for the delegated meeting of the whole district involved. In the meantime word of the doings of the recent weeks had been carried to the East, and a long-suffering administration concluded it was time to act decisively. President Washington issued a proclamation on the 7th of August reciting the formation of combinations in western counties of Pennsylvania to defeat the execution of the excise law and the perpetration of acts amounting to treason, "being overt acts of

levying war against the United States." He commanded all insurgents to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes before the first of September following, and warned all persons against aiding, abetting or comforting the perpetrators of these treasonable acts. At the same time he issued a call for 12,950 troops, to be raised in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and New Jersey, to be held in readiness for immediate service, if desired.

But that one more opportunity might be given the insurgents to submit to authority, he appointed a commission to visit the scene of disturbance at once and try to bring about submission without the use of the soldiery. The Governor of the state also appointed two commissioners for like purpose, issued a proclamation for the raising and equipping as quickly as possible of the state's quota of soldiers, and called an extra session of the Legislature. Congress shortly before had further amended the excise law, to make it easier on those who so actively opposed it. But word of none of these measures had reached the West when the meeting assembled at Parkinson's Ferry.

The place was that now occupied by Monongahela City.* The counties of the Fourth Survey were all represented, as well as Ohio county, Virginia, each township being entitled to representation. There were more than two hundred delegates, and a larger crowd had gathered from the surrounding country, to take note of the proceedings. The Mingo region in particular was well represented. Near by had been erected that morning a tall pole, carrying a streamer with the de-

* The exact spot where the open-air gathering convened was on the hill, directly back of the Episcopal church.

vice, "Equal Taxation and No Excise; No Asylum for Traitors and Cowards." Many of the spectators had come armed.

Colonel Cook was made chairman of the meeting and Albert Gallatin, secretary. The first speech was by David Bradford, and it was a fiery one. He rehearsed all that had been done since the coming of the Marshal, putting the best construction on everything for the insurgents, telling finally of the march on Pittsburgh and the expulsion of the objectionable persons. At this point he read the stolen letters and commented on their contents in severe terms, advocating like action, or more severe, for all who would aid the government by assisting or approving the execution of the excise law.

Marshal also supported resistance, but was not so radical as Bradford, and he ended by submitting a series of resolutions pledging support to the continued resistance to the law. Gallatin and Brackenridge sought to prevent this, but had to be very circumspect, and the latter, with his usual diplomacy, succeeded in making the insurgents believe he was working in their interest. These two contrived with success in having a committee appointed, of which they were both members, for consideration of the resolutions, to report the following day.

This was probably high tide of the Whisky Insurrection — the culmination of the popular frenzy. That afternoon it was announced that commissioners appointed by the President and the Governor were at the Black Horse tavern, but a few miles beyond the Monongahela, and at the same time came intelligence of the calling out of troops by the President for the sup-

pression of the Insurrection. From that time leaders who had been secretly opposed to violence and anxious to have the peace maintained were emboldened to take a firmer stand, and some who had been actively engaged in resistance were decidedly lukewarm in the cause. Marshel from that hour acted with the friends of order.

But Bradford became more violent than ever. When the meeting reassembled he made a most incendiary speech in which he demanded that measures be taken to repel the "invasion," declaring that such a show of strength would overawe the government and deter it from sending the proposed expedition. Then he launched forth into one of his characteristic harangues.

"We can hold our rights if we stand together as men," said he. "What allegiance do we owe to the government beyond the mountains? Has it ever given us any protection? No; we have had to defend ourselves in times of danger. Has it given us equality or justice? No; it has ground us down, and is now trying to exact the last penny from the men who need it for the sustenance of their wives and little ones. And why should we be taxed, if we receive no benefit from the taxation? That was one of the things we fought against in the seventies. Another thing we fought against was the iniquitous Stamp Act, and this is like unto it. And we fought against the taking of persons beyond the sea for trial; now we are required to go beyond the mountains when a Federal prosecution is brought against us, and its cost means the ruin of a poor man. I tell you, my friends, we need a new declaration of independence. Shall we not make it? I am here to help make it, and to fight for it if need be!"

He urged this and much more along the same line,

and it was evident that many men in the crowd round about were with him in the sentiment enunciated. But the delegates were representative men from their several townships, and many of them were sobered by the intelligence that the government was preparing to strike in earnest. It was realized that, acting in their important capacity, they would be marked men, and this had a tendency to curb even many among them who had been leaders in resistance theretofore. The resolutions were tame, indeed, as they came from the hands of the committee, making an appeal for the repeal of the excise law and providing for the appointment of two committees — one to be of sixty members and to be a standing committee, to have general charge of the interests of the western people, and the other, appointed by the standing committee, to be a committee of conference, to meet the commissioners from the general and state governments. The resolutions as amended were written largely by Mr. Gallatin. They were finally adopted, practically as they came from his pen, but not without some opposition from those who demanded a more emphatic declaration. That was all the meeting did, but it was the beginning of the end.

It must not be thought that this brought an end of the reign of terror in the region. Far from it. Those who were determined to continue resisting the execution of the excise law were more set in their purpose than ever before. Tom the Tinker's warnings were more numerous than at any time in the past, and he struck wherever and whenever the warning failed to have the effect intended. Meetings were held all over the country, addressed by fiery orators who gave utterance to the most incendiary and treasonable sentiment.

Numerous outrages were perpetrated in the more obscure sections. Bradford had sent out letters and addresses wherever he thought they would be effective in stirring up the people against the government, and now threw off the mask entirely, declaring for the creation of an independent government.

It was in this time of turmoil that the commissioners and the committee of conference met in Pittsburgh. Each side made propositions of settlement, but that of the commissioners representing the government laid down the unalterable condition that there must be full and satisfactory assurances of a sincere determination on the part of the people to obey the laws of the United States. These were the only conditions on which they were authorized to act, but if the conditions were met, they could promise general amnesty and pardon for past offenses. The committee agreed to report in favor of accepting these conditions, Bradford, at the head of a small minority, dissenting. This committee of conference was not empowered to enter into any engagement with the commissioners, but could only report to the larger committee which had appointed it.

While this conference was in session in Pittsburgh a proclamation of Tom the Tinker was posted on the house in which it met and published in the Gazette, presumably under the same "persuasion" which had secured the insertion of former contributions from the same pen. For Mr. Scull, the editor, was the friend of law and the government all through the troubles. Its references to the commissioners were insulting, and it held the Jersey militia up to ridicule, calling them "the watermelon army," and telling them they "had better stay at home and thrash their buckwheat, or if

they must fight, to make war on the crabs and oysters of their native bays, rather than meet the valiant Whisky Boys."

This taunt greatly embittered the New Jersey soldiers when it came to their ears, and when finally they crossed the mountains they were swearing vengeance on the insurgents.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHAT THE BIRD AND SQUIRREL SAW.

EVER since the affairs at Nevill's Harold had felt a change toward him in the demeanor of those actively enlisted in opposition to the excise. He thought as I did about that question, and was convinced that active opposition to the law and obstruction of its operation were wrong. Some argument there had been between him and his father over this matter, when the latter was in condition to talk intelligently, the elder Harden being rabid in his opposition. But beyond that Harold had maintained a discreet silence. Indeed, those of us who felt that resistance was wrong found it a wise policy to pursue this course through those troubled times.

It is hard now, removed so far in time and all surrounding circumstances from that period, to get an adequate idea of the indefinable uncertainty and dread in which many men lived. I refer to those who took no active part in the Insurrection. No man knew just how far to trust his next neighbor. However much he might be opposed to violence, he feared that anyone to whom he should speak might be of another way of thinking, and that he himself might be suspected of disloyalty to "the cause," to find proof of which was the neighbor's chief object. It was known that a powerful secret organization existed, and that its hidden hand was likely at any time to strike the one whose words or

conduct gave offense to it. But the uninitiated could not tell who of his friends and acquaintances were of its members. Life itself was felt to be insecure, and vague apprehension hung over all.

Until the time mentioned the known attitude of the elder Harden had shielded his son from suspicion, but since then he was made repeatedly to feel that he was regarded with a distrust which was rapidly growing into open animosity. This was manifested by hints thrown out a number of times in his presence, by persons who were open sympathizers with or participants in the opposition. No open violence had yet been shown him, but the growing hostility towards him was unmistakable. He spoke to me about it, and all I could advise was that he be discreet and give no further occasion for suspicion on their part. I was troubled a good deal just then about the boy myself, for the story told by some of those who had been in the party that made the first attack on Nevill's house had come to my ears, and it represented Harold as being there, under circumstances which seemed to justify the suspicion on their part that it was in a capacity unfriendly to their interests.

I had always had the utmost confidence in his truthfulness and uprightness. He had told me that he was not there when the first attack was made. But then there was that strange scene between him and General Nevill — how was it to be accounted for? Could it be possible there was collusion between them, and the old man's anger was only a pretense? I dismissed the thought almost as soon as it was formed. The Inspector's manner was not to be mistaken and his rage was too real to admit of the theory that he was dis-

sembling. Besides, why should he have put on such a front if he did not mean all he said? The whole thing was a puzzle to me. Both parties to the strife of that day declared he was there, and each insisted that he was friendly to the other. He denied both, but had offered no further explanation than that he was hunting that day in another direction. I could not quite bring myself to the point of believing him untruthful, yet how could this testimony be disposed of, coming from the two sources so antagonistic to each other that there was no possibility of collusion?

The more I thought of it the more helplessly I became entangled in the doubt and uncertainty of it all. Harold was not the person to give confidences readily nor to welcome any efforts to pry into his affairs. I knew him better than to try to do this, so I kept quiet, thinking he might conclude to tell me more of the matter soon, for I felt that I was in his confidence more than any other person. I did venture to give one other piece of advice, and that was for him to keep within the village for the present, and so not expose himself so much to any danger that might exist for him. There had not up to that time been any disorder there, and I think it was largely due to the great influence exerted by Colonel Bayard and the universal respect felt for him. Harold looked at me in some surprise when I made this suggestion, and said:

“Do you think I am afraid?”

I did not, and told him so. Of one thing I was well assured — Harold Harden was no coward. But I thought it was in line with the discretion I had counselled, and pressed him to do as I advised. He rebelled at the idea of making a prisoner of himself, and it was

asking a great deal, for it was his delight to be in the woods. He would not promise absolutely to stay within the village, but said he would be careful while there might be any danger for him, but did not think this would be for long.

It was about this time that Mabel came for a visit to the Bayard home, which lasted some weeks. Her sister had insisted on this. Mary was now able to look after the household again. Mabel had been unremitting in this duty and in attendance on her sick sister in the weeks before. Mary had pressed Mabel to make the visit, and as she really seemed to desire to be alone the girl had acceded.

It was on the Sunday after her coming that she and Harold started off together to go to church. Services were not held that day at Round Hill, so they wended their way to the Forks meeting-house of the Associate Reformed people, about an equal distance out from the village. The building was a square one of log construction, much like others which have been described in these pages.* The young people greatly enjoyed the walk of three miles over hills and through vales to reach it. Harold was in a quiet mood, but Mabel was unusually vivacious, and chattered about many things as they went along. Though now a tall girl of eighteen, and matured in many ways, she was scarcely more than a child in others.

They saw many people on the way to services, and soon after their arrival the meeting was opened by the pastor, the Reverend Matthew Henderson, a tall and solemn looking man, who prayed and announced and

* It was many years after this that a brick church was built on the same site and the name changed to Bethesda.

read the psalm. It was the Ninety-fifth, and the tune selected for it was Mear, noble old composition, but not specially adapted to rendering it the vehicle of making "a joyful noise." But the fathers in the exclusive psalm-singing churches were considerably restricted in their choice of tunes, a collection of twelve only having the stamp of approval among them, and these having to do service for all the various meters in their version of the Psalms.

The clerk, good old Matthew Jamison, now arose and led the congregation in the singing. He was possessed of a voice of considerable power and of wonderful flexibility, else he could not have executed the marvellous feats of vocal agility that his rendering of the stately old Welsh tune demanded. If old Aaron Williams had come forth from his grave and heard it he would have been amazed at the additions made to it since it left his hands, if, indeed, he had recognized it at all. Musical notation does not afford the characters with which fully to represent all the turns, trills, runs, appoggiaturas, cadenzas, portamento effects and other embellishments given the good old tune by the precentor. The congregation essayed to follow him in these vocal gymnastics, but only partially succeeded. Notes can only approximate it, but as far as they can I will give the opening stanza.

Read (in a singsong tone):—

Oh, come, let us sing to the Lord,

Sung:—



Oh, come, let us sing to the Lord,

Read:—

Come, let us everyone,

Sung:—



Read:—

A joyful noise make to the Rock

Sung:—



Read:—

Of our salva-shi-on.

Sung:—



Now, do not for a moment think I am making sport of the good old precentor and those who sang under his direction, for I am not. It was their way, and I am describing things as they were. I am convinced that there was more devout worship in that singing than there is in much of the performance of salaried singers

with its accompaniment of grand organ in our day. Nor was this a peculiarity of the Associate Reformed people alone, the predecessors of that eminently respectable body of Christians that in our day are known as United Presbyterians. There were some of the good Methodist sisters who worshipped at Fell's church and some of our own Presbyterians that in vocal acrobatics could give Father Jamison no mean competition for his laurels.

The sermon occupied an hour and a half in its delivery, and was a learned disquisition on doctrinal points, dwelling on the eternal decrees, imputed righteousness, the dreadful state of the impenitent through all eternity and the final perseverance of the saints. The sermon, along with the three prayers, more singing and the explaining of the psalm, extended the service to a length of more than three hours, and the noon hour was well past when Harold and Mabel started on their return. There was to be another service in the afternoon, for which most of the people remained.

Harold maintained his reserve. If his companion noticed it she gave no evidence, but went on chattering about various matters, getting a monosyllabic response from him now and then, as she addressed a question to him. The fact of the matter was the young man was doing a great deal of thinking, and the subject of his thoughts will probably be guessed without any mention by me. He was very much in love with the bright young creature by his side, and was turning over in his mind two questions — first, whether it were not better now to tell her of it, and second how to proceed in such a declaration. For, as has been intimated before, he was painfully backward in some ways.

Why should he longer hesitate about declaring his passion? he asked himself. What he had conceived to be an insurmountable obstacle, in the disgrace of his father's doings, was now removed. But how should he go about it? What should he say first?

This train of thought had a sudden and rude interruption. They were passing through a piece of woodland, by a winding path, when they suddenly met a group of young men, some of whom were from the village and some from the near-by country. Jim Wherry was of the party, and when he saw Harold he stopped and said to his companions:

"Here's Harden now. Mebbe he can tell us what he was doing at old Nevill's that day. What ye got to say about it, Mr. Harold Harden?"

Harold perceived that the speaker showed the effects of recent drinking, and that some of the other members of the party gave like evidence. He said:

"I beg to remind you that there is a lady present, and that my first duty is to her. If you have business with me and will make it known at a time when I am alone I will give it attention. Let us pass, please."

"Oh, I guess what we want to know will not hurt the young lady, and your telling of it will not hurt you in her eyes, if you're the very proper young man you set yourself up to be, and can give a good account of yourself at that time," said Wherry, with a sneer. He had never liked Harold since the drubbing the latter gave him on the school ground, and had always cherished the hope of getting even with him for it. "I guess my old schoolmate is not going to dismiss me in that fashion, hey, Mabel?" he said, turning to her with a smirk.

Harold was boiling with indignation, and only the presence of the girl by his side prevented him from striking the fellow where he stood, though it was the Sabbath and he was on his way home from worship. Not even all of these restraints could have held him within bounds much longer, but the girl now took an unexpected part, moving forward a step.

“Don’t speak to me!” she cried, stamping her little foot, and with indignation in her voice. “Aren’t you ashamed, half a dozen of you, trying to pick a quarrel here on a lonely road with one man, and in the presence of a girl! Only cowards would do that. And you, Jim Wherry, you know you would not dare, away from your crowd, to start a quarrel with Harold Harden. You know what it meant to you before. And now, begone! Everyone of you, go!” she exclaimed, advancing a step nearer to the now speechless bully. And actually he obeyed, sidling off from her and moving on along the path, muttering something about “seeing him again.” And his companions followed, some of them grinning broadly at their discomfited leader as they passed out of sight.

Harold was lost in astonishment at this hitherto unrevealed trait in the girl before him. She, on her part, was now trembling violently, pale of face and clinging to his arm for support. The crowd had passed on, and he drew her a step aside from the path. She hung her head and her bosom heaved with half-suppressed sobs, as she quickly reflected that she had been very impulsive, and her actions and words might be construed to mean more than she had intended they should. Now there was a tear in each beautiful eye, and the cheeks, so white just before, were suffused with blushes. For

Harold deemed that she was in need of more support than was afforded by merely clinging to his arm, so put it around her. Perhaps it was a mean advantage to take of her agitation, but I am inclined to think he was in such a state of perturbation at the time that he scarcely realized what he was doing.

A little bird on a bough just above was pouring forth a flood of melody, and a squirrel was perched near by, an interested spectator of the scene below.

The love of years now swept over the young man and imperatively demanded expression. But he forgot all the set phrases he had been formulating for an hour before, and blurted out:

“Mabel, may I kiss you?”

She averted her face and the long lashes swept lower over the downcast eyes, as she replied, scarcely above a whisper:

“That would not be proper.”

“Just one,” he pleaded, bending towards her. “May I not, just one?”

She turned her face a little farther away, but his followed it, then —

“Oh, Harold,” she exclaimed a minute later, freeing herself, “and you said only one!”

Now I am not going to betray confidences. The world shall never know from me whether it was the bird or the squirrel that gave me the information, but the bird for a time stopped its song and cocked its head to one side, peering down on the scene, and both of them distinctly heard six low, peculiar sounds such as birds and squirrels cannot imitate.

Then a rosy-cheeked maiden and a youth with a new

light in his eyes resumed their walk, neither of the two looking unhappy.

“You must never do that again,” said she.

He would not promise.

“Well, not until — not for a long time, anyway,” she insisted.

That was all that was said then, but somehow, after that, there seemed to be an understanding of a new relationship between them.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CRISIS PASSED.

AS the time drew nigh for the general committee to meet and hear the report of the committee of conference with the commissioners the turmoil throughout the country increased. Bradford and his agents redoubled their efforts to stir up opposition to the acceptance of such terms as were proposed by the government. Meetings were held, fiery speeches delivered and there were many parades of noisy, turbulent men. It was charged by the speakers at these gatherings that a majority of the committee representing the people had been unduly influenced by the commissioners with the use of money. Everything was done to inflame the public mind and bring pressure to bear to secure a different report than had been agreed on by a majority of the committee, though in its meeting Bradford had pretended to submit to the judgment of the majority, and said he would join in their report.

Tom the Tinker was heard from along the same line. John Gaston, who lived in the Peters creek valley, got up one morning and found a written notice, of which the following is a copy, posted on his front door:

To John Gaston:

Sir,— You will have this printed in the Pittsburgh paper this week, or you may abide by the consequences.

Beer Tom takes this opportunity to inform his friends

throughout all the country that he is obliged to take up his commission once more, though this is disagreeable to his inclination. I thought when I laid down my commission before that we had got the country so well united that there would have been no more for me in that line, but my friends see more need for me now than ever. They chose a set of men whom they thought they could confide in, but find themselves much mistaken, for the majority of them have proved traitors. Four or five big men below have scared a great many, but few are killed yet. I hope none of those are any that ever pretended to be a friend of Poor Tom. So I would have all my friends keep up their spirits and stand to their integrity, for their rights and liberty, and you will find Poor Tom to be your friend. This is fair warning. Traitors! take care, for my hammer is up, my ladle is hot; I cannot travel the country for nothing! From your old friend,

TOM THE TINKER.

This was sent promptly to the newspaper and was promptly printed.

Thus matters stood when the meeting of the general committee was held, to hear and act on the report of the conference committee. It was at Brownsville, two weeks after the gathering at Parkinson's Ferry, and all of its sixty members except three were present. Its deliberations occupied two days, and there the leaders who were bent on continuing forcible resistance to the government made their last desperate stand. They employed every means, short of physical attack on the members of the committee favorable to submission, to intimidate them and prevent the adoption of the resolutions to be submitted by the conference committee.

A tall pole had been erected by the insurgents at the

the streamers with their usual declarations, a flag whose field showed but seven instead of the usual thirteen stars. This was one for each county in revolt, and it was recognized as the standard of that new state which it was now boldly proposed to form and to be declared independent of the United States.

On the first day of the meeting a party of seventy armed insurgents marched into the place and took up their position near to where the open-air meeting of the committee was to be held. These men, with many others who had gathered from the surrounding country, encircled the meeting and frequently gave evidence of disapproval of anything that looked like surrender, while they loudly cheered every proposition to continue the opposition.

Printed bills were distributed at the meeting with the signature of Tom the Tinker, which declared that "Poor old Tom still travels the country with his bear-skin budget. He will not fail to call on any who so far forget their duty to country as to be swayed by the commissioners who came over the mountains with their saddle-bags filled with gold. The committee was bribed at Pittsburgh by the commissioners, and induced to agree to an amnesty. Beware! Tar, feathers and burning for any who vote for submission!"

It required courage of the highest sort to stand for the right under such circumstances. I have spoken of the meeting of two weeks before as, in my judgment, high tide of the Insurrection, but here was a crisis fraught with even greater peril to individuals who had to lead in the move for submission. The army was yet beyond the mountains and, indeed, was not yet formed. The masses of the people were set on resistance and

their minds were highly inflamed. The machinery of justice was wholly inoperative and its agents were either powerless to act or openly committed to the forces of the opposition. That there was not then a bloody war was due primarily to the fact of weak leadership. The one man whose word would have caused thousands of men to spring into line and follow him faltered, as he did at Braddock's Field, and did not utter the word. Words many, hot and brave had he, it is true, but he did not say, "Come, follow me!" and then leap into action. He failed in the crucial moment each time, and well it was for the young republic that this was so.

Those who stood openly for submission in that gathering did it in the face of all these conditions. It was an exhibition of lofty courage in a stand for the right which entitles these men of the western border to a high place among the world's heroes.

The report of the committee was read, specifying the promise by the commissioners on the part of the government of amnesty on condition of complete and general submission by the people, coupled with the recommendation of the conference committee that it be accepted. A murmur of disapproval was heard all around, especially on the part of the onlookers. Bradford then arose and urged the rejection of the terms without delay. He said the terms were so degrading that no one possessing the spirit of a freeman would hesitate a moment, and harangued for a time in his characteristic style. Then James Edgar arose — good old Elder Edgar, of Washington county — who in a strain of the keenest irony pleaded for a little time for consideration.

"The eloquent gentleman," said he, "can see by in-

tuition into the most difficult subjects, and when he sees the path of duty plain before him has the courage and skill adequate to every consequence. For my part, I am slow of apprehension; I cannot, like the gentleman who has urged an immediate decision, know what might be said against the motion. I want a little time to think the subject over, and perhaps I may be able to see my way clear to follow the gentleman. There may be others in the same state of mind as myself, and I appeal to the gentleman's acknowledged candor and liberality to give his weaker brethren a little time to think of the subject. For unanimity in so important a crisis is greatly to be desired."

The irony was wholly lost on Bradford, who took it for a sincere tribute to his learning, talents and penetration. He withdrew his plea for an immediate vote, and adjournment until the next morning followed.

When the second day's session convened the insurgent forces were still in an ugly frame of mind, though fortunately most of the armed band had gone. There was talk of influential members of the conference committee having used their talents to bring others around to their way of thinking, and of calling them to account for this. Mr. Gallatin, by appointment of his associates, opened the case for the committee. He spoke for nearly three hours, and it was one of the greatest efforts of his life. Only the barest outline of what he said can be attempted here.

He traced the difference between the case of the people of the western counties and the cause of the American Revolution. No principle had been violated in the present case; the West had been represented in making the law. He told of the alterations that had been made

in the law to make it less onerous. In principle he was opposed to it and he hoped to see it repealed, but only peaceable means to that end were justifiable. If the people persisted in their opposition it would have the effect of weakening the spirit of liberty itself, for illegal opposition, when reduced, has a tendency to make the people abject and the government tyrannic. He denounced the atrocity of undermining so fair a fabric as that of our government, which was superior to all that had ever been; made an estimate of what would be lost and what gained even by success; and closed by declaring the futility of an attempt to continue the struggle against the great power of the government.

Mr. Gallatin was followed by Mr. Brackenridge, who also spoke at considerable length. He reminded his hearers that the alternative of refusing the proposition of the commissioners would be war. Were they prepared for that, and did they know what its consequences would be? Where would come the armies, the military stores, the treasury? Could the people of a few counties for a minute calmly contemplate the folly of going to war with fifteen states, with Washington at their head? They knew his benevolence, but they also knew his firmness and tenacity of purpose. His duty would require him to call forth the whole energy and power of the nation to put down such a rebellion. Did they suppose he would shrink from duty? The country would be laid waste, towns destroyed, many lives lost, and then nothing could be gained in the end, and the condition of the inhabitants would be worse than at present. The speaker appealed to the consciences of his hearers. They owed a part of the debt contracted by the war for independence; was it honorable to quit the confederacy

without discharging their share of that debt? The offer of amnesty by the President was a generous one, in view of all that had gone before. Could they afford to slight it?

Thus and with many more arguments did the speaker present the case of the committee, and he was followed by Mr. Edgar in a like strain. Bradford was the last speaker, and he was urged forward by his followers, who deemed their case now in a desperate strait. It was one of his most violent fits of declamation, and he began by declaring himself "still for war!"

"It is dastardly to talk of property when liberty is at stake, and cowardly to say we have no means of resistance when we have thousands of brave men who know how to fight, having learned in the hard school of war. We will defeat the first army that attempts to cross the mountains. We will seize their arms and baggage, and then organize an army that will prevent any further attempt. Do you think it would be difficult thus to arm and equip an army? The French have shown us how. In the mountain gorges, through which the soldiers would be forced to pass, one man could overcome four, and an army could be annihilated by rolling stones down on them."

Continuing, he alluded to the revolutions in America and France as models worthy of imitation, and as inducements to hope for success of these counties in escaping the tyranny and oppression under which they were groaning. He stated his belief in the ability of the western country, separated as it was from the East by the mountains, to prosecute a successful war and to attain independence. He then boldly declared for a new state, with an independent government, and dwelt

on the glories it would achieve as the empire of the west. The speech was wildly cheered by many of the hearers.

Ten hours had now been consumed in oratory. Mr. Gallatin moved that a vote be taken on the proposition of the commissioners. Objection was made to a vote, and when the question was put, shall there be a vote? it was lost. On the supposition that there might be reluctance among many members of the committee to let their sentiments be known, it was now proposed that there be a vote by ballot, but some thought this would not remove the difficulty, for the handwriting might reveal the way many had voted, and that proposition was also voted down.

Now a member of the committee suggested a way around the difficulty. It was that as many ballots be prepared as there were members of the committee, having written on one end *yea* and on the other *nay*, all in the handwriting of the secretary. One should be given to each person entitled to vote, and the voter should tear it in two, voting his sentiment with one end and destroying the other end. This was adopted, as promising an absolutely secret ballot, and yet ascertaining the mind of the committee on the proposition before it. It shows how the state that had existed in the country for three years had affected men, and the fear those who secretly favored submission had of declaring their sentiment, lest they should be in a minority, and thus be marked men in the future.

But the ballot showed them to be decidedly in the majority on the committee, a count revealing thirty-four yeas and twenty-three nays. It was curious to observe the effect of the announcement. Friends of

order and law were really surprised to know their own strength, and at once they put on bolder countenance. They felt that the reign of terror was now practically over. It was, though the troubles of the western country resulting from the Insurrection were not yet at an end. Rage and disappointment marked the countenances of the leaders in the movement of opposition to the law, but they were sullen and silent. It would be interesting to know just what was the measure of influence in the powerful speeches of the day in changing men's minds, but of course that cannot be known.

Bradford seemed to realize that his power and influence were at an end, and he left the place soon after the result of the vote was announced. He remained in retirement for a time, then came forward among the first of those to sign the submission. But, on the approach of the army, he seemed to realize that this act would not palliate his offense, and made his escape from the country. We shall have one more view of him before he finally passes from the scene.

The spectators now rapidly dispersed, and the committee was left almost alone to complete its work. This was soon done, the main resolution adopted being that it was the sense of the committee that it was to the best interest of the western people to accede to the proposals made by the commissioners. Unfortunately it did not stop there, but, instead of giving the assurance of submission demanded by the commissioners as one of the conditions of amnesty, it manifested a disposition to temporize. There was enough of the old spirit remaining in the committee (or perhaps it was prompted by a wish to placate the many that it was known would condemn such action) to bring about the adoption of

another resolution which asked for a modification of the terms proposed to the people and more time for them to consider the matter. This having been adopted, the meeting adjourned.

This last act was unfortunate, for its only result was to prolong and intensify the troubles of the western people.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A RUDE AWAKENING.

THE meeting at Brownsville was the last of its kind. It practically ended armed resistance, just as this had its beginning in a meeting at the same place three years before. There were further meetings, it is true, but they were committee gatherings, in the effort to secure modification of the terms of submission, and later, assemblages of alarmed people to avert, if possible, the consequences of their earlier folly. There were also, for a time, isolated instances of disorder, for many people were still in an ugly mood, but these were rather the muttering thunders of the abating than of a coming storm.

The Brownsville meeting appointed a new conference committee. The commissioners for the government refused to grant any modification of the terms, saying they had no authority, even if they had the wish, to change the measures so wisely and kindly devised by Washington. They agreed to grant a reasonable time for an expression on submission from the people generally, but expressed disappointment that the committee was not able to make a more complete and satisfactory report on this phase of the question.

A few days later a new committee appeared, but to what source of authority it owed its being it did not state. It asked of the commissioners that assurances of an indemnity for arrearages of excise be given to all

persons who had not entered their stills, and that an extension of one month beyond the time already fixed be given, in which to learn the mind of the people generally as to submission. This further manifestation of a desire to temporize had its effect on the commissioners, and they replied with promptness and emphasis that the first proposal could not be considered by them, and that the general vote on submission would be taken on the date first fixed, then ten days in the future.

It was required that all citizens of the Fourth Survey, of the age of eighteen years and over, should meet on the day designated, in their several townships, and vote, yea or nay, on these two propositions: "Do you now engage to submit to the laws of the United States, and that you will not hereafter, directly or indirectly, oppose the execution of the acts for raising the revenue upon distilled spirits and stills? And do you undertake to support, as far as the law requires, the civil authorities in affording the protection due to all officers and other citizens?" Those who voted yea were required to sign a statement of the same import.

The vote showed that less than one-fourth of the number of taxables, and probably less than one-sixth of those classed as voters for this purpose, voted for submission. The vote against submission was much smaller than this, but many of the notoriously unrepentant refused to vote at all. To these were to be added the many who had taken no active part in the resistance to the excise, and who refused to vote because they said that would be an admission on their part that they had been in rebellion. On the other hand, many who would have voted for submission were deterred by the threats that had been made in Tom the Tinker's proclamations. Others were in-

different, and in remote parts of the country there was not complete information on the matter, and voters did not know just what was required of them.

The commissioners returned to the East and reported that the committee with whom they treated had failed to give the required assurance of submission on the part of the people, that the vote taken had been wholly unsatisfactory in giving such assurance, and that in their opinion the excise law could not yet be enforced in the western country by the officers appointed for that purpose. As a result of this the army, now mobilized and increased to fifteen thousand men, was ordered to take up its march over the mountains. It was to proceed in two wings — one, composed of the troops of eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, which would proceed by the Pennsylvania and Glade roads; the other, composed of Maryland and Virginia troops, to follow the old Braddock road into western Pennsylvania; both wings to form a junction in the Forks of Youghiogheny, near the main center of disturbance in the years past.

General Henry Lee, then Governor of Virginia, the "Light-Horse Harry" of Revolutionary fame, was made commander-in-chief of the army. Governors Howell and Mifflin respectively commanded the New Jersey and Pennsylvania troops, General Smith those of Maryland, and General Daniel Morgan, another hero of the Revolution, those of Virginia. The army, comprising infantry, cavalry and artillery, all fully equipped for service, made a formidable array.

A marked change now became apparent in the prevailing sentiment in the western country. For the first time some of the more violent of the insurgents seemed to be convinced that the government, long-suffering as

it had been with them, was ready to take decisive action to enforce the laws and punish those who should attempt to obstruct the process. There were still minor and sporadic cases of disorder, but for the most part the leaders in the opposition of years before were concerned in how to escape the consequences of their conduct. Another meeting was held at Parkinson's Ferry, attended by delegates from all parts of the survey, and it appointed commissioners to proceed over the mountains and assure the President that the whole country was now pacified and submissive. Washington, who had come with the right wing of the army as far as Carlisle, received the commissioners kindly, gave them a patient hearing, but declined to stop the progress of the army, the presence of which he was convinced was needed in the western country to bring complete submission. But he assured the commissioners that no violence would attend the enforcement of the law if the army should meet with no resistance.

Instructions in accordance with this were issued to the army, and the proclamation of General Lee, on the occasion of his arrival at Uniontown, breathed the same spirit. There another commission met him, appointed on receiving the report of the first one, and gave assurance of complete submission. General Lee received the gentlemen courteously but replied that the best evidence of this would be the behavior of the people in the future. The two wings of the army then advanced and formed a junction at the Black Horse tavern, going into camp near there. Subsequently details were dispatched to various sections of the country to encamp, but the main body of the army remained in the Forks, and the commander-in-chief had his headquarters there. There

also was Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, who accompanied the army west, and participated in the judicial proceedings in connection with the inquiry made of matters pertaining to the Insurrection. The Nevills, father and son, came west with the army, and the Inspector soon reopened his office and put the collectors to work.

While these things were engaging the country at large some people in whom we are particularly interested were having experiences none the less momentous to them. After the encounter of that Sunday on his way from church, Harold was made to feel more than ever the disfavor in which he was held by certain of the insurgents and their sympathizers. His aunt, becoming aware of this, besought him to leave the place for a time, for she was in terror for his life. She told him she could get along for any time that might be necessary, and could easily support herself with her knitting and baking. Both of these things she already did for some of the "well-to-do" families of the place. (We had no rich folk then.) Her bread and pies, in particular, were famous. Harold had built her an out-oven, and the boat-yard, near their little home, furnished an unfailing supply of wood for heating it.

Colonel Bayard would eat no other kind of bread, declaring it far superior to the product of the iron Dutch-ovens which, set among and covered with hot ashes, furnished the almost universal method of baking then in use. Hannerybeck's bread, baked on the bottom of her out-oven, was indeed delicious, and its fame was spreading. She urged Harold to leave and go down the river, as so many were then doing, to remain until danger to him was past. But he refused to go.

And now came an experience to Harold of which I did not learn until long after, but which has its place here, that the reader may have a better understanding by getting the events in their proper sequence.

Mabel was still at Bayard's, and thither he bent his steps one evening just as dusk was falling. While he felt highly elated with the understanding that now seemed to exist between that young lady and himself, he felt that it was only proper that this matter be made clear. He wanted to marry her some day, and he was going to tell her all that was in his heart and ask her to wait for him. He went with elation, for what had passed between them convinced him that he had her love.

He stepped briskly up to the porch which ran along the front of the Bayard house, and had his hand on the knocker, when a sight met his gaze which stopped him as suddenly as if he had come against a stone wall. He did not mean to play spy, but he could not help seeing what was plainly before his eyes, and what he saw sent a chill to his soul where just before had been joyous anticipation, and changed the course of his life from that moment.

The window blind was slightly drawn aside, and there was a bright light in the living room. On a sofa, directly in the line of his vision, Mabel was seated, and by her side was a figure in the Federal military uniform, one glance only being necessary to reveal to Harold the familiar form and features of Ensign Frank Sample. The blue-sleeved arm was around Mabel's waist, and both were laughing heartily. Harold even took in the detail that the soldier's cap had not been removed, but was set jauntily a little to one side. Just

as he looked the Ensign bent down and pressed a kiss on the unresisting lips of the girl. Then the man outside turned and strode away, with all the joy and sunshine gone out of his life.

She had allowed Harold to kiss her, but until this moment he had accounted for it on the belief, joyous to his heart, that she knew of his love and had for him a like affection. Now, he thought bitterly, she was a heartless coquette. He knew she had many admirers and that in a way she enjoyed the court paid her, but he had never thought her what now appeared so evident. He knew also that Sample was one of her devoted admirers, but he had never before discovered, even with a lover's jealous eyes, any sign of particular favor for him. But now it was all plain — she had been trifling with him, and Sample was the favored man. The caress which had been coyly withheld until his insistence had gained it was freely and even gladly given to the soldier. They were laughing heartily about something, and apparently were very merry as well as happy. Perhaps (and the thought caused him to grind his teeth in rage) they were laughing at him.

He walked quickly to his own home, near by, and to his aunt he said he had changed his mind and concluded to leave, in accordance with her wishes. She noticed that he was very pale.

"Why, what's the matter, Harold?" asked the kind soul. "I'm glad you've decided to go, but something must 've happened. What was it? Oh, some of them's after you. I just know it. Go, quick, before they come!"

Harold assured her that so far as he knew he was in no immediate danger, but he had concluded it was

better for him to go, and to start that night. His aunt, who had been in terror for his safety, did not stop to argue or to make any further inquiries, but began to bustle about and help him with preparations for his departure. He told her that there was little he wanted to take — a change of clothing, his gun and its equipments, something to eat and a part of the money he had saved, leaving the remainder for her — these would be all he would need. She would not hear to the last part of the arrangement — would not touch a penny of his money, and tried to press on him a part of her little hoard in addition to what he had. She told him repeatedly not to worry about her; she would get along all right. Then she told him she had seen a man lurking about in the vicinity that very night, and her fears had connected him with her boy's safety. She urged him to go without further delay.

When the time came he found it harder to make the start than he had thought. He was going out into the unknown world to leave the only mother he ever knew, except as he had known a dream face and form since his childhood. Here was one heart that was faithful to him, and he was about to leave her! Now it seemed cowardly for him to do that, and he suddenly stopped and said he would not go, but would stay until their arrangements could be made, and she should go with him.

"No, no," she sobbed, "I cannot go. I'll stay here. You'll come back again when the danger's over. But you must not stay another minute. Hurry! There's a dearie," and in her anxiety she employed the wheedling tone she had used when he was a little boy and she had coaxed him to do something she desired. He reflected that it would add greatly to the difficulties of

the journey to take her, and there was no danger for her here. As she had said, she could get along, and he resolved to send her means from time to time, so she could get along better. So, after a long and close embrace, he left her, going with his effects to the canoe moored in the river just below. A minute later he pushed out into the stream and was away.

As soon as Harold left the house a man came from the shadow of a neighboring lumber pile, where he had been lurking, and took a position where he could watch him. It was Jim Wherry.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A BAFFLED PURSUIT.

AS Wherry watched the receding canoe he heard the trampling of horses' feet on the street above, and going that way he soon encountered a squad of cavalry, just in from the encampment a few miles out from the village, where they had arrived the day before. The officer in command, a lieutenant, hailed Wherry and said:

"Say, my man, can you tell me where a young man named Harden lives — Harold Harden?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "That is his home, that little house down there on the river bank, leastwise it was until about five minutes ago."

"What do you mean?" asked the officer, eyeing him sharply. "None of your smartness with me. You fellows will not gain anything by trying to shield one another or to throw us off the trail. You say it was his home up to five minutes ago. Where is he now?"

"I mean that I just saw him kiss his old aunt and bid her good-bye, then carry his luggage out to his canoe and put off with it. As to where he is, I guess if you look sharp you can see something out there on the water, getting down stream pretty lively. That's Harden."

"Then, if you're telling the truth, we're just too late, and find the bird flown," exclaimed the soldier, with an

oath to add emphasis. "Is there no way we can over-haul him?"

"Why," said Wherry eagerly, glad of an opportunity to do something against his enemy, "I have a big skiff right down there. It has three pairs of rowlocks, and will carry a dozen men. You can have it."

Wherry was secretly wondering why the soldiers were so anxious to capture Harold, since the insurgents, himself among them, had been persecuting the same man on the ground that he had acted against their interests. He saw in this a chance also of getting in the good graces of the soldiers, and he might find this useful if called to account for some of the things he had been doing and saying. For he had been on both expeditions to the Nevill house, active in the disorder at Pittsburgh, and had since been loud in his championing of the cause of the insurgents. The Lieutenant promptly accepted his offer, and leaving two of the men to take charge of the horses and to keep a watch on the Harden home, he quickly led the other six, with Wherry, to where the skiff was moored. Wherry told him of the ruffle and chute below, and volunteered to do the steering, a proposition which was gladly accepted when the Lieutenant understood what kind of a place it was. Accordingly, he seated himself in the stern and took the steering oar. Three of the men grasped the oars and the other three were to take their turns at the rowing. They were soon churning the water at a lively rate, and the skiff was leaping forward under their steady pulling.

"Guess you fellows 's been on the water before," remarked Wherry to the man alongside of him.

"Well, I reckon," was the answer. "This whole

squad's from Maryland. Been raised right on the Chesapeake, and take to the water like ducks."

"What's young Harden been doing?" ventured Wherry next.

"Oh, been cutting up some of the high jinks you fellows 's been at out this way for some time. I heard the Lieutenant say he's wanted for burning a house down, I think it was. Who is the old duck that was burned out?"

"Was it General Nevill?" asked Wherry.

"Yes, that's the name. He's in camp with General Lee now. He says this young man is one of the very few he can swear to as being there. He saw him on two different occasions and talked to him once."

Now Wherry knew that Harold had not gone with his party the first day, and he had supposed that the young man came out of Nevill's house when they first got sight of him. He had not noticed him in the confusion of the second day. He did not understand the matter, but concluded the best thing for him was to keep quiet, and he did not pursue the matter further. The full moon was now shining in the east from an unclouded sky, and the object of their pursuit could be seen in the distance. They seemed to be gaining on him.

After paddling for a while Harold had ceased and allowed the canoe to drift along while he was lost in bitter reflections. The whole scene he had witnessed that night passed before him again, and maddened by the thoughts this brought he sprang up and again seized his paddle. He now became aware that others were abroad on the water, and their boat was drawing near to him. Not desiring to meet anybody under present

circumstances, he began swiftly and powerfully to ply the paddle. Once he paused to glance back and listen, and it seemed to him that the people in the other boat had redoubled their efforts. He now sent his canoe flying over the water again, and soon was at the head of Bridendall chute.

The water in the river at this time was fully as high as it was at the time of his adventure there with the two girls, and it required careful handling to get it through in safety. About all he could do was to hold the canoe in the center of the chute and allow the current to carry it along, getting in a stroke now and then to accelerate its already swift speed. Under other circumstances he would not have done that, but he greatly desired to avoid meeting anybody, and he was possessed of a half reckless spirit unwonted in him. The water was high enough for him to get back of the wing-wall, towards the left shore, on approaching Burns's riffle, and he determined to do that. If the other boat was on a mission farther down the river it would take the chute, and thus pass him. He hugged in close to the left shore, and made the passage of the riffle in safety, though his frail craft rocked in a threatening manner. But Harold was a good boatman and was not afraid.

He now looked back and saw the skiff headed for the same place that he had come through. At an ordinary stage of water it would not have been possible to navigate there, but now there was plenty of water on the shoal to float either craft, and the flat-bottomed skiff would ride the rapids more safely than his canoe. He was convinced that he was being pursued. He thought of Wherry and fancied he could recognize his big skiff in the craft that was following him. He sup-

posed it was Wherry and his gang, who had become aware of his departure and were seeking to take the oft-threatened vengeance on him.

When he doubled the bend to the left below his pursuers were not more than two hundred yards behind, and were apparently straining every nerve in the chase. He believed he could beat the heavy skiff in a race of moderate length, but in a long chase the pursuers could tire him out, with fresh men to put at the oars from time to time. It occurred to him to turn into Peters creek, the mouth of which he had almost reached, and he quickly changed his course and headed for it. Just before he reached it he saw his pursuers coming around the bend. His canoe now darted into the mouth of the creek. He hoped this movement had not been observed by those in pursuit, but could not be certain of this. He continued his course up the creek and had passed the first turn into the big bend when he suddenly remembered the short passage across it that he had discovered. That would be navigable at the existing stage of water. It was then too late to turn in there, but he thought this would aid him in eluding his pursuers and getting out on the river again, which was his hope when he turned into the creek. He resolved to return that way if his pursuers should continue to follow him.

He paddled as rapidly as possible around the bend, and when he reached its farther extremity he left the channel and worked his canoe quietly among the willows and into the short cut across the bend, which he found, as he expected, filled with sufficient water to float his craft. Proceeding quietly about half way across, he stopped to listen. The other party were indeed in pursuit still, and had just passed into the big bend.

Their progress was not so fast as on the river, for they were looking into each clump of willows which they thought might screen the canoe. They thought they had their quarry caged, and could afford to proceed deliberately. Harold could hear the low tones of their voices and the sounds produced by their oars, though they were evidently trying to proceed quietly. As he listened the sounds became fainter and he knew they were proceeding up the creek.

When he was convinced that they were around the bend far enough to be out of sight from where he would emerge in the channel of the creek, he paddled quietly down, was soon in the stream again, and thence into the Monongahela, reaching which, he continued his course down the river.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A COUP DE PEEL.

JIM WHERRY was reluctant to give up the search, but when it became apparent that Harold could not be found in the night he told the soldiers of the overland way to the village from the creek, and suggested that Harold might have taken that course, after concealing his canoe under the willows, so that they could not find it in the darkness. It was then they decided to return, as rapidly as possible. The Lieutenant did not have much faith in this theory, but concluding that nothing more could be done there that night, he posted two of his men at the mouth of the creek, to capture the fugitive should he descend it, and the remainder of the party started up the river.

It was a hard pull to stem the swift current with the big skiff, but the men were good oarsmen and finally traversed the distance, though it was after midnight when they completed the journey. The guard on the Harden house reported that no movement had been observed in or about it. The Lieutenant relieved one of them and left the other one, with instructions to intercept any man who should attempt to enter or leave it until he should return, and then he and his now thoroughly tired men went to Clark's, routed up that worthy host and turned in.

Wherry volunteered to remain with the guard and keep him company on his watch. This offer was ac-

cepted, for the man was already tired of his job and was doing some grumbling about being the one selected for this service. Wherry learned that his name was Sykes, and made himself as agreeable as possible to him. The guard was glad to have company on his watch, to while away the time and help him to stay awake.

The night passed without anything being discovered by the watchers. No one had entered or left the little house. The light of morning was beginning to appear. The men had been talking from time to time, but of late conversation had flagged, and now Wherry saw that his companion was becoming drowsy and suggested to him that he would keep a sharp watch if the soldier would like to take a short nap.

"Guess you don't know what that would mean for me if the Lieutenant came back and found me asleep, do you?" said Sykes.

"Oh, I would see to that, and would waken you in time," replied Jim.

The man really was very tired and sleepy, and as daylight was now coming, he thought he would take chances and try to catch a little nap. So, after charging Wherry to keep a sharp watch and not to fail to awaken him if the officer or any of the men should be seen coming, he moved off a short distance and sat down with his back against a log and his gun between his knees, so as to appear merely in an attitude of rest should anyone come on him suddenly. He was soon asleep.

Soon after that there were evidences of stir in the house. The volume of smoke from the chimney increased and the light of the replenished fire could be seen within. Wherry moved back to a position near

his sleeping companion, where he could see and not readily be seen. Soon the door opened and Hannerybeck appeared. She was bearing a blazing brand which she carried to the oven and deposited in it, and then laid other sticks of wood on it from a pile near by, first small ones and then the larger. Soon there was a great fire blazing and crackling in the oven.

The woman returned to the house and was busy there for a time, though she came out once or twice and replenished the fire in the oven. Finally she came out and with a long-handled scraper drew out the glowing ashes, which were all that now remained in the oven. Then, holding her hand in its open doorway, to test the heat, and seeming to be satisfied with it, she returned to the house and bore out, two at a time, twelve plump mounds of dough, each in its hand-made basket, where it had reposed before the fire while it "raised," as Hannerybeck would have expressed it. These were, one after another, deftly turned from their baskets, each to a cabbage leaf on the oven-peel, and by that implement deposited within the oven, on its hot floor. The door was then closed and they were left to bake.

It was now broad daylight, but the woman, busied with her duties and her thoughts, had not noticed the two men. Evidences of stir were apparent in the neighboring houses. Wherry concluded that he would do something to convince the soldiers of his zeal in the cause represented by them, so, quietly wakening his companion, he stepped forward and accosted the woman, who was about to return to the house.

"Good morning, Auntie," said he. "You are busy early this morning."

Hannerybeck gave him a look which should have

discouraged any further familiarity, and said, with evident warmth:

"Yes, I am usually kept busy, attending to my own business, and I'll thank you not to 'auntie' me."

"Oh, excuse me, Miss Harden, I meant no offense. Is Harold about this morning?"

"No, Harold is not about, and if he was he would not be wanting to see the likes of you." Hannerybeck's anger was rising, and she had a temper when it was aroused. "Harold's seen enough of you and your gang of late. He's not afraid of you, and you know it; but I guess you'll not see him for a spell. Do you want anything of me?"

She still held in her hand the oven-peel, that great wooden shovel with its long handle and flat, broad palm. She brandished this as she spoke.

"No," was Wherry's reply, "I don't want anything in particular, either with you or your precious nephew, but I guess some other people do. Mebbe you didn't know the soldiers are after him for some of his doings. Here's one of them now." And he indicated the guard, whom she had not noticed before.

"Well, Harold has not done anything for which he should be afraid to meet the soldiers, but you have, Jim Wherry, and you know it. You'll be lucky if you keep out of their clutches. And now, get out of this!"

Again Hannerybeck brandished the oven-peel and advanced a step.

"Oh, I guess we'll not be going so fast," said Wherry, in his confidence and boastfulness allying himself with the government forces. "I reckon we'll have to search your house before we go, and see if the brave young

fellow that goes off in the night might 've returned to defend his old auntie."

The now enraged woman made a dash at him so sudden that he had barely time to turn and run to keep from being struck down where he stood. She pursued him swiftly. So unexpected was the onslaught that he did not have time to notice what his course was until he found himself almost on the brink of the steep bluff overlooking the river. Involuntarily he paused, intending to change his course, but this brought Hannerybeck within striking distance. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw the great paddle descending, and he bent forward that the blow might not fall on his head. It came, instead, with a resounding whack on his back, and knocked him on his hands and knees, bringing a yell of pain from Wherry. Before he could get away the peel was raised again, and this time, just as he was in the act of getting up, it came sweeping down and gave him a mighty smack which sent him headlong over the bank, and rolling to the river shore below.

In the midst of the dialogue the Lieutenant and the other soldiers came up. Sim Greene was with them, and these and Sykes joined in a roar of laughter at the expense of Wherry, who was painfully gathering himself up. The officer, after learning from Sykes that nothing had been seen of Harold, advanced and addressed Hannerybeck, who was still glaring at her fallen foe.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but we have some business with Harold Harden, who, I am informed, has his home with you. Can you give me any information as to his present whereabouts?"

"I don't know where he is now," she answered.

"He is not at home, then?"

"No, sir; he has gone away."

"Will he be back soon?"

"He thought it likely he would be gone for a good spell."

"No doubt, ma'am, you have been telling me the truth, but my instructions will make it necessary for me to look into your house. That will be one of the first things asked me when I make my report. I promise you nothing shall be disturbed."

"Harold is not here and has done nothing that would make him afraid to meet you if you should find him. But, come along. I'll show you all through the house to satisfy you. But that scallawag does not go in," she said, again shaking her weapon towards Wherry, who had made his way up the bank some distance above. "There's more call for the soldiers to be after him than after my Harold, for he's been in about all the deviltry that's been going on for the last two or three years."

"All right, ma'am, lead the way. Sykes, you will accompany me. The rest of you will remain here."

At Hannerybeck's concluding words Wherry thought it best to put a greater distance between him and the soldiers, so he limped off. Hannerybeck now set the peel down beside the oven, took a peep in to see how her bread was coming on, and then led the way into the house. The officer was satisfied to make a perfunctory examination, but she led him to all parts of the house, told him to look under the beds and in the closets and everywhere else that might possibly conceal a man, but, of course, without any success in the search.

By the time they came out quite a crowd had collected, attracted by the sight of the soldiers and the

word, quickly passed, that these were after Harold Harden. This was being discussed in an excited way by the people, who did not know how to account for it, when Colonel Bayard came out of his house, near by, and drew nearer to learn the cause of the commotion. When told what it was he said nothing, but his face expressed surprise. Then he asked the officer concerning the matter.

"I am not informed as to the details of the case, sir," was the answer, "but I understand the young man is wanted to answer a charge of participating in the burning of General Nevill's house. I believe the specific charges in the cases of all those against whom proceedings have been instituted in that matter are riot and treason. My instructions are only to take him, if possible, and deliver him in camp. And," raising his voice, "I will take it as a favor to me and an evidence of good citizenship on the part of any who will aid in the apprehension of those who have lately been engaged in breaking and defying the laws in this section."

"I am quite ready, sir," responded the Colonel, with dignity, "to aid in upholding the laws. That has ever been my attitude. But I have no hesitancy in saying that I do not believe that young man had anything more to do with the burning of General Nevill's house than you or I had."

"That may be, sir; but if apprehended he may have difficulty in establishing it. I have it on very good authority that it is General Nevill himself who makes this charge, and says positively that he saw this man among those who made the first attack on his house; and that the officer who commanded the troops engaged in the defence of the house on the occasion of the

second attack saw him among the rioters and spoke to him. I am not here to pronounce him guilty or innocent, but to get him, if possible. It occurs to me, however, that if innocent it is rather remarkable that he gathered such personal effects as he could carry and took a hurried departure from his home in the darkness of last night."

Colonel Bayard made no reply to this. It was news to him and he did not know how to account for it. So, thanking the officer for his information, he turned and went thoughtfully back to the house. A number of other persons had heard the conversation, and these quickly spread the information. It occasioned astonishment everywhere, for nobody had ever thought of Harold as being active on that side, if in sympathy with it at all, and most persons who heard it still thought there must be some mistake about it. To some who notoriously had been engaged in the unlawful proceedings in resistance to the excise this movement of the soldiers brought great alarm, and there were some more hurried departures from the vicinity that day.

It is a fact that on the approach and shortly after the arrival of the army more than one thousand men disappeared from the region in which the Insurrection had been particularly active. Some of these went into hiding but many left the region entirely. Some later came forth and surrendered themselves, others remained absent for years and still others never came back. Among the absentees at this time were the Hollcrofts (father and son), Benjamin Parkinson, William Miller and many others who were active in the Insurrection, some of whom have been named in this narrative and many who have not.

Colonel Bayard's news made a sensation at the house when reported. He did this with some diplomacy and added his firm belief that the young man had nothing to do with the riot at Nevill's, and that if he really had gone it was for some other reason. Mabel showed considerable agitation at the intelligence, and was at a loss to account for Harold's absence and the circumstances attending his going. It is true he had told her some things about the threats made against him and his aunt's desire that he leave for a time, but he had treated the matter lightly, or affected to do so. The girl had intimated to him that perhaps his wisest course would be to follow his aunt's advice and leave for a time, but had really been pleased with the spirit manifested when he refused to do so. Now she did not know what to think. Had he suddenly decided that it would be best for him to go? Or had something occurred which made it imperative that he should go? Whatever were her thoughts further concerning the matter, she kept them to herself.

Alice Sample, who also was at the Bayard home that morning, showed concern over the young man's going, and had more to say about it, which accorded with her different nature. She had arrived only the evening before, and had secretly hoped to see him during this brief visit, for she was much interested in the young man. Her brother had told her of seeing him at the Nevill place on the evening that the house was destroyed, and she now mentioned this.

"He was not there with any intention of engaging in the things done that day," Mabel said, "but went to try to learn something concerning his father, who was then missing."

The other girl expressed her pleasure at learning this, and thought that fact, if established, ought to enable him easily to clear himself of the charges brought against him. She did not know of the scene on the morning before the burning of the house, nor did Mabel or any of the others of these friends of his at that time.

Hannerybeck was non-committal concerning her nephew. I questioned her, as did also Colonel Bayard, to try to learn something of the young man's whereabouts. She said she did not know just where he was, but he had gone with her advice and full consent; he had not done anything in violation of law and was not fleeing from the soldiers; he would be back after a time. That was all she could be induced to say.

That evening at Clark's Sim entertained the Colonel and others of us with an account of Jim Wherry's humiliation at the hands of the irate Hannerybeck, which greatly amused him.

"When I got thar," he said, "she wuz lookin' hotter'n her oven, an' wuz a-shakin' that conniplicon at the lummix, an'——"

"Shaking what?" interrupted Colonel Bayard.

"That hootenanny that she shovels her bread with — that long-handled majigger, you know."

"Oh, the oven-peel?" asked the Colonel, as if a light had just dawned on him.

"Yes, I guess that's what they call it. I've allus been ust to Dutch-oven bakin', an' don't know much abaout these new-fangled kerdoodlements. Waal, as I wuz a-sayin', Hannerybeck wuz lookin' purty warm, an' when that skeezicks got sassy an' begun to talk abaout searchin' the haouse, she jest swooped daown on him. He run like he thought a streak uv greased lightnin'.

wuz after him, an' purty soon I guess he thought it had struck!"

Sim's auditors were convulsed with laughter as he detailed the facts of the encounter, already narrated, and he chuckled long over his remembrance of it.

"Thar's a wumman uv sperrit," he commented in conclusion, and his words and tone bespoke real appreciation and admiration.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

HAROLD knew the river well and in the bright moonlight he had no difficulty in holding his course and making good progress. The swiftness of the current, owing to the high stage of the water, rendered little exertion necessary to keep the canoe going at a good rate. He reached the mouth of Turtle creek before midnight, and running his canoe a short distance up this he made a landing and lay down in his blanket to try to get some sleep. He felt assured that he had thrown his pursuers completely off the track, and had no further fears concerning them. But he found it impossible to sleep for a long time, so busy was his mind with the things of that night.

The habit of his boyhood came strongly upon him, and he called up the vision of the mother his physical eyes had never consciously seen. Closing these eyes now, he could see her clearly as he had often imagined her before, and in her look there seemed to be a deep sympathy for her sorely distressed son. Like a tired child he seemed to lie in her arms and tell her his troubles, and a measure of relief came to him in doing so. Then he opened his eyes and looked at the calm stars shining above. He wondered if she was far beyond them, or if in her real presence she might be near him at that hour.

Once he almost made up his mind to turn back and

face the whole situation. But ridicule was unbearable torture to him, and he could not bring himself to go back to encounter all that he felt would be in the state of affairs at his home.

He finally fell into a troubled sleep, and it was broad daylight when he awoke. He made breakfast on some of the things his aunt had tied up in a package for him, and then resumed his journey. By the middle of the forenoon he reached Pittsburgh, and made a stop there to lay in supplies he thought he would need. He did not meet anybody he knew, and was glad of it. Soon he was on his way down the Ohio, and he kept going all the remainder of that day, stopping for the night near the mouth of Beaver river.

Thus he kept going, traveling by day and sleeping in his blanket in the woods at night. He found this no hardship, for frequently on their hunting expeditions he and Sim had slept out. It was a pleasant autumn, and had he not felt so depressed he would have enjoyed this trip, lonely though it was. He was used to that also, and had often spent days in the woods alone. He frequently tarried now and spent many hours in hunting, thus giving variety to his fare and getting the enjoyment which a stroll in the woods always brought him. But there was ever the gnawing pain in his heart.

From time to time he passed craft of different kinds on the river, sometimes a keel-boat making its toilsome way up the stream, but more frequently a flat-boat bound the same way he was going, though of slower motion. On these occasions he was wary about approaching very near to these craft, for he did not want to meet anybody he knew, for fear of embarrassing questions concerning

his pilgrimage. Once his day's travel extended into the night, and he passed close enough to a flat-boat to recognize in the bright light of their fire the faces of a number of men he knew and to hear their voices. It was, in fact, a party going from the Mingo and Peters creek region, to escape the consequences of their doings in the months past, in the accounting that would be called for on the arrival of the army. They had made their start some days in advance of Harold.

He made a stop at Marietta and paddled some distance up the Muskingum, looking about and making some inquiries concerning boat building work, for that had already been started there. But the outlook did not seem favorable for him at the time, and after a brief stay there he pushed on. The second night after that he had an experience which had an important bearing on his future actions.

He had landed for the night and drawn his canoe up among some willows which lined the shore. He was about to make a fire when he heard voices, and then paused to listen. He realized the necessity for caution in traversing the portion of the river he had reached, for the country was still harassed by savage Indians, especially north of the Ohio, and returned boatmen frequently told of the equally savage actions of bands of white men who infested portions of the Ohio river and preyed upon such weak parties as they could find. Many luckless travelers were despoiled of their little all by these outlaws, and some had even lost their lives in defending their possessions.

The voices were those of two men, and he could soon see them indistinctly in the dusk of the evening in a skiff which was slowly drifting down the river with

the current, near the shore where he was concealed. He gathered from their conversation that they were patrolling the river, on the lookout for someone, and the next moment their conversation had vital interest to him. This is what he heard:

"How'd the old man learn he was comin'?"

"I don't know jist how he larnt it, but somebody brung the word in that he was travelin' in a canoe by hisself, an' would likely pass down to-night. The cap'n seems awful anxious to take him, an' has half a dozen of us out in skiffs a-lookin' for him. He'll har'ly git through 'thout somebody seein' him, though the fust part of the night's a-goin' to be darker 'n a pocket, till the moon gits up. Powerful glad I run acrost you, Bill. It 'd be a lonesome night by myself. Hain't got a little lick about you, hev you?"

"Nary a drap, pard, sorry to say. I could take about a mule's earful myself."

"That's me. I'm so dry I kin har'ly speak the truth. Mebbe if we kin ketch that bird he'll hev some of the good old Monongahely they make up in his kentry an' which they hev been hevin' such a rumpus about lately."

"I hope so."

Then the skiff passed below so far that Harold could not catch any further words, though he still heard the murmur of the men's voices and for a time could see them indistinctly in the gathering darkness.

He was puzzled to account for this conversation. Parts of it seemed to refer to him, though he could not imagine why he should be wanted by anybody in that part of the country. But he was traveling by himself in a canoe, had come from the Monongahela country and

had lately been among the scenes of the Insurrection, to which the men undoubtedly referred. In all these particulars the description fitted him.

Then he thought of the pursuit of him the night he left home. Somehow, in association with that, came into his mind recollection of his encounter with General Nevill the morning he had gone to search for his father, and from that time he could not get the two ideas separated in his mind. He knew that the army had come to the Forks region. What if it had not been Wherry and his gang after him, but the soldiers on some charge inspired by General Nevill, who doubtless had come with the army? If so, and he really was wanted, his movements might have been traced. With his frequent stops for hunting and his stay at Marietta and vicinity, he had been more than a week on the way, while the journey could be made in much shorter time. Word could easily have been sent down this far and have arrived ahead of him.

With all these thoughts in his mind he resolved to push on, under cover of the night, and try to get past what seemed to be a danger point for him. He was not wholly convinced that he was the man wanted, but if that should prove true, and he be taken, it would mean he would be carried back to his home, and that, above all places, was where he did not want to go at that time. He was soon in his canoe again, and in the darkness which had settled down he paddled quietly out into the middle of the stream.

He did not use the long paddle that night, but instead made use of two short spoon-like ones, whose usual office was to bail the canoe out when water got in it. Lying flat on his stomach he held one of these in each hand,

and thus used one on each side. The heavily laden canoe floated low in the water and at a short distance could not be seen in the darkness. Even when seen, with its occupant thus, it looked more like a floating log than a craft, such as it was. Harold paddled quietly but steadily, and made good progress. A few times he heard low voices and the sound of oars, but in each case these were at some distance, and by changing his course and floating quietly he got by without detection.

After midnight the moon rose, but the night was a cloudy one and for some time the river was covered with a thick gloom. As day was beginning to break he saw the houses of a settlement scattered along the river's edge, on the right, some distance below. He thought, from some things he had heard, that this was likely Gallipolis, and his surmise was correct. Wishing to get past there before clear daylight should come he put forth increased effort and sent the canoe skimming along, keeping well towards the Virginia shore.

He was just congratulating himself that he was going to get by without detection when he heard a commotion on shore. Looking that way he saw two men running towards the river, one of them pointing to him. Before they could get their skiff off and in shape for pursuit he was well past. He saw that further efforts at concealment were useless and he jumped up, grasped the long paddle and with its sweeping strokes sent the canoe fairly leaping over the water. His pursuers shaped their course to try to intercept him obliquely, and they did desperate rowing to try to accomplish that, but Harold had a good start and their skiff was evidently a clumsy one. Seeing they could not catch up with him one of them jumped up, with a gun in his hands, and called to

him to stop or he would shoot. Harold quickly measured the intervening distance with his eye, and kept on paddling. The man fired, but the ball fell short of its mark, as Harold felt confident it would, and he rapidly increased the distance between them.

The pursuit was soon given up by the two men, but the young man hardly ceased his exertions that day, thinking it probable that further pursuit of him would be made. In this he was correct, though it came from a quarter he had not counted on. From Gallipolis the Ohio makes a long detour, first to the southwest and then to the northwest, so that to a point a few miles above the Scioto river is about forty miles across the country, while it is at least double that distance by way of the river. It was well that Harold exerted himself as he did that day. By night he was thoroughly tired out, but he decided not to make a landing. Instead, he lay down in the canoe and let it float in midstream while he rested.

It was a long and dreary night for him, and his mind was filled with the bitter thoughts which now had free play, in his lack of occupation. The familiar night sounds on the water, which under other circumstances would have lulled him, now seemed to be mocking his misery. A slight breeze was stirring, and its mournful sighing among the trees seemed to accord with the mood of a great owl whose dismal hooting was long in his ears as he slowly floated by. A whippoorwill sang its plaintive lay, and a belated frog bellowed an accompaniment in deep basso. When his course took him near a bar the lapping of the water on it was heard, and occasionally there was the splash of a leaping fish. Again to his mind came the vision of his mother, and when he lay

with eyes closed he could see her with a distinctness which would have been startling had he not been familiar with the experience. In a measure it soothed and comforted him.

Thus passed the night. He did not intend to sleep, but twice tired nature overcame his determination, and one of his periods of sleep, he knew from the position of the stars, must have been a full hour. That was somewhat risky, but fortunately no ill befell him.

Early in the morning he passed a flat-boat, apparently heavily laden, and proceeding down stream. All of its occupants seemed to be sleeping at the time except the man at the steering oar, who, dimly seen through the mist, waved a greeting to him, and he answered in like manner. Soon after this he passed the mouth of a river which entered the Ohio from the north. This, he surmised, was the Scioto. He paddled along leisurely for a few hours more, and then resolved to land and try to shoot something for fresh meat to vary his fare.

He made a landing on the Ohio shore, running his canoe in alongside of a rock and under concealment of some bushes which hung down. He soon brought down a squirrel with his gun, which he cooked and ate with relish. Afterwards he shot some more, cleaned and salted them to take along, and then, being tired and sleepy, he resolved to have a nap before proceeding on his way. He lay down under some bushes, a short distance back from the river, and was soon asleep.

How long he slept he did not know, but he was suddenly awakened by a noise, and springing up he saw what he soon recognized to be the same flat-boat he had passed that morning, just in the act of making a landing in front of where he was. It had been swung in

towards shore, and a line, put out from the stern, was fastened to a tree. The unwieldy craft was now swinging in broadside to the shore. Harold thought of his canoe and sprang forward with a cry to the men on the boat. But as he did so the flat-boat came in against the rock, and he heard a crashing noise which he knew was made by the destruction of his canoe.

He explained the situation to the men, and they found that the canoe was indeed ruined, but its contents were not seriously damaged, and these were soon rescued. The captain of the boat expressed regret at the accident and offered him passage with him as far as Fort Washington, the destination of the flat-boat, which Harold now saw was loaded with coal. The boat had landed on the same mission which had brought Harold to shore — the hope of getting fresh meat, one of the men having seen a deer. The search for it was not successful, but some other game was secured and Harold contributed his squirrels to the general store, when preparations were made for resuming the journey. Harold was much vexed at the loss of his canoe, but it was so clearly an accident that he could not blame anybody for its destruction. He noticed another one much like it tied to the side of the flat-boat farthest from the shore.

Just when the lines had been cast off and the boat was slowly swinging around four men came riding down the river shore at a rapid rate and hailed the party. Pointing to the bow of the boat, where Harold was standing, one of the men, who seemed to be the leader, said:

“We want that man.”

At the same time he jumped from his horse and started up the plank which was just about to be drawn

in by two men. Harold, who was standing close by, had his rifle in his hands, and with the thought of captivity and being carried back home in his mind he involuntarily raised the piece and presented it to the man advancing up the plank, causing a precipitate retreat on his part.

"Why don't you come and take him?" inquired the captain with a grin. And then he said to his men:

"Push her off."

This was done, leaving the four horsemen on the shore. The officer protested and said the boat people would hear from the authorities for that day's work. But the captain did not seem to be much concerned about that, and gave directions for the further operation of the boat. It was now under way. Just then one of the men on shore said, in a voice distinctly audible to Harold:

"I know that young fellow, Sergeant. It's young Harden of Elizabeth. I used to live near there."

"That will be a good thing to remember," rejoined the officer. "He, too, will likely hear further concerning this."

Harold could not remember to have seen the man who first spoke, but evidently it was someone who knew him. He now turned around, still revolving this in his mind, but the next moment everything else in his thought gave way to the astonishment of finding himself face to face with David Bradford!

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN A FALSE POSITION.

HAROLD had frequently seen Bradford, though he had no personal acquaintance with him. The latter now advanced and extended his hand, saying:

“I thank you, young man, for your prompt and effective intervention in my behalf. To whom am I indebted for this service?”

“My name is Harden,” was the reply of the young man. He was taken aback by the sudden and unexpected turn things had taken, and it was not yet all quite clear to him.

“And your home?” continued Bradford.

“It is, or has been until recently, in Pennsylvania,” was the answer.

“Ah, yes,” said Bradford with a pensive smile, “you are like many others of us just now — have found it advantageous to seek a new home. But while this is so, it is highly gratifying to me to find my friends and followers loyal to me wherever I go. This is only another of the many evidences of it that have been shown me since I entered on this journey.”

Harold was on the point of disclaiming any thought of performing a service for this man, whom he despised, but reflected that this might lead to awkward complications for himself, so let it pass, and said nothing. Brad-

ford went on at some length, referring to the righteousness of the cause and his martyrdom for it.

Harold soon learned that the men on the boat generally were in sympathy with the cause of the Insurrection, and a number of them were fugitives on account of their part in it. He was relieved to find that none of them came from his immediate section, and no one seemed to know him. The boat was bearing coal from Pittsburgh to Fort Washington, or Cincinnati, as it came to be known soon after that. A number of the crew, who had left hurriedly on receipt of the news that the army was drawing near, were working their passage down the river on it.

The young man now realized, and it was not a comforting thought to him, that he had unwittingly put himself in a false position in resisting the approach of the men who had essayed to board the flat-boat. Their purpose, he was now convinced, was to arrest Bradford, and he would have escaped their notice had he not interfered. But what he had seen and heard in the few hours preceding had surely justified his belief that it was himself the men had sought. Now he was known to them, and the consequences of his interference might be serious. It seemed that the fates were determined to make him a fugitive from justice, though he had declared, and would do so again if charged with it, that he had never intentionally broken the laws of his country. He felt embittered when he thought of the injustice of it all.

The facts with regard to Bradford and the strange tangle of his affairs which had enmeshed Harold (though the latter did not get full information concerning these until long afterwards) the reader has a right

to know now. After the Brownsville meeting, where Bradford was so rabid, he seemed to realize that his power was gone, and not much was seen and heard of him. He appeared at the second meeting at Parkinson's Ferry, but was one of the meekest of those in attendance. A little later he attended a meeting in his own town and with a great deal of flourish signed a paper, with a number of others, in which it was declared that no further opposition to the excise law or any officer appointed under it, should come from them. He also wrote a letter to the Governor of the state in which he claimed to have been "greatly misrepresented concerning his actions and sentiments regarding the Insurrection; that he always disliked the excise law, but it was never in his mind to go farther than a negative opposition to it; that he disapproved in the strongest terms of what was done at the Nevill house, and had done as much as any other to effect a reconciliation and submission to the laws."

He seemed to realize, however, that all these things would not avail to save him, his treasonable acts and utterances having been so notorious, so, on the near approach of the army, he fled from his home in Washington. He rode across the country to the Ohio river, where he had arranged to have a small Kentucky boat in waiting for him, but was closely pursued by a man who had a grudge against him, growing out of some proceedings in court in which they were interested. This compelled him to abandon his horse and the provisions already made for his escape, and take a hurried passage in a canoe.

Proceeding thus down the river, Captain D'Hebecourt, commandant of the militia at Gallipolis, got

word of his coming and resolved, if possible, to capture him. It was Bradford the men in the skiffs were looking for, instead of Harold, but Bradford had slipped past the night before, when his coming was not expected. Later he had recognized acquaintances on the flat-boat and had thrown himself on their mercy. Thus it was he was on that craft when Harold took passage on it. He was in hiding much of the time, especially when the boat was at the shore. He had just come from such concealment when the boat was being loosed and the men rode up and demanded his surrender.

When Harold got away from the men in the skiff opposite Gallipolis they went to shore and reported to Captain D'Hebecourt. None doubted that the fugitive was Bradford, and the commandant determined still to capture him, if possible. So he equipped a party of four, a sergeant who knew Bradford by sight being one of them and having command, and started them across the country in the hope of intercepting him. They came out on the river before nightfall and kept a close watch as long as they could see, feeling confident that the man had not been able to reach there by the long and circuitous course of the river. It will be remembered that Harold floated by there that night, lying in the bottom of his canoe. Perhaps he passed the party while he was sleeping.

The watchers failed to see the canoe in the night, and in the morning concluded to proceed down the river. It was thus they came up with the flat-boat just as it was being loosed from its mooring, and the movement of the sergeant for the capture of Bradford was thwarted by Harold, who thought they were after him.

In due time the flat-boat reached Fort Washington,

but during the preceding night Bradford and a number of his friends disappeared from it. He succeeded in escaping safely down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and reached Louisiana, then under Spanish rule. He located at Bayou Sara, became a planter, acquired wealth and there spent the remainder of his days.

Here we shall take final leave of this man who undoubtedly had some talent, who could plan great things and could inspire his fellows with enthusiasm to engage heartily in the effort to carry them out, but whose weakness it was not to rise to the occasion when the crisis came. A number of times and notably at Braddock's Field, when nearly the whole country was fawning at his feet, he had it in his power, by a bold stroke, to have precipitated an armed resistance to the execution of the law to which he and they were opposed, which would have taxed to the utmost the strength and resources of the young republic. Indeed there is good reason to believe that the results of the Whisky Insurrection might have been disastrous to the union of states, and thus to the world-wide cause of human liberty and self government, had David Bradford been as courageous and bold in execution as he was audacious in planning.

Arrived at the destination of the boat Captain Duncan, its commander, told Harold that Bradford had instructed him to turn over the canoe in which he came down the river to the young man who had prevented his capture. But Harold resolutely refused to accept it. He soon provided himself with another one, and thus equipped, he proceeded on his journey down the river.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DUTY'S CALL.

THE coming of the army had a wonderful effect in bringing peace and quiet where for more than three years great turbulence had prevailed. Not a hand was lifted against the soldiers and the authority represented by them, and not an armed foe of the country or its laws could be found in the whole region. Many liberty poles were hastily chopped down and despoiled of their devices, and men who had been loud in their huzzas for the sentiments these had proclaimed were now busy in explaining that they did so under pressure and against their real belief. No doubt many of them were sincere in these statements. Men who had failed thus far to sign the submission now flocked in and besought the privilege of doing so. There was well nigh another reign of terror, but now it was a terror of the penalties of the broken law.

The soldiers on their part did much grumbling because there was nothing for them to do to distinguish themselves. They had come, filled with resentment against the insurgents, whose doings, bad enough as they were, had been greatly magnified in the reports which had gone over the mountains. They had experienced real hardship on the way, for while among the mountains the weather had been constantly wet and cold. They expected a short but bloody war, and now to find a country in which absolute peace prevailed and

no one to lift a hand against them was a most unexpected condition, and one which filled them with disgust. Some of them had done great boasting before starting of what they would do to the bloody insurgents, and a spirit of turbulence was manifested on the way to restrain which required the strictest discipline on the part of the officers. It is a fact that before crossing the mountains the soldiers had killed two men, and in each case under circumstances wholly unjustifiable. Strict orders were necessary to hold them within bounds, but so great was their resentment against the people of the region, who, they now said, had needlessly brought them on this hard expedition, that these orders were not sufficient in every case to prevent outrage and imposition. And, as is so frequently the case under such circumstances, these burdens often fell on inoffensive persons. The farmers of the vicinity of the army's encampment, in particular, suffered from marauding, all the inhabitants in the country being classed as insurgents by the soldiers, and therefore their legitimate prey.

As has been said, nearly all of those who had been prominent in the Insurrection had either fled the region on the approach of the army or were in hiding. Bands of soldiers scoured the country and brought in such of the offenders as they could find, or those suspected of having had any active participation. Many of these were examined by the improvised court at a farm-house in the Forks, adjacent to the main camp of the army. The greater part were allowed to go after it was shown that they had not been chief offenders, but some were held, to be tried by the established tribunals of justice. Secretary Hamilton took an active part in these

proceedings. It was well known, however, that the men most wanted were not being brought in.

The night of November thirteenth was fixed as the time for a general gathering in of the men against whom there was information indicating culpability. The raids were planned with secrecy by the military authorities so that these movements should be simultaneous all over the district affected. It was hoped, by making the movement a surprise that some of the men who were thought to be in hiding during the daytime might be found in their homes in the night. The order was successfully carried out as planned, and many men were taken captives.

For the most part this was done in an orderly and humane way, any tendency to harshness by the soldiers being restrained by their officers. But this was not the case in the region about Mingo and Peters creeks, which was justly regarded as the hotbed of the Insurrection. The contingent selected for service in that region was taken from the New Jersey troops, who were still hot with indignation against the insurgents because these had ridiculed them as a "watermelon army fit only to make war on crabs and oysters!" Some of the most active spirits of the Insurrection had come from this region. Here also was the home of the reputed author of the "Tom the Tinker" proclamations. It was now their opportunity for revenge, and they proceeded to exact it in full measure.

Unfortunately, instead of being under restraining authority that night, the commanding officer seemed to be actuated by a desire to excel all others in the indignities heaped upon the people against whom they conceived themselves to have license to proceed. The re-

sult was one of the few things which disgrace the otherwise proud record of American soldiery. Men were torn from their homes and terrified families by cursing demons who would not allow them adequately to clothe themselves for protection against the cold; were marched on a run at bayonets' point for miles; were confined, while tied back to back, in a cold and damp cellar for hours, without food or drink, and then driven, with less humanity than would have been bestowed on cattle, on another long march before being delivered up. Very few of these were found to be principals in the excesses of the previous months, and nearly all of them were set free after a few days' detention.

Colonel Bayard, who strongly condemned these doings, yet found in the circumstances that which he quoted to prove some of his theories. "As the Insurrection flourished most in the region whence went forth the butchers of the Moravian Indians," said he, "so now, in the next generation, their children have been chief among those in defiance of law and authority, thus showing the natural workings of the law of heredity." To the Colonel this was a plain case of the sins of the parents being visited upon the children.

Elizabeth being the only town in the vicinity, the officers frequently resorted there, and the place saw much of social life during the stay of the army. For a time General Lee had his headquarters right in the village and while there he issued, by authority of President Washington, his proclamation of amnesty. This granted a full and free pardon to all those who had been "directly or indirectly engaged in the wicked and unhappy tumults and disturbances lately existing in these counties," excepting three classes which were

specified. These were: First, persons then actually in custody or held by recognizance to appear and answer charges duly lodged against them; Secondly, all persons avoiding fair trial by abandonment of their homes; Thirdly, "persons the atrocity of whose conduct renders it proper to mark them by name."

Those in the third class nearly all fell within the second also, since but few of them were to be found. Thirty-three names were in this list. Among them were Benjamin Parkinson, John and Richard Hollcroft, David Bradford, William Miller, Edward Cook, William Hanna and others, including Harold Harden, whose names have figured in the foregoing pages. Of these that I have named Colonel Cook alone promptly surrendered himself and gave bail for his appearance. The others were all missing.

Of those who had been captured or had surrendered themselves above a score were held for trial and were marched, under an armed escort, to Philadelphia. They were confined for some months, but on being brought to trial only two were convicted. One of these was engaged in the mail robbery and the other in the burning of one of the collectors' houses. They were sentenced to be hanged, but subsequently were pardoned by the President. All of the others were finally released. But few of them really had taken a prominent part, and it was well nigh impossible to get criminating testimony against any accused person.

The main body of the army started on its march back over the mountains, there to be disbanded, late in November, after having been in the western country less than a month. But a force of twenty-five hundred men, enlisted specially for the occasion, remained dur-

ing the winter under command of General Morgan. This force included many of those who had come as soldiers with the main army, but a goodly number of inhabitants of the western country also enlisted, some of whom had been active insurgents a few weeks before. This force had its main cantonment on the Monongahela, a mile above Elizabeth, on the opposite side of the river, huts being built for the soldiers and the old Virginia court house affording quarters for the commander and his principal officers.*

Soon after the arrival of the army the offices for the collection of the revenue were reopened, and at once were busy in receiving this and recording the entry of stills. In some cases it became necessary to seize stills which were not entered, and the Inspector soon had quite a collection of this kind of property in his possession. Illicit distilling was carried on in some very retired localities, and the revenue officers, supported by the soldiers, destroyed a number of these establishments. Some exciting episodes in connection with these seizures might be described, but they must be passed over in this history.

One curious condition was brought about by the efforts put forth by the government to quell the disturbance. Its cost in money was nearly one million dollars — a much larger sum in those days than it is in ours, taking into account the selling prices of commodities. A large part of this sum was distributed in the western country, and as a result more money was in circulation there than ever before. Times were

* A grim memorial of this occupation exists to-day in a number of mounds in the old burial ground there. Smallpox broke out among the men during the winter and a number of them died.

greatly improved and people found it easier to meet the conditions imposed by the excise, then much modified. This helped greatly in reconciling the people to the conditions enforced upon them. By the following spring the soldiers were all withdrawn from the region, the excise law then being quite as well observed there as in other parts of the country.

It was just at this time that circumstances so shaped themselves that a change came into my life. Word came to me that my father was rapidly declining in health, and my presence was imperatively needed at home. It was with great reluctance that I realized I must respond to this call of duty — not reluctance to do all I could for the parents whose care of me could never be fully repaid; but I had come to love the western country, and felt that it must be my home of the future. This call, however, was not to be shirked or response to it delayed, so I began at once to make my preparations for the journey to the old home by the Delaware.

Before going I went for a short visit to the Collings. My greeting by the girls was most cordial and kindly. I found some changes in both of them. Mary, always serious, now had something added to that, which it would be hard to make clear by attempted description. It was apparent, yet elusive; a look in the glorious brown eyes at times when she was quiet and thoughtful, yet seeming to retreat at the first consciousness of its detection — the shadow of a sweet pensiveness, hanging about her, yet not rendering her morose or unsociable. To me it gave her an added charm, and my heart went out to her as never before. I was still very much in love with Mary Colling, but I felt it would not be

proper to make such a declaration now. Aside from what I have tried to describe Mary was her old self — kindly, cordial and frank.

The change was more marked in Mabel. Nothing could wholly change her jolly nature, but I found that now she had times of quiet thoughtfulness wholly unwonted in the Mabel I had known in the past. And then I fancied at times that her jollity was somewhat forced and unnatural. I thought I could guess the reason for this. I did not know the exact status of the case between Harold and her, but had long felt that she had more than a passing interest in him. I did not then know of the circumstances impelling him to take his sudden departure, and had felt, ever since his going, that I, who was more nearly his confidant than any other, had not been treated with proper consideration on that occasion. When his name came up in conversation with the girls later I must have intimated something of the sort, but Mabel at once came to his defense. She said he undoubtedly had his own good reasons for his course in the matter, which in due time would become plain.

This puzzled me more than ever. I had never thought that fear of the insurgents had driven him away, but had connected this imperious little beauty with the matter in some way; but whether he had avowed his love and been refused or had gone as the result of a lovers' quarrel I had been unable to decide. Now it began to look as if she might also be in the dark as to the cause of his going. But she would not hear of anything to his discredit, and from this I argued that she loved him.

The necessities of the case made my visit all too short,

and the time speedily came when I must say farewell, for how long a time no man knew. When I first told Mary of the fact that I must go I thought a shadow flitted for a moment across her face, and the thought gladdened me. A moment later she said of course it was my duty to go with all dispatch, and such a duty should always be a pleasure.

When the time came for goodbye I wanted to ask if there might be correspondence between us, but hesitated to do so, from a feeling that it might be indelicate under the circumstances. But she swept all the difficulty aside by saying:

“Of course you will write us sometimes, David, to let us know how you get along and how it goes with your parents. We shall be glad to hear.”

Mabel seconded this, and I gave the promise with alacrity. Then we parted, but the gentle pressure of Mary's little warm hand, as it rested a moment in mine, brought a thrill which I can feel yet, after all these years.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

IT was more than four years before I saw the Monongahela again. On reaching Philadelphia I found my father indeed in feeble health, and my mother far from well. Their greeting was most tender and affectionate, and it was good to see them again, after seven years of separation. The increasing weight of years had impressed its marks on them, and I felt, as I looked upon their dear old faces, that the time of their sojourn here could not be much longer.

Colonel Bayard had kindly given me letters to some of his old business associates in the city, and I soon found employment that was congenial and at the same time gave me bookkeeping which I could do partly at home. Thus the time did not drag, and it was a peaceful and happy little reunited family circle that awaited the changes which all felt must soon come. Often my thoughts went back to the western country with a longing to be there. I was faithful in fulfilling my promise to write, and am inclined to think now that I wrote sometimes when there was really little to be said.

Mary's letters did not always keep pace with mine in point of number, but they were always interesting to me — deeply so. She told me all the things about the people and the neighborhood that she thought would have interest for me, and thus I was able to keep pretty well posted about the doings there during my absence.

She wrote among her earlier letters that she had tried to impress on Mabel the fact that it was her duty to do part of the writing, but that young person thought otherwise, so Mary had to be the sole correspondent. I was well pleased with this arrangement, though I always did like the child, as I could not help but regard her yet.

One thing she seldom referred to, unless I asked, and that was with regard to Harold. She wrote, in answer to my queries, that he had not thought it worth while, apparently, to communicate with any of his friends, therefore she had no means of acquiring information concerning him. I gathered from this that, however her sister might think, or affect to think, that his course would be vindicated in the end, he was not blameless in the eyes of Mary.

My father continued with us until the winter following my arrival at home, and then a cold, contracted in a sudden change of weather, carried him off in a few days. I was now more necessary to mother than ever. Once, in one of my times of longing for the loved scenes beyond the mountains, (it was just after receiving one of Mary's letters) I found myself wondering if we two could not make the journey and have our little home there for the future. But the thought was almost as quickly dismissed. My mother could not stand the hard trip overland, and she was frequently expressing the thought that soon her form would be lying by the side of the loved one so recently gone. It was her great desire that her body should rest beside his. She was spared to me three years after father's death, and what I was able to be to her in those last years has ever been a comfort to me.

When she was gone property affairs had to be settled up. These were not extensive, the little home being about all that my father left. But it had to be sold, and this took time. I had been able to meet the expenses of maintaining the home from my earnings, and the settlement of the estate left me with nearly all the proceeds of its sale in my pocket. While far from wealthy I was now in a position to justify marriage. All financial obstacles to that happy consummation being removed the only question was, could I yet win my heart's desire? I was resolved to try. It was just at this time that a letter came from Mary telling me of her father's sudden death. Then I resolved to hurry the preparations for my journey.

It was autumn of the year 1799 when I crossed the mountains again, on my way to the West. Nature's aspect was much the same that it had been on the occasion of my first journey over the road, and the successive scenes of each day's travel recalled nearly every occurrence and episode of that truly joyous experience. How vivid were the recollections of the killing of the catamount, the forest fire, the night at Bonnet's, Sim's stories and songs and the delightful conversations with Mary. I stood again one afternoon on the very spot where she and I had first looked on the country west of the mountains, and I recalled her words as she spoke of the uncertainties of the future in the life in the new country. Prophetic they now seemed to me to have been. The shadows had indeed fallen over all of us, but was there not brightness beyond, just as there was where the sun was blazing down beyond the expanse of country now under the shadow of a cloud? Dear girl! I know now that I loved you even from that time, eleven

years ago, when you spoke those words. God give me the high privilege of bringing something of sunshine yet into your life!

I found a good deal of change in the western country, brought about during the four years of my absence. The era of prosperity which set in just after the suppression of the Insurrection still continued. The little town on the Monongahela was having a rapid and substantial growth, and others were growing up around it. At Simerall's ferry, on the Youghiogheny, the army had marched over Isaac Robb's farm and thrown down his fences. He refused to put them up again, but sold the farm off in town lots, and hence Robbstown, now West Newton. Joseph Parkinson likewise had laid out a town at his ferry on the Monongahela, and now it bears the name of the river.

The region was completely pacified, and the Insurrection was rapidly becoming but a memory. Many of those who had disappeared on the coming of the army had come back, one by one, and now only a few of those who were specially proscribed were yet among the missing. The spirit manifested by the government did not exhibit a desire to follow and punish any of these, but there was sufficient satisfaction seemingly in the knowledge that no further trouble was to be feared from them. Further proclamations of amnesty were issued, extending to all but a few of those classed as chief offenders, and even special pardons were granted to a number of these, on representations by their friends that they were repentant and willing to give loyal support to the government.

Almost the first person I saw on my return was Hannerybeck. She seemed glad to see me. In response to

my inquiries she said that Harold had never come back. She admitted that she had heard from him more than once, but could not or would not give any information of his whereabouts. She seemed averse to discussing the matter, and what little information I got from her was by questions. Finally she burst out passionately, saying:

“They’ll tell you all kinds of things about my Harold, but they’re not true. He’s a good boy, and wouldn’t do the things they say about him. And some day they’ll find it out, too!”

I thought at the time she meant his alleged part with the insurgents at Nevill’s, and assured her that I did not believe those things of him. But I soon found that other and more serious charges were now in circulation concerning the young man. For some time stories had been coming from down the Ohio river of a band of desperadoes operating there, and preying particularly on emigrant parties and others traversing the lower part of the stream. The frequent plundering of such parties, charged to the account of this band, made it a terror. The leader was a young man of fine appearance, and he was popularly reported to exercise a wonderful influence and command over the wild fellows composing the band. All efforts to capture him or any of his men, or to discover their hidden lair, had been in vain, though a number of such efforts had been made by the exasperated people of the region. The outrages still continued.

And now came the astonishing part of the story to me. It was asserted that the leader was none other than my old pupil and friend, Harold Harden. At first only vague rumors to this effect had been heard,

but later apparent confirmation was furnished in the stories brought back by boatmen who had been on craft which had suffered at the hands of this robber gang. A number of these declared they had plainly seen the leader, and that it was indeed Harold. The testimony in all these cases, however, was that no violence had been done anybody, except that they had been robbed while covered with guns.

The evidence seemed to be overwhelming, but I could not bring myself to believe this of the boy I had known so well. He was always secretive, but I had attributed it to his backwardness. It seemed to me wholly impossible that he could be a criminal. True, there was the strange fact of his going away as he did, which had never been clear to me, and the further fact of his continued absence and silence, though this might be accounted for by the government proscription on him. I spoke to Colonel Bayard about the matter, and found him in the same state of mind as myself. He said:

"I do not know what to think about that case. Somehow I cannot believe that boy a criminal. If it be true that he is, I never before was so deceived in any person, and I have always thought I could read character tolerably well. Then there is the mystery of his going away as he did. Whatever may be the fact, there is no denying that this report is now very generally believed here."

Soon after my arrival I made it convenient to go to Mingo to see the Collings. I found the girls shrouded in the sorrow of their recent bereavement, but cordially glad to see me. With hearts tendered by our sad experiences we exchanged condolences. Then there was much to talk of concerning the happenings since we

had last been together. I hardly knew how to introduce the subject of Harold, and neither of them did so in the first interview, but later, when Mary and I were alone together, that topic was discussed. She exhibited some indignation against the absentee, but said Mabel would not talk of the matter at all now. What she believed concerning him was locked up in her own breast, but no word of resentment for him was ever heard from her.

But the strain was evidently telling on the girl. She had become pale, thin and nervous, and at times exhibited as near an approach to irritability as one of her disposition could. Her sister thought she sometimes assumed a light-heartedness that she did not feel. By tacit agreement the subject of Harold was and for some time had been a tabooed one with them.

And Mary — to me she was more beautiful than ever before, her form rounded with the lines of mature womanhood and her serene face, always alight with the glow of noble thought, but now also stamped with that refinement of character coming from sorrow met and patiently borne. I had not meant to tell her what was in my heart at this first meeting, but now could not help it, and the whole story poured from my lips. I told her how I had loved her since soon after we had first met, and of the circumstances which had kept me from an avowal of my passion, and even led to a concealment of any evidences of it for a time. But now my circumstances were different, and I could offer her my wealth of love, my name and the home I hoped to make. Would she make me the happiest of men by accepting them?

In that hour I entered into the fullness of the joy of

living, for the dear one placed her hands in mine, and with her beautiful eyes, moist with unshed tears, looking into mine, said:

“Yes, David, I love you dearly, and have long loved you.”

What we talked of in the hour that followed was of most interest to us alone, and has no proper place in this chronicle. But one matter which she brought up later may interest the reader. It was concerning Major McFarlane. She told me frankly that they had been engaged to marry. She had been impressed by the noble traits of character which undoubtedly were his, and in most things found him a congenial companion. He had been kind to her in lavishing gifts and attentions on her, and her father, who was a close friend of the Major, had openly and warmly approved of his suit. She had thought she loved him truly and could be happy as his wife, but this belief began to be clouded by some doubt.

The first occasion of this was when her eyes were opened to the state of my feeling at the time she made that visit to the Bayards' and I insisted on accompanying her home. She had always thought of me as a very good friend only, but now was distressed to find a perplexity in her mind to read aright just what was in her heart. Was the feeling she then discovered there one of pity for me in what she saw, or was it a stronger feeling than that? Mary Colling was honest to the heart's core, and would do the right at whatever cost, though her tender heart shrank from giving pain to any creature. She desired to sit down quietly by herself and think it all out before taking any action. That was why she first expressed her desire to go home alone that

day. With a woman's intuition she read my determination to avow my love for her, and set her woman's wit against me to frustrate that plan, with what success the reader has seen.

Major McFarlane exhibited violent jealousy as they rode to her home that day, and with quiet dignity she defended herself, until soon he was convinced and begged her pardon for having doubted her constancy. That he loved her devotedly there could be no doubt, but he had all the love of one's own way which most men acquire when they have lived single until in the forties, and all of a Scotchman's proverbial tenacity of purpose when he set himself to having his own way. Mary's was not a combative disposition, but she knew that without mutual forbearance there could not be true happiness in the married state. When they had slight differences over a few things, in which she tried to be fair and yield as far as she could without surrendering principle, with no corresponding concession on his part, she realized that it would be jeopardizing the happiness of both of them to marry.

The crisis came when the expedition was made up for the attack on Nevill's house. She felt that she could not give countenance to any such proceeding, and said this so pointedly and emphatically that he took offense. She told him then, kindly but firmly, that she was convinced it would be folly for them to be married, and asked to be released from their engagement. He went from her in anger, declaring that a man must be the judge of his own conduct, and his judgment was he should go with the expedition to Nevill's. She never saw him again.

Poor girl! It is no wonder she was prostrated by

the news of his tragic death, with all the circumstances attending it and the conflicting emotions swaying her at the time. But in the midst of it all one fact became clear to her, and that was the intensity of her affection for me. She then realized that this was the first time she had truly loved. She met with a number of interruptions in telling this last, but there was neither bird nor squirrel present to report the occasion thereof, and I will never tell!

I then told her of what Major McFarlane had said in his dying moments, for I never had a doubt but that it was Mary of whom he spoke when he said, "She was right." And I honored her for the tears she now shed in his memory.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

MARY consented to an early marriage, and only a few weeks after my coming back the banns were published on three successive Sabbaths in both the Mingo meeting-house, where her membership was, and at Round Hill, where I belonged, that being the custom of the time. Did I say that my good old pastor, the Reverend James Finley, was called to his reward the year after the suppression of the Insurrection? Dr. Ralston, of Mingo, said the words which gave me for wife one of the sweetest and best women that ever trod this planet, and we at once went to the little home I had caused to be prepared. Mabel came to be one of the family, for such was the arrangement agreed on. Some tears were shed by the two when the time came finally for them to leave their home of years, embowered amid vines of their planting, and the grave of their father on the hillside near by.

The new home on the Monongahela was a happy one to the two of us who were at its head, and we tried to make it so for the sister, but there were evidences of the shadow under which she was living. She kept up a brave front, but was not the Mabel of former years. She was not fond of company and gayety, nor did her laugh have the hearty ring of the old days. Often her sister found that her pillow had been wet with her tears in the night.

Some things concerning her Mary now told me. After Harold's leaving she had persisted in plunging into the rural gayeties more than ever before. She was a proud young miss, and did not want anybody to think she felt any sense of loss, for of course there was much talk of Harold's sudden going, and the names of these two were coupled much in what was said. Then, too, not a great while after that, young Sample had secured a furlough, and most of it was spent in her company. His devotion seemingly was not discouraged by the girl, and for a time they were together almost constantly. Who can read the heart of woman? Was it a case of mutual affection, or did she grasp this opportunity of showing that she was not bowed down with grief for the absent one? Mabel was not cruel, but — she was a woman. Just what passed between them then she would not tell, but suddenly an end came of it, and the little soldier withdrew disconsolately from the field, while the girl seemed filled with contrition. Either his wound was not as deep as he thought, or he also could show the world that he did not care, for in less than a year he had wooed and won another beauty.

Soon after my return from Philadelphia I was installed by Colonel Bayard in the responsible position of looking after his large and varied interests. Increasing years and the results of an active life, which included the exposure and hardships of the Revolutionary campaigns, had begun to bear heavily upon him, and he was wise enough to shift a part of the burden to younger and stronger shoulders. I found his interests to be much more extensive than I had known of before, in property and business connections in Pittsburgh and

elsewhere, besides the boat-building industry at home, which was growing rapidly.

In the following spring a most ambitious project in this line took form at the village, it being nothing less than the building of a ship, its lading with some of the products of the country and voyaging down the Monongahela, Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and thence, if found desirable, by the sea to such port as should provide a good market for the vessel and its cargo. It was a bold undertaking, that of these people of an obscure inland village, and its success marked the beginning of an important era in the carrying trade on western waters. A few years after that time ships were sailing from ports on the Ohio and its tributaries to various ports in Europe, but this seems to have been the beginning of that movement, and the vessel thus begun to have been the first ship built in America, west of the Alleghany mountains.

A company was organized, composed of some of the chief men of the village and farmers of the vicinity. Colonel Bayard had a prominent part in it, and John Walker, who then lived in the village and kept the hotel and ferry, was also actively identified with it. The vessel was to be a schooner and her model was drafted by our old friend, John Scott, who was made foreman in the work. I am glad thus to be able to preserve in history the names of these men who played leading parts in this important pioneer enterprise. From its beginning it enlisted much interest, and the ship, as it grew, became the wonder of its time in that region.

The keel was laid in the early part of the year 1800, and then slowly grew up the structure of the vessel.

It is a most interesting sight to watch such a vessel grow into being. First is laid the row of blocks, substantially bedded, straight in course and evenly aligned, for the support of the keel. Then that spinal column of the vessel to be is laid down, of the solidest oak to be found in the forest, its parts accurately scarfed and securely pinned together. Into this, to follow the figure further, the ribs of oak are articulated, curving upward at their extremities and making the structure at this stage look indeed like the skeleton of some gigantic creature, once imbued with life. Then follow the various parts and processes, until finally it stands, a finished hull, perched like a great bird upon the shore, ready to take its first flight.

In this case the progress of building was slow, for the means were most primitive and no depot of supplies was nearer than the seacoast cities, with pack-horse transportation the only means of communication. It was spring of 1801 before the hull was ready to launch, and the occasion was made a gala-day in the village. No work was done there that day except by those engaged in the launch, and people had gathered from miles around for the important event. The vessel was wreathed and festooned with flowers and green leaves and the national colors. A piece of artillery, brought all the way from the fort at Pittsburgh, was planted on the bank overlooking the ravine in which the vessel had been built, loaded and ready to roar forth its glad acclaim when the ship should strike the water.

What more inspiring sight is there than a launch, when the creature which has been slowly evolved from insensate materials seems to become imbued with life, and seeing in its first awakening consciousness the ele-

ment for which it was designed, rushes into its embrace? Such a sight was that which greeted the eyes of hundreds gathered in this far inland village to witness, on that April day in the opening year of the Nineteenth Century, that unusual event, a ship launch.

After the flight of years I see it all again. All has been made ready. Two long parallel ways have been laid under the whole length of the hull and to the water, having a gentle declivity. They have been made smooth by planing and then copiously greased. On them have been laid the slides, also smoothed on the sides of contact with the ways. The spaces between slides and hull have been built up with blocks, and wedges are inserted at the points of contact. Lashings of hemp firmly bind the slides and slide-ways together at one point in the course of each pair.

Now the group of us gathered on the forecastle hear the voice of John Scott, loud and clear: "All ready — wedge up!" followed by a din of mauls driving the wedges home. We feel the vessel as she settles on her new bearings. There comes a lull as the blocks are removed from under the keel, and then again the voice is heard: "Knock out shores!" The clatter of the mauls this time is accompanied by the falling of the long shores, now relieved of their burden of months in supporting the hull. The lashings are the only things now holding the hull to the spot where it has grown up. It is a tense moment of absolute silence. Two men stand, one beside each of the lashings, with gleaming, broad-bladed, keen-edged axes upraised in their hands. Then come quickly the words: "Ready — cut!" The axes descend with a single thud, the taut lashings fall apart under the stroke, shriveling from the sudden release of

strain, and the ship, with a quiver at the start which becomes smooth gliding motion, increasing in speed as it goes, rushes down the ways, and with a mighty splash leaps into the water, which ripples and bubbles in caresses along its sides.

At the moment of contact with the water the cannon belches forth its thunderous greeting, which wakes the echoes on the hillside beyond the stream, and these go rolling and reverberating along the valley. At the same moment Mabel Colling swings a great bottle over her head and shivers it in fragments on the vessel's bow, allowing a generous flood of Monongahela rye whisky to go pouring down over its prow, with the words: "I christen thee "*Monongahela Farmer!*"

Very gracefully and proudly did the new ship ride the water, and give promise of the fame afterwards attained by it as a rapid sailer. It was loaded with products of the region about the Monongahela, chiefly flour, whisky and pelts. John Walker was appointed by its owners to be master and supercargo. His instructions were to proceed with the vessel to New Orleans and there sell it and its cargo, if that could be done to advantage; otherwise to sail it to one of the islands of the West Indies, to be disposed of as his judgment should suggest.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE VOYAGE.

IT was about the time of the launch that Colonel Bayard made known to me the fact that important matters of business in which he was interested required either himself or an agent in whom he could trust implicitly to be in Louisville within a few weeks. It was a matter of great importance to him, but he did not feel that he could undertake the journey, having recently been suffering with rheumatism. He proposed that I should go in his stead, and made me a most generous offer, if I should handle the matter successfully. His offer was a share in the ultimate profits of the enterprise, which opened up great possibilities for the future, besides a cash consideration which would pay well for the time and effort it would involve. He suggested at the same time that the new ship would furnish an easy and pleasant means of making the journey down the river.

A year before I would have answered promptly, saying I would go, but now I felt that another should be consulted before I gave a final answer. He commended that course, and I left him with thanks for his kindness in making me the tender, and telling him I would report my decision the following day. When I laid the matter before my wife she surprised me by saying:

“Tell him, certainly, you will go, and I will go with you.”

That took my breath, and when I recovered it I reminded her of the hardships this would entail, especially on the return trip, but she asked if it would be a more toilsome journey than the one we had made over the mountains. I was forced to admit that it would not be so hard if we traveled by water each way, but, for all that, the return would still be very tedious. She said it would not be tedious with me along, and that settled it then and there. In fact, the thought of her companionship on such a trip appealed to me as something delightful. There was no special danger to be apprehended, there having been no Indian depredations in that part of the country since Wayne's decisive victory in the battle of Fallen Timbers, seven years before. The scene of the robbers' operations, before referred to, was farther down the Ohio, and their retreat was supposed to be somewhere in the southern part of what afterwards became the state of Illinois.

So it was settled that she should go along. We had it in mind to have Mabel spend the time while we were gone with the Bayards, but that young lady, on hearing of the project, announced most positively that she would go also. She said she knew she would enjoy the trip, and as no good reason could be urged why she should not be of the number, it was thus arranged.

Sim also was to be of the party, being selected by Captain Walker as one of the crew, for he realized that our old friend would be a most useful man to have on the expedition. Sim had but recently returned from a trip on a keel-boat down the Ohio as far as Louisville. While I was in Philadelphia he had made two such trips, and he dropped some vague hints about having learned some things there which would cause people to

open their eyes if they knew them. I more than half suspected that the primary object of his going in the first place was to see if he could learn anything about Harold, and especially with reference to the damaging stories in circulation concerning him.

Just what he learned, if anything in that particular line, he kept to himself, but on his return from this last trip he came to me with a request that, if possible, I would find out what Mabel had been doing on the night of Harold's disappearance, whom she had been with and what had been said and done. He asked me not to question him for the present, but to get the information as fully as possible. I entrusted the matter to Mary, telling her the little I knew. I also expressed my belief that Sim had found out something which he hoped would inure to the advantage of the two young people in whom he was so deeply interested.

Women have their own ways of working such matters, so it was only a few days until my wife was ready to report. Waiting until she found Mabel in a proper mood, she, by practicing those little sisterly arts she had found useful when Mabel was a child, had drawn her out until, without the girl suspecting her intention, they had such a heart-to-heart talk as they had not had for years before. Mabel declared she did not know why Harold had gone off in the strange way he did, but expressed her abiding faith that he would yet stand forth vindicated of all that seemed to be against him. With tears in her eyes and her face hidden in her sister's bosom she confessed the depth of her affection for him and made known the grounds of her belief that he had been equally fond of her. Then she told of the

weariness, the heartache and the tormenting doubts that often assailed her in this long waiting.

Now, of course, it is understood that the reader is in possession of information as to the reason of Harold's sudden going, which was not then known to Mabel or to any of the rest of us.

Her sister did what she could to soothe her, and then pursued the advantage thus gained by asking about her whereabouts and doings on the night of his leaving. Could she remember?

"Can I remember? There was not the most trivial occurrence of that night that is not stamped indelibly on my memory. Yes, indeed, I can tell you everything I did and said and all that happened in my presence that night. I have gone over it all in my thought often enough since."

Then she told of various things that had been done at the Bayard home that night, Mary repeated them to me and I went with them to Sim. When I came to a certain part of the narrative he hit me a slap on the thigh which caused it to smart and tingle for hours afterwards, and exclaimed:

"Waal, by the long tow rope! I jest thought thar wuz some sech flummydoodle business abaout it as that! An' the leetle gal's bent on goin' along, tew! Waal, that's jest the very thing. I wuz afeard we might hev to kidnap her, an' drag her along, an' all that sort uv thing. He! he! he!"

Then he proceeded to tell me of some of the things he had learned down the river. In his several visits he had more than one interview with Harold. He would not say just where Harold was or what he was doing. He said he "wanted to save that for a surprise-

ment for the boy's friends," but vouchsafed the information that he was "not very deep in the robbin' business — guess we kin get him aout withaout hev'in' tew go tew the President for a pardon." And then he indulged in one of his peculiar chuckles.

He told me that he had found Harold on the occasion of his first trip down the river. The young man told him of what had happened in connection with the attempt to capture David Bradford, and how he had been compromised by the circumstances of that event. He sent loving messages and substantial reminders of his affection for his aunt, but requested that his whereabouts and present manner of living be not made public while that cloud hung over him.

Sim had not been able to get anything out of Harold either on his first or second visit regarding the real reason for his leaving, and he would not discuss Mabel. But this last time the young man, who seemed much cast down, had unburdened himself to his sympathetic old friend and told him the whole story of how his life's happiness had been blasted by what he had accidentally seen through the window of the Bayard home on that night more than six years before. Sim's confidence in Mabel was unbounded, and he thought there must be some mistake about this, though he did not say so then. But he was warm in his expressions of sympathy for his young friend. He knew that Mabel and Ensign Sample had not married, and though perplexed concerning the matter he made up his mind that he would sift it to the bottom.

It was only when we had the two stories together, Harold's and Mabel's, that we arrived at a correct understanding of the situation. Then some things were

made clear to us which appeared in a very different light to them.

Had Harold gone into the Bayard home that evening — yea, had he only sounded the knocker on which his hand rested, a young person in the uniform of an ensign in the Federal infantry service would have been seen to scamper away unceremoniously, and he would have been greeted gladly by a flushed and merry girl. Alice Sample had arrived in the village that day, having accompanied Colonel Bayard home from Pittsburgh. The particular object of her coming was to get a uniform belonging to her brother, which had been left by him the last time he was at the Bayard home. He had been ordered to another post, and in the hurry of other matters in the short time before he would have to start, could not make the trip himself, though he would greatly have preferred that arrangement. The girl's coming was wholly unknown to Harold, as, indeed, it was unexpected to the Bayard household.

After supper the Colonel went out and Mrs. Bayard was busied with duties which kept her in another part of the house, so the two girls had the living room to themselves. A wood fire was burning brightly, for the evenings were becoming chilly. In its glow the two girls sat for a time, chatting. Then Alice excused herself, saying she would return shortly, and went to her room. Mabel sat alone, looking into the fire, and her thought brought a tender light to her eyes. It was not long she sat thus until, hearing a slight noise in the hallway, she looked up and was astonished to see, as she supposed, Frank Sample enter.

His sister, whose fondness for pranks has been mentioned, had attired herself in her brother's clothing,

which fitted her to perfection. Her hair was tucked up under the cap, and the illusion was complete.

"Why, Ensign Sample, where did you come from?" exclaimed the astonished girl, rising to meet the supposed visitor.

The masquerader sought to keep up the deception by a reply, but her voice, which was wholly unlike her brother's, betrayed her, and with a laugh she threw herself down beside the other girl, who had sunk down on the sofa in a fit of laughter on discovering the real situation. The merry fit continued with both of them for some time, Alice finally exclaiming:

"Now, we will pretend that I am your true love, a soldier bold, who has been ordered to go to the war. He comes to bid his sweetheart good-bye. They sit up close together and his arm is about her. They promise that they will be true to each other for aye. He bends for a last fond kiss, her tearful face is upturned to his, and ——"

Without hearing the words Harold had seen what followed, but instead of presenting a tearful face Mabel had thrown her head back in laughter and thus received the caress. This play was kept up for some time, and then Alice went upstairs and soon returned in her own proper attire. Mabel wondered frequently during that evening if Harold would not come in, and was disappointed when he failed to appear. We know why he did not come.

Mary and I now wanted to tell Mabel all, but Sim would not hear to it. He had other plans, and as he had done so well in the matter thus far, we allowed him to have his own way.

In due time the schooner *Monongahela Farmer* was

fully ready to begin her first voyage. A freshet came opportunely with the water necessary to carry her over the shoals of the upper Ohio. A large crowd assembled to see the vessel leave. The day was a beautiful one in May. The forest-crowned hillsides along the river were great masses of bright green, broken here and there by patches of bloom. The birds were singing sweetly and the water was surging along in eddying currents which bore the vessel swiftly with it, when it got under way. A cheer went up from the people on shore and the cannon boomed a God-speed as the schooner moved off on her long journey.

A stop was made at Pittsburgh, where some additions were made to the cargo and various supplies were laid in for the needs of the voyage. Here another large crowd assembled to see the unwonted sight of a sea-going vessel so far inland, and the people cheered and waved their farewells when the schooner again weighed anchor and swung into the current of the Ohio. So it was all along the way, an object of great interest to the wondering inhabitants.

There were eight men and the two women on board. Comfortable and commodious quarters had been arranged for all, and the company was found to be a congenial one. We lived well on the provisions that had been stored on the vessel and the game and fish that Sim and others were constantly bringing in. Day after day the ship passed through the panorama of the Ohio valley, which the French voyageurs on their first view of it aptly termed "The Beautiful," and each day was one of delight. My wife insisted that it was our wedding tour, and the schooner our barge of state. Surely no such tour was ever more enjoyed.

Mary, Sim and I, now fully in the conspiracy, were in high spirits. Sim especially bubbled over with the exuberance of his joyful feelings, and at times was almost boyish in giving vent to these. Even Mabel showed greater animation than she had exhibited for a long time, and was more like her old self than I had seen her since Harold's departure. The exhilaration of the trip, the new scenes, the lively company about her, conspired to make her in some measure lose sight of her sorrow, and before we reached Louisville the roses were actually beginning to bloom in her cheeks again.

Nothing untoward occurred to mar this part of the voyage, and in due time we arrived at Louisville, the end of the journey for my little party. Here it was found that the water in the river had fallen so that the vessel could not make the passage of the falls, and it was compelled to remain there three months before water came again in sufficient volume to allow it to proceed on its way. So we had our fellow travelers with us all the time we remained there.

CHAPTER XL.

WHILE BIRD AND SQUIRREL SLEPT.

IT is doubtful if a more wicked place was to be found anywhere than was Louisville at the time of our visit. A principal resort of the Ohio river keel-boatmen, it represented all that was worst in that class, whose wild life was then notorious and the memory of whose acts remain as a proverb of abandonment. It was but a straggling village at the time, but by reason of the frequent detention of boats at the falls many of this class were often congregated there. In its resident population the worst elements of frontier life were largely represented. Gambling resorts and low dives were to be found on every block, and drunken carousals were of daily occurrence, frequently resulting in tragedies. Even the river pirates and other outlaws would resort there at times in numbers sufficient to secure their immunity.

For these reasons our women kept close to the vessel, except for a few brief visits ashore by day, and I was beginning to reproach myself for having brought them. It seems the invasion of the worst elements was greater than usual while we were there, due to the drouth of mid-summer and the long suspension of navigation. I was getting on well with my mission, but was not yet quite ready to turn my face homeward.

It was at this time that we began to hear of the wonderful religious movement then sweeping over parts of

Kentucky. It was a revival wave which afterwards widened and spread until it reached the whole western country, our own section included. It began among the Methodists, but the flame spread to other churches, and before we left Kentucky we saw the unusual sight of Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists working harmoniously together in the furtherance of this marvelous movement. It had not reached Louisville, but other parts of the territory were ablaze with the fervor of it. We had been hearing much of it and talking of it somewhat among ourselves, when one day Sim came to me and said:

"Uv course I knowed Louisville wuzn't jest next neighbor tew paradise, but it's a leetle more hellbentuous jest naow than I ever see it afore. I ain't so pernickety abaout this as some people, but it don't seem quite the right place for them," pointing with his thumb to Mary and Mabel, who were sitting near by, talking. "Abaout haow long 'll it be necessary for you tew be hyar yet?" he asked.

"I could leave to-day if I had certain word," I replied, "but I cannot get that for a week yet. I should like very much to get the ladies out of here in the meantime, if that were possible."

"That's jest the ticket," said Sim. Then he told me of a great Methodist camp-meeting in progress some miles inland, and suggested that we repair thither. He also imparted special reasons why he wanted our party to get into that vicinity, and I heartily seconded the proposition. The vessel was practically a prison for Mary and Mabel, and they were delighted with the prospect when I laid the matter before them. I arranged

the same day for horses for our party, and early the next morning we were on the way.

The road led a little south of east from Louisville, through a country heavily timbered, except where the settler's axe had cleared it. At such places the luxuriant growth of crops of all kinds attested the richness of the soil and adaptability of the climate to agriculture. Before nightfall we reached the scene of the camp-meeting, in what is now Shelby county in the state of Kentucky. In its general plan the camp-ground was much like that I have described, near Fell's church. A great number of people had congregated, and one could not be there long without realizing a pervasive something in the very atmosphere of the place, which was unusual. I first saw to securing a place for the two sisters to sleep, and this was supplied through the hospitality of the people. Sim and I had our blankets, and with these would do quite as well as hundreds of others there.

When the time came for the evening service many more persons had gathered on the ground than were there on our arrival, and a vast throng was seated, facing the preaching stand. In this a number of men were seated. The services were opened by singing, several familiar hymns being rendered without the formality of lining. I was struck with the heartiness of the singing and of the prayer which followed. The service was conducted by a man of singularly striking presence, who we learned was William McKendree, presiding elder of the Kentucky district. He was dignified in manner, with symmetry of form and a most benign and intelligent expression. With these went the graces of mind, tongue and heart, which made him the great preacher

tone, and making a sweeping bow which comprehended our group and the lady opposite, "is the Reverend Harold Harden!"

Then the stranger fell in a faint and Mabel looked as if she might go the same way, but her sister's arms were about her and she was whispering something in the girl's ear. Persons near took up the limp body of the woman who had fainted and bore her to an open space in the rear of the enclosure, where some of the women remained, working with her. Mabel lay back in her sister's arms, her bosom heaving convulsively and tears trickling from under her closed eyelids.

The whole scene was so much like many others enacted that night that it attracted but little notice. The speaker was not disturbed by it, if he noticed it at all, and did not recognize any of the actors in it, the light not being clear where they were. He went on with his appeal, which was a most tender one, for those who were in rebellion against their best Friend to be reconciled to Him. It was in marked contrast to the impassioned utterances of most of the other speakers of the evening, but it touched many hearts that had not been impressed before, and brought them out in a declaration for the better life.

When he finished my wife raised her sister and spoke to her, motioning to me at the same time. We arose and went back to where the lady lay. A little before this Sim had moved off in a different direction. The lady was just recovering consciousness when we reached her.

"Oh, is it true, or did I dream it?" she asked, with wild longing in her tone. Catching sight of Mary she said: "What did they say his name is?"

"Harold Harden," said my wife; "and that is true, for I know him well."

"Oh, my son! my son!" was the response. "Bring him to me."

Just then I saw the young minister approaching hurriedly, escorted by Sim, and at the same time I perceived that Mabel had disappeared.

"Harold," said my wife, arising and offering her hand, "here is a lady who says she is your mother. Do you know her?"

"My mother?" he asked in astonishment.

"Yes," said the excited woman, who was struggling up but would have fallen back if I had not caught her. "I don't need to ask you if you are the son of John Harden, the boat builder. You are the exact counterpart of your brother, and my heart tells me without anything else that you are my son. And a minister of the gospel! Oh, my son!"

"And you are my mother! I know it! I have long known your features, my dearest mother!"

Now she was clasped in his strong arms, and for some time they remained thus. My wife was weeping unrestrainedly, a misty something was before my eyes, and Sim was using his red bandanna handkerchief vigorously while sounding loud blasts on his nose.

"Waal, if this don't beat all heneration!" he exclaimed. "I thought I had arranged things for a right purty leetle scene myself, but my calkelations 's all knocked intew a cocked hat. But, say, Harold, if you can excuse yourself from your maw for a bit I hev another word for you that I think you'd prob'ly like tew hear."

With a reverent kiss on her cheek Harold seated his

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With a reverent kiss on her cheek Harold seated his

mother near by and, after shaking hands with me, moved a few paces to where Sim was standing. They conversed for a time in low tones, the young man exhibiting rising excitement.

"Jest as we kem up I see her sa'n'terin' up past that big whiteoak," we heard Sim say as he came towards us, and Harold moved off quickly in the direction indicated.

It was a long time before he returned, and his mother was beginning to show signs of uneasiness. She was too excited then to tell her story in any connected way, as we learned it later, but she questioned us eagerly about Harold and the others of his household. We had to tell her, of course, of John Harden's death, though we refrained then from detailing the manner of it. She was visibly affected by the news. When Harold finally returned he was not alone but accompanied by Mabel, now radiantly happy. What passed between them in that interview under the trees only they knew, and they did not tell. The birds and squirrels had long been asleep, so this time it must remain the lovers' secret.

Harold introduced Mabel to his mother as his promised wife, and the hungry mother-heart had in it nothing of jealousy at discovering another object of her son's affection. She received her with open arms and heart. Mrs. Harden now told us that her home was not distant, and there we must all go. The meeting had ended for the night, and we started at once. On the way she told us of her other son whom we should find there, very ill.

CHAPTER XLI.

LIFTED CURTAINS.

ANOTHER surprise awaited us at the Harden home. Stretched on a bed and evidently in sickness unto death lay a young man who in health must have been marvellously like Harold in appearance. Even now, though he was emaciated and white, there was a striking resemblance to his brother. He was racked by a cough which attacked him frequently and convulsed his whole frame. He was peevish and evidently a trying patient to care for, but his mother was untiring in her attentions to him. After preparing him for it she introduced the brother he had never known, but beyond a pressure of the hand and a question or two he manifested no further interest, and soon dropped asleep.

There was not much sleep for anyone else in that house that night. In another apartment stories were exchanged and many matters cleared up. Mrs. Harden's narrative was of absorbing interest to her new found son, as, indeed, it was to the rest of us. I can give it but briefly in outline.

Mrs. Harden was of a good family in England, and had married against the protests of her people. Immediately the young couple had emigrated to America. She had fallen in love on short acquaintance with John Harden, and did not know of his faults and weaknesses as she might have known had she taken opportunity to

inform herself. He was kind to her when sober, but brutal when drinking. The wife realized her folly when it was too late. She suffered many indignities in silence, but when finally he struck her, her proud spirit could no longer endure life beneath his roof. Her twin boys were then but a few weeks old. She was not able to take both of them, but chose the one which was the weaker, and exacted a promise from Harden's sister, then in the household, that she would care for the other one until the mother could return and claim him. She then went forth.

Unexpectedly she encountered friends of her youth just about to return to England. Their vessel was on the point of sailing. She had enough money to pay her passage across the ocean, and resolved to go, but determined to secure the other baby later, if possible. Arrived at her old home, her family would receive her only on condition that she would give up all thought of returning to Harden, and this she promised. She was ill for a long time after that, doubtless as a result of all she had endured. Her relatives refused to be the means of any communication between her and her husband's household, and it was more than a year before she was herself able to write to her sister-in-law. In the meantime, unknown to her, Harden had gone from Boston to Philadelphia, and the letter never reached the person for whom it was intended.

She always cherished the hope of recrossing the ocean and searching for her boy, but was not able to do so until years afterwards. On the death of those with whom she had lived, and coming into some means, she had undertaken the journey and search. Her son Henry, then grown to manhood, accompanied her. He

had been made aware of her story and the object of her search. He had little interest in the father or brother he had never knowingly seen, but welcomed the opportunity for adventure. He was wayward from early boyhood, and beyond his mother's control by this time, but always the object of her loving care.

On reaching Boston Mrs. Harden found, after much inquiry, that her husband had gone from there to Philadelphia long before. At that city another long and tedious search was made, and with even less result. For a long time nobody could be found who knew anything about the Hardens. Finally an old boat-builder was found who had some recollection of them. He said they had gone some years before to the west. He did not know just where, but thought it probable it was Pittsburgh. That was all he could tell and all Mrs. Harden could learn by the most diligent inquiry.

With this slender thread to guide them Mrs. Harden and her son made their journey over the mountains, following the Pennsylvania road that we traversed in the earlier years. Arriving at Simerall's ferry, a boat was found just ready to start down the Youghiogheny river for Pittsburg. They boarded it without making further inquiry, and reached Pittsburgh in July, 1794. Had they pushed on nine miles to the Monongahela to take passage they would have found the object of their search. As it was they passed within five miles of the place in their descent of the Youghiogheny.

They were in Pittsburgh some weeks, but Mrs. Harden could learn nothing. Her son did not concern himself much with the matter, but spent most of his time in hunting or consorting with boon companions whose acquaintance he seemed to have the faculty of forming

readily and over whom he could always exert an influence. At Pittsburgh Mrs. Harden learned of the great tide of emigration down the Ohio and of some boat building operations in that section. It was in some such settlement that she hoped to find her son, if he still lived, and just when she was about to suggest to Henry that they make a journey down that river he came to her with a like proposition. Some of his friends had told him things about that country which made him want to go there, and accordingly they made the voyage, but with no better success than had attended former efforts.

They remained for a time at Louisville, but Mrs. Harden did not like the place. They then secured the place in which we found them, where they had been living for some years. Her health had not been vigorous in these latter years, and she had been compelled to entrust the further search to her son. He was engaged as a boatman, she said, but had never been able to secure any further information concerning his brother. He was much away from home with his business on the river, and there he had contracted the cold resulting in his illness. For some time he had been unable to leave home, and for some weeks had been rapidly growing worse.

Harold's story did not take long to tell. At first he had not been able to find work at his trade in Kentucky, but had turned to hunting and trapping, as he had done in Pennsylvania, with good success. He was often homesick. Once, some months after his arrival there, he met an acquaintance who had emigrated from the Mingo region after he did, and who told him much of the gossip of the neighborhood. Among other things

he referred to Ensign Sample's devotion to Mabel and the belief in the neighborhood when he left that a match would soon result. Then Harold plunged deep into the woods, and only made such occasional journeys to civilization in two years as were necessary to dispose of his peltries and get supplies. On two such occasions he took advantage of opportunities to send letters containing money to his aunt. Then for a time he found work at boat building, and while thus engaged Sim found him first. He continued thus for two years, and then the old longing for the woods coming on him, he pushed far into the interior again. It was while thus engaged that he attended a camp-meeting one night. He was heart-sick and despondent, and felt that he must get near some sympathizing human being.

The minister who got up to speak shortly after his arrival on the grounds read some of the opening verses of the first chapter of Isaiah. He laid particular stress on the fourth verse: "Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers, children that are corrupters; they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel to anger; they had gone away backward." Then he proceeded to reproach the people with their sins and ingratitude. They deserved only wrath, and it was coming quickly and with awful result upon them unless they turned about. "Look on yourselves," he cried. "Only pollution can you see. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness; but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores. You are sinners by nature and worse by practice. Many of you are in this country even as fugitives from justice."

Harold was longing for something, but in his state

this did not appeal to him, and he was about to get up and leave when the speaker sat down and a young man took his place. He said: "My brethren, we have heard the solemn warning as spoken by the prophet of old to a sinful people, and repeated by authority to all such now. But I am so glad the message did not stop there, and does not stop there to-day. Listen to its further words: 'Come, now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat of the good of the land.'"

Then he appealed tenderly to those who were carrying burdens to lay them upon Him who came to be the great burden bearer. That message went straight to at least one heart in the crowd of listeners. He felt that he was bearing heavy burdens, and longed for relief from them. In his loneliness and hunger for sympathy something seemed to draw him to the speaker who had quoted these gracious words. When the meeting closed, soon afterwards, Harold sought out the young preacher and had a talk with him. He learned that his name was Benjamin Laken and that he had come from the valley of the Monongahela. He was sympathetic and showed a warm interest in Harold and his troubles. The two soon became fast friends. Harold had lived a moral life, but never before had such deep religious impressions been made on him. He felt a longing for something that he had not. Under Benjamin Laken's instruction and the earnest seeking of his own burdened heart he was led into an experience which brought him much of peace and comfort.

Soon after that he became conscious of a call to en-

gage in this same good work. At first he shrank from the thought. He had never considered the ministry as his life calling, and his timidity suggested that he could never be a preacher. But conscience was insistent, and the new friends advised him to follow its leadings. Then he became obedient. He applied himself to study, under direction of sympathizing friends, and had been preaching about a year when we found him. He had found much joy in the work, though his heart was not wholly without its burden until this night. Now, having found in the same hour wife and mother, both of whom he had thought lost to him for all of this world, was there a man who could find more for which to be thankful?

Harold had known for years some of the circumstances of the unhappy things connected with his infancy. His father never would talk of the matter, but when he was eighteen years old his aunt told him of the separation and the possibility that his mother and brother still lived. With his characteristic reticence he never mentioned this to anybody, but brooded over it, and it added to the burden of sorrow he carried. At the same time the dream face and form of his mother became even more real to him, and he declared now that his mental picture of her was true to the reality as he found it.

In the days that followed Harold was much with his brother. At first Henry showed indifference to his state or the rapid approach of the end of all things earthly to him, so apparent to the rest of us. But finally he became interested, the loving solicitude of his brother impressing him. Then deep despondency seized him, and he said it was too late to be other than he had

always been. His inclination had ever seemed to be towards wrong. Now he would like to lead a better life, but it was too late! Harold assured him that it was not too late to begin to do right, and the desire for a better life was proof that there was pardon and peace for him.

Then the two brothers had a long and confidential talk. Henry told of his life of the past years. He had been chief of a band of robbers who had operated on the Ohio river and had their retreat in a cave on the northern shore of that river. He had never taken life, and had always exercised the power he possessed over his followers to restrain them from that, but he was a man loaded with guilt, going into the presence of his Maker. Harold told him it was for just such guilt-laden creatures that the Son of God came into the world, and reminded him of the malefactor saved on the cross. Surely there could be no more desperate case than that. This seemed to give the dying man hope, and he clung to that thought until it was clearly impressed and borne in upon him that there could be and even was pardon for him. His mother was not told and never knew what his life on the river had been.

One other thing cleared up in the conversation was with regard to what had occurred on the occasion of the first attack on the Nevill house. That was just at the time Mrs. Harden and her son were making their stop in Pittsburgh. Henry had gone on a hunting trip the day before, and being overtaken by night, had stayed with a farmer in the valley of Chartiers creek. He started out early the next morning to make his way back to Pittsburg, and came unexpectedly on the men gathered in front of the Nevill house. He did not under-

stand its significance, but was always ready for an adventure, and hence he stopped to see the matter through. He did not know what to make of the queer challenge given him by the old man of the party and the conversation following, until he discovered that the man was intoxicated. Then he dismissed the matter, thinking it was due to the drunken imaginings of some old toper, and it did not occur to him to mention the circumstance to his mother.

CHAPTER XLII.

LIGHT AT EVENING TIME.

THE next day, just before sunset, we had all gathered in the room where Henry lay, feeling that the end was at hand. His mother knelt at one side of the couch and his brother at the other, each holding one of his hands. He spoke with an effort a few sentences, broken and halting at times, in which he bewailed a wasted life, but testified his joy in knowing that an arm had been stretched forth and had snatched him, as it were, a brand from the burning. At this his eyes rested lovingly on the face of the brother who had pointed the way.

Just then the sun, which had been obscured by clouds, suddenly shone forth, a level ray coming through the window and touching the pallid face, lighting it up as with the dawning of celestial glory. He smiled in the eyes of the watchers by his bed and essayed to speak again, but the effort resulted only in a sigh in which life went out, and Henry Harden was in the presence of the Author of life and its laws.

I thought in that moment of Colonel Bayard and his theories. How much the course of this man's earthly career had been shaped by the law of heredity, who could tell? And in the final summing up, how should the responsibility be apportioned and the accounting required? Only the mind of the Infinite is capable of dealing justly to all in such a bewildering complexity

as this suggests. But He has told us that He does it, while "visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; but showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments." And shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

What remains can soon be told. I had to return to Louisville to look after the matters committed to me there, and Mabel declared that she and Mary would accompany me. Harold had gained her consent for an early marriage, but she insisted on exercising the bride's prerogative in designating the time, place, and, so far as she could control them, the attendant circumstances. The Colonel's matter went well, and soon I was in position to report to him a state of affairs better than the most sanguine expectation of either of us had pictured. I may as well say here that this opened for me the way to that comfortable existence which has been mine and my family's ever since. Not that I have ever been a rich man, but I am thankful to the Giver of all good that want has never come to my household in all the years since its establishment.

Mabel's notion was to have the ceremony on the schooner. That, she said, was her domicile of the time, and it was unseemly that she should remain at the home of the bridegroom's mother for the marriage. Of course she was allowed to have her way, and on a bright day came Harold, his mother and the presiding elder, the Reverend William McKendree. This arrangement, of course, was by the bride's direction also. She said since she was to be a Methodist in the future, a Methodist preacher should perform the marriage ceremony, though she did not know she was choosing one who a

few years later would be an honored bishop of the church.

Captain Walker had entered heartily into the plan, and with his men had so worked the evening before that the schooner was even more gay with decorations than when she first kissed the waters of the Monongahela. The Kentucky woods were rich with flowers and vines suitable for such decoration, and these were garlanded and festooned so that the main deck became a veritable bower of beauty. Amid the bloom and fragrance the words were said which made Harold and Mabel husband and wife.

The captain and crew, with our little party, formed the wedding company. The bride was rosy and charming, with much of the vivacity of former days, and the groom, while in a state of exalted happiness, evidenced that serious sense of the solemnity of the occasion which must have been his also when he took the ordination vows. Sim had quietly arranged a little demonstration in honor of the event, with the consent and aid of Captain Walker. Promptly on the conclusion of the ceremony a six-pounder carried by the vessel boomed forth a salute, and it was answered by a shot from a cannon in a concealed position on the shore. During the following hour these salutes were frequently repeated by the crew and some of their friends.

The hunter was in high glee over this consummation of the happiness of his two young friends, which had been brought about largely through his efforts. When Mabel, with mischief in her eyes, intimated that he was neglecting to exercise his privilege of kissing the bride, he approached her gingerly, but gave her a resounding

smack. Mabel put her arms around his neck and kissed him heartily, and he retired, blushing furiously.

"Waal, naow," he remarked, thoughtfully, after a moment, "I don't know but what I'd hitch up myself if I c'd find a wumman that'd hev me."

Harold took up his work in Kentucky at once, and Mabel fitted surprisingly well into the trying position of an itinerant preacher's wife; but she always had the tender heart and ready sympathy, and, under trial, had been taught the patience, which were the requisites of those heroines of the frontier ministry. Harold became a noted minister of his denomination. In his zeal for the success of the cause to which his life was devoted he lost the backwardness which had been a hindrance in his earlier years, but ever remained modest and unassuming, even when he became famous as a preacher. Later he preached all over the western Pennsylvania region where his boyhood and young manhood had been spent, but the call of his church was to move westward with the advance of settlement, and thus went on his noble work until the end, no small part of its success being due to the sympathy, the encouragement and the active help of his consecrated wife.

Mary and I returned home on a keel-boat, a slow voyage, but by no means devoid of its pleasures. In due time the waters of the Ohio so swelled that the schooner was able to pass the falls and proceed on her way. There was another detention of some days on a bar a short distance above Hurricane Island, and from that circumstance the place took the name of Walker's Bar, which it bears to this day. It is not far from the location of a grotto, called Cave-in-Rock, discovered in after years on the edge of the river in southern Illinois,

Sim Greene.

which was the hiding place of the robber band of the lower Ohio. It continued to be occupied by a band of river pirates for some years. Grewsome evidence that these were not restrained from committing murder after losing their young leader was furnished by the finding of parts of more than one hundred human skeletons far back in the depths of the cave after the band was finally broken up. But the *Monongahela Farmer* safely passed this peril and finally reached New Orleans where the vessel and cargo were disposed of.

Sim returned with Captain Walker. He came to me not long after in trouble and embarrassment, and asked my advice as to what was the best method of procedure under given circumstances, to attain a desired end. I gave him such advice as I could and he left me, but apparently in trouble still and in much doubt as to his ability to carry the enterprise to a successful consummation. It was not long, however, until he returned and said he "guessed everything wuz fixed up segump-tiously." Shortly after that he and Hannerybeck were married, and Harold, who, with his wife, had come for a visit to the old home, performed the ceremony to the great delight of the happy couple.

My work is ended in the telling of my narrative, and in the natural order of things my work here below must soon have its finis also. The summons, when it comes, will not be unwelcome to me, for with the companions of youth all passed over, there are more friends on that side than on this. Sometimes I long to go and be with them, but "my times are in his hands," and so I sit, waiting. I realize a Presence with me, and verily at evening time it is light.



CAVE-IN-ROCK.

AFTER MANY YEARS

AFTER MANY YEARS.

I like old things, and especially am I interested in them if they have historical associations. Musty records of a century or more ago have for me a delightful aroma, while a packet of old letters has a positive charm. A sword or uniform which belonged to a Revolutionary hero has my profound veneration, and an old burying ground is sufficient to afford me interesting occupation for hours.

Recently I spent a number of days in copying inscriptions from tombstones and hunting up other evidences left to tell something of people spoken of in the foregoing pages. All were within a few miles of my home, and the reader can see all of them for himself if he cares to follow my footsteps and visit the various spots referred to.

Just beyond the town limits to the south, in an old burying ground, are three graves, marked by rough stones which contain initials only. In the memory of the oldest persons living tradition has always said that here were buried men who subsequently died from the effects of wounds sustained in the battle when the home of the Inspector of Revenue was burned. Crossing the river and proceeding up the stream a short distance, a few broken stones on the brow of the hill, at a point commanding a fine view of the river and town, mark the location of the old Virginia court house. Just back of it, in the hollow, is an old burying ground in the oldest

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corner of which are a number of mounds which mark the graves of Morgan's soldiers who died of smallpox the winter following the suppression of the Whisky Insurrection. Their camping place was on the river bottom near by, and before me as I write are sundry buttons, buckles, coins and other relics dropped by the soldiers and picked up there in after years.

Only two of the graves have headstones, and these give the information that one was a captain and the other a lieutenant, both from Virginia, and each but twenty years of age. Near these is a large flat stone with a plain inscription reading as follows: "In memory of Capt. Gabriel Peterson, an officer of the Revolution, who departed this life on the 12th day of February, A. D. 1832, in the 84th year of his age."

Moving but a short distance up the river valley, I soon came to the old McFarlane farm with its broad fields, recently laid out in town lots and already taking on the appearance of a village. But the old house still stands on the bank of the river, habitable and strong, showing how well it was builded more than a century ago. Here Andrew McFarlane and his wife had their home after the Revolution; here they reared their large family and here they died. Here lived with them the bachelor brother, Major James McFarlane; here was brought his dead body on the night march back from the fatal expedition led by him, whence it was borne on the day following for burial at Mingo church. Here also John Walker operated the ferry before sailing the first ship down the rivers to the sea. Back from the house, on a little knoll, part of which was cut away in the grading for the railroad, two graves were found. They were on the top of the little hill and marked by

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large flat stones, covering the entire graves and laid even with the surface of the ground. Their inscriptions, perfectly legible, tell that they mark the last resting places of Andrew McFarlane and his wife.

Up the river three miles to Huston's Run, and back through the country two miles more, passing on the way the pretty cascade where the telling of David Froman's love was prevented, historic old Mingo church and burial ground were reached. The object of the greatest interest to me there is James McFarlane's grave. It is covered by a large flat stone set on low pillars. The inscription is now almost illegible, but fortunately it was copied years ago and preserved, as follows:

Here lies the body of Capt. James McFarlane, of Washington County, Pa., who departed this life the 17th of July, 1794, aged 43 years. He served during the war with undaunted courage, in defense of American independence, against the lawless and despotic encroachments of Great Britain. He fell at last by the hands of an unprincipled villain, in support of what he supposed to be the rights of his country, much lamented by a respectable and numerous circle of acquaintances.

As a matter of fact the house in which he made his home was ascertained by later and more accurate surveys to be in Allegheny county, though the farm is partly in Washington county. Major McFarlane's sword is in possession of a descendant of his brother, living at Circleville, Pa., and is highly prized.

Another grave there possessing peculiar interest to me is marked by a plain slab with this inscription: "John Holleroft, died Oct. 16, 1816, in the 75th year of his age." Beside it is another, inscribed: "Rachel, wife

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of John Hollcroft, died April 12, 1853, in the 90th year of her age."

John Hollcroft was the reputed original "Tom the Tinker." Most of the histories incorrectly spell his name with but one l. The imputation that he was the redoubtable Tom was denied immediately after the suppression of the Insurrection, but denial was very much in order at that time. It is known that he was a prominent citizen in comfortable circumstances, a distiller, and holder of some offices of trust and responsibility in the government of his township. But many who were prominent in the excesses of that time could accurately be so described. It is well established also that he led the first party to General Nevill's house, in the demand for a surrender of his commission, when the first blood of the Insurrection was shed.

The chief actors in the Insurrection were very reluctant to talk about it after its suppression, and no better proof of this can be found than the outcome of an effort to learn from their descendants, still in the neighborhood, family traditions of personal experiences in the struggle. Such an effort, recently made and prosecuted with diligence, was productive of but meagre results. But in the case of Hollcroft it was a little different. His widow outlived nearly all of her generation, her life extending through more than half of the last century. Two of her grandsons who conversed with her often have assured me that there can be no doubt about John Hollcroft being the original Tom the Tinker. One of these was a well known physician and Methodist preacher, who in his life was much interested in gathering data concerning the Insurrection and the part played in it by his grandfather, but which, unfortunately, he

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did not live to utilize in a contemplated book on the subject. The other still lives, a respected farmer, whose testimony on any matter would be taken without question by his neighbors.

That Tom the Tinker came to be an idea, representative of the cause of the insurgents, there is little reason to doubt, and their huzzas for him were frequently for this idea. Doubtless also, during the years of disturbance, notices which he did not write or authorize, but signed "Tom the Tinker," were posted or sent to persons. But I regard it as well established that John Hollcroft was the original Tom, and present his portrait in this work as such. It is an accurate copy of a rare and curious old painting that fortunately I stumbled upon in my investigations. It was painted on a panel of poplar wood, and the name of the artist has been preserved — Charles Reader, a neighbor of Hollcroft in the early days of the nineteenth century. Its colors are still bright and clear. (See frontispiece.)

In the old Mingo cemetery also are buried General John Hamilton, David Hamilton and others who figured with more or less prominence in the Whisky Insurrection. The most conspicuous monument is that erected by his congregation in loving remembrance of the Reverend Samuel Ralston, D. D., the first pastor of the old church, who continued to serve that people for more than half a century. The place is directly on the trolley line between Pittsburgh and Monongahela.

The grave of Benjamin Parkinson is in the burial ground of the Pigeon Creek Presbyterian church, marked by a plain stone which tells of his death in 1834, at the age of 84 years. The most interesting memorial of him I found was his pardon, which hangs framed in

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the library of one of Monongahela's bankers, and reads as follows :

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

TO ALL PERSONS TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME,
GREETING :

Whereas, Benjamin Parkinson, of the County of Washington, in the State of Pennsylvania, gentleman, now stands indicted of High Treason, committed within said state, And whereas, it is represented to me by David Lenox Esquire, late Marshal of the District of Pennsylvania, and others, that the conduct of the said Benjamin Parkinson during the late insurrection was particularly humane and friendly to the said David Lenox and to Presly Nevill Esquire, then aiding and assisting the officers of government, who by his interference were preserved from further personal outrage. And application hath been made to me in behalf of the said Benjamin Parkinson to grant him a pardon of the said offense whereof he stands indicted. Therefore, I, George Washington, President of the United States, in consideration of the premises, have thought proper and by these presents do grant unto the said Benjamin Parkinson a full, free and entire pardon of the treason or treasons whereof he stands indicted:—willing and requiring all prosecutions and judicial proceedings against him by reason thereof to be withdrawn and discharged.

Done at Philadelphia the third day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven and of the independence of the United States the twenty-first. In testimony whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed the same day and year. Go. WASHINGTON.

By the President:

(Seal) TIMOTHY PICKERING,
Secretary of State.

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After the destruction of his house overlooking Chartiers creek, General Nevill made his home on what was then called Montour's Island, in the Ohio river. His descendants added a final e to the patronymic, and the name is preserved in the present designation of that insular township of Allegheny county, Neville Island. The General died there in 1803.

The farm up the Forks where formerly stood the old Black Horse Tavern, it is said is about to be converted into a trolley park. A stone church, now very old, is the successor of the original Fell's Methodist church. Both Round Hill and Rehoboth Presbyterian churches have modern buildings. The old stone mansion, built more than a century ago by Colonel Edward Cook, still stands. Colonel Cook died Nov. 27th, 1808, in his seventieth year, and his remains lie in the burial ground at Rehoboth church, as do those of his pastor, the Reverend James Finley, who died January 6th, 1795, at the age of sixty-nine years.

Colonel Stephen Bayard, who died December 13th, 1815, was buried in the ground surrounding the First Presbyterian church of Pittsburgh. If a stone was set up over his grave it has been lost. Recently, in the removal of the old graves to make room for building operations there, in the heart of what is now the great city, all efforts to identify his burial place were in vain. His gentle wife, who survived him but a year, was buried in the public burial ground at Elizabeth, then carefully maintained, but now an unkept wilderness, and her grave also has been lost to all knowledge of the present generation. But her name lives and shall live in the thriving town in the midst of which her dust reposes. In an enclosure adjoining the public burying ground

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lie the remains of Major John Walker, as he came to be known from his office in the militia, and the stone erected there tells that he died June 4th, 1856, at the age of eighty-six years. Existing records say that at New Orleans, after disposing of the *Monongahela Farmer*, he was taken with yellow fever and given up to die, but recovered and lived to build and command another vessel which voyaged all the way from Elizabeth to New York, and he saw a wonderful business in the building of steamboats grow up in the little town.

And the others whose fortunes we have followed in the foregoing pages — who can tell where their dust reposes? David Froman has told us that Harold and Mabel lived out their lives in the country farther west, and it is a fair inference that somewhere in the broad expanse of that great domain their mortal remains lie, awaiting the resurrection. And the gentle Mary, Sim, Hannerybeck — even David himself — who knows where their dust is mouldering? Perhaps the old neglected graveyard could tell, if it had a voice.

After all, their fate in this particular is only that of the vast majority of all of earth's millions who have had being, but their names and their life story are embalmed in the loving chronicle of the last survivor among them.

R. T. W.

Elizabeth, Pa.

